THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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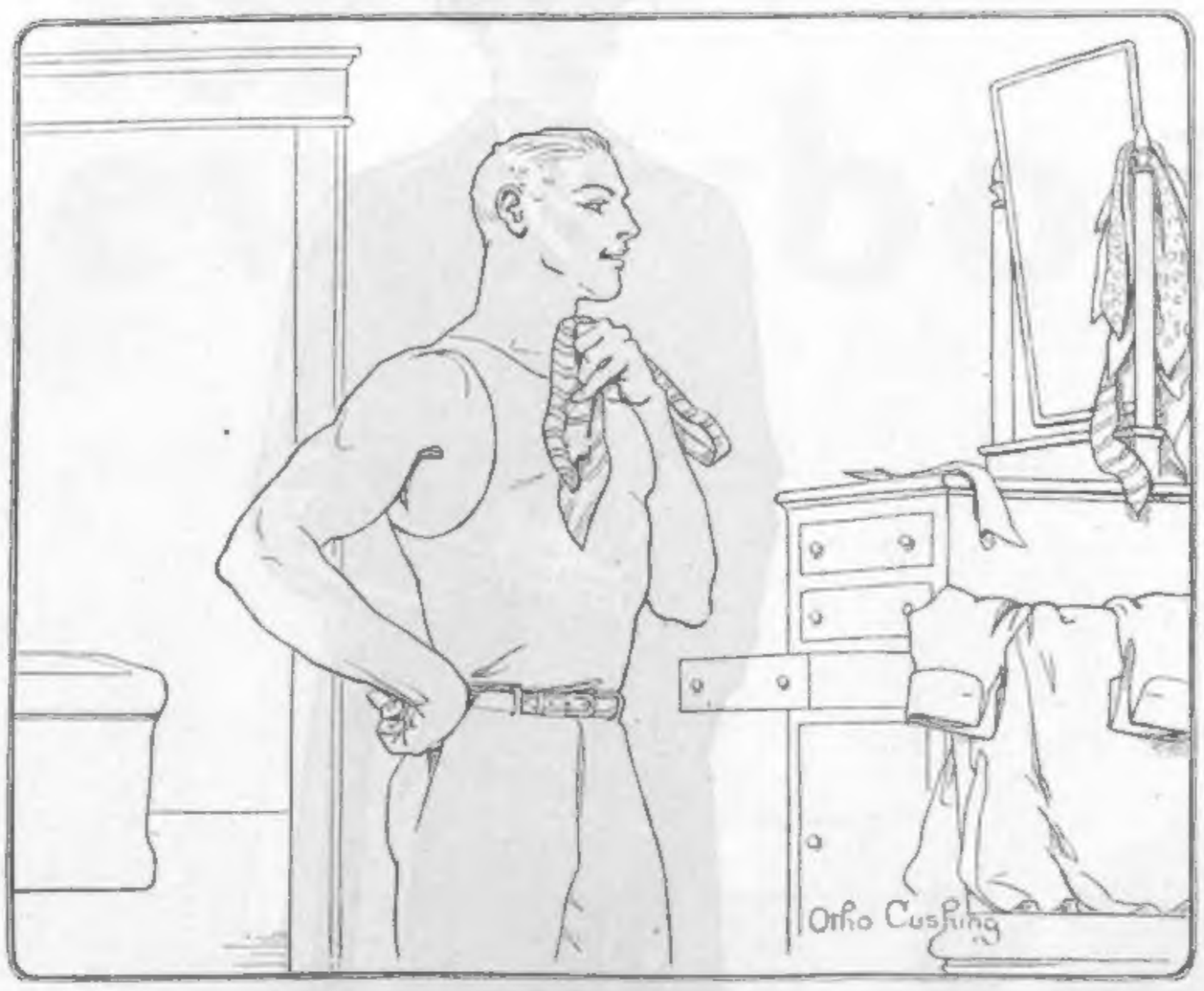

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When the War God Walks Again

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

PHOTO, FROM ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT

The New Type of Tank. The Postwar Development in Tanks in the United States Has Been to Secure a Medium-Weight Tank—Intermediate in Weight Between the Light and Heavy Tanks Used During the World War, But Possessing the Desirable Features of Both

THE general commanding the Second Army, the army detailed to cover the concentration areas of the Northern Army Group when Scheme X was taken out of the pigeonholes of the Ministry of War, looked out of a window of the country house which was his headquarters at the dusk of a summer evening. He looked across turfed and balustraded terraces to a statue-sentineled parallelogram of water, where two or three slowly sailing swans disturbed the reflection of the last pale yellow of the afterglow. It was a scene of perfect peace. But the general, a heavily built man, gray haired, with a head whose straight-lined mouth and massiveness of jaw were the first-perceived features of his personality, heavy gray brows over the eyes now narrowed to a puckering up of the crow's-feet at their corners, saw it not at all. A brier pipe thrust under his stiff little gray mustache, he was lost in abstract considerations of rates of march, maximum concentrations, complications of commissariat and ammunition supply—his side of a problem where the enemy supplied the unknown quantity.

The room from which he looked—it was the library, but the books were now almost completely hidden behind huge maps pinned against the shelves—was that reserved for his chief of staff. The electric light had been switched on, and that officer—gray haired also, but lean-featured, long-headed, a contrasting type—was now speaking into the telephone on his desk. He spoke with the sharp curtness of a man who has been desperately overworked, but there was satisfaction in his tone.

"Good! You'll be all dug in by midnight? Excellent! And the guns? Field artillery in position? Good! And the heavies? Breaking ground? H'm—chase 'em along—get onto 'em. They'll be ready to open fire at three A.M.? Good enough! Dawn's at 3:47 tomorrow; there'll be nothing doing before then. You've had the intelligence report, I suppose? Our light reconnaissance tanks reported front clear for twenty-five miles ahead. Yes. Then they bumped into his screen—a pretty effective one, by all accounts. No, no new aërial reports. His infantry? Hanged if I know where they are—camouflaged during daylight, I suppose; but you can bet your boots he's bringing 'em along—fast motor transport at night, shouldn't wonder. . . . What? Oh, yes, we're expecting him tomorrow; but it can't be much more than a reconnaissance in force—to feel us and get his guns into position. That'll take him some time. So long as we're ready for him —— What? Yes, we've given him something to run his head against. Sure!"

The lean-faced chief of staff permitted himself a chuckle for the benefit of the man at the other end of the telephone.

"By the way, we switched two more groups of heavies on to you this afternoon—Fourteen and Eighteen. They've reported? Right! Everything's O.K. then? Right! Good luck to you; and by the way, just warn the divisions about gas discipline. No playing the fool over gas masks. They must be worn at the first suspicion of gas—and kept on. Quite. But rub it into 'em. Most important. Right! Good-by."

The chief of staff hung up the receiver and looked toward the general silhouetted against the window as he rose from his seat.

"That's the Twelfth Corps, sir. They're all up. Now there's only the Seventh—late as usual, of course."

He went toward one of the large maps that was stuck all over with little flags, and replaced a white flag with a red one. It denoted that the Thirteenth Corps was in position. For a moment he stood contemplating those opposing irregularly grouped masses of flags, marking their own positions and those last reported of the enemy.

"The Thirteenth Corps is worried about the enemy's infantry, sir," he said. "I must say I'd rather like to know where they are myself. Extraordinary that we haven't had one report of 'em; only tanks, tanks—more tanks than he can possibly have. The usual fog of war that shuts down at the commencement of a campaign, I suppose. We'll identify 'em in due course. But he's camouflaged 'em pretty well, I'll say that for him, wherever they are."

The general came across from the window to the map and thrust with his pipestem at a large long green patch some distance behind the blue flags that marked the enemy's last-known front.

"That's where they are," he said with decision. "He can stick a couple of hundred thousand in that forest. He's brought 'em in by night, and from tonight on he'll run 'em up by fast cross-country tractors to the front. I'll bet you half those tanks reported by aërial observation are just caterpillar-track busses."

Tactful chiefs of staff do not argue with army commanders who are so confident of a thing that they will bet on it.

"Very likely, sir," he agreed. He went back to his desk, sat himself down in his chair. The general followed, took a chair opposite him. "Well," continued the chief of staff in a satisfied voice as he also filled and lit a pipe, "we've done all we can, and now the only thing is to wait. Pretty good work, sir, I think, for the seventh day after the declaration of war. Rather different from the last time. It's the elimination of horse transport and horse-drawn artillery that's made the difference. Think of those mountains of forage we used to move! And if we could only do the same for the

infantry, the whole army would move at twenty miles an hour instead of two and a half."

"Lot of damned machines driven by confounded mechanics!" growled the general. "All right so long as they don't choke a plug or have magneto trouble or some other infernal thing. You know where you are with a horse, and you can make soldiers of the men who handle horses. Half this army is a crowd of dirty-faced chauffeurs."

The chief of staff permitted himself the ghost of a smile. The G. O. C. was a cavalryman by training, one of the old school who had resisted the mechanicalization of the army as the naval captains of the 1870's had resisted the abolition of yards and sails.

"The trouble with a horse, sir," he said pleasantly, "is that he's not much use in a gas mask."

"Gas!" exclaimed the general, in heavy scorn. "You fellows are obsessed with gas. All your ideas are of the last war. They've stuck fast in your heads for these ten years since it ended; you're hypnotized by trench warfare. There's going to be no trench warfare this time if either side can help it; and in open warfare you can't flood whole countrysides with gas. You couldn't keep up the ammunition supply to your guns for sufficient gas shells. And if you could your own infantry couldn't march through it. Troops can't live in their gas masks, even if their masks are effective."

"That's a point that's been rather worrying me, sir," said the chief of staff, looking reflectively at his pipe; "whether our gas masks are effective. You can never know whether a gas mask is any use until you know what gas is going to be used against it. Our friend the enemy has a pretty useful lot of chemists, and we haven't the ghost of an idea of what they've been up to."

The general frowned. He did not like staff officers who got jumpy, and he had a well-deserved reputation for ruthlessness in the elimination of such. The sharp ringing of the telephone saved him from a possibly harsh reply. The chief of staff picked up the receiver.

"Hello! Yes! You're all up? Good! Everything O.K.? Splendid! You've established contact right and left? Right! By the way, just rub it into divisions—'ware gas! Masks on at the first suspicion. Yes, reiterate in corps orders. Good-by." He hung up the receiver. "That's the Seventh Corps—all in line," he said as he rose to alter another flag on the map. "Now we're as ready as we can be."

"This time tomorrow we shall be chasing 'em across the countryside twenty miles away," said the general, with a grim smile, "or else I know nothing of war."

The chief of staff sat down again.

"Let's hope so. . . . Talking about gas—you're quite satisfied with our own percentage of gas ammunition, sir?"

"Got too much, if anything. What you want for open warfare is long-distance killing power, and for killing power give me machine guns, H. E. and shrapnel. Gas is all right when you're staring at one another across a bit of barbed wire. It makes it difficult for the other fellow to hang on, but that's all it really comes to. Gas doesn't kill if you've got masks. Look at the statistics of the last war! The percentage of fatal gas casualties is negligible; almost as low as bayonet casualties."

"On the other hand, the percentage of incapacitating casualties in the last two months of that war was enormous," said the chief of staff. "And both sides were firing 70 per cent gas shells."

"Mustard gas," replied the general. "And now the troops have mustard-proof uniforms. You can't get bullet-proof uniforms."

The chief of staff turned his sigh into a smile.

"Well, sir," he said, "there's not much use discussing it. We're committed to what we've got, anyway."

The general gave him a sharp look.

"You've been overworking. Don't overstrain. We're only at the beginning of this war."

The click-click-click of feverishly worked typewriters was suddenly loud through the opened door. An orderly entered with a message form, brought it to the chief of staff, went out again. The chief of staff glanced at it, looked up to the general.

"From Air Force Intelligence, sir. Squadrons Four, Five and Eight report great movement of caterpillar transport at dusk across country covered by squares P Q R M N and O in a general southerly direction. a. a. a. Reconnaissance was proceeding by parachute flares when squadrons were attacked by superior hostile scouts and forced to retire. a. a. a. Squadrons Seven and Ten report great activity in back-area enemy aërodromes. Message ends." He rose and went to the map, ran his finger across the indicated squares. "Way back behind your forest, sir. They must be from fifty to sixty miles away from our front line. But twenty miles an hour across country—say fifteen, average—no, I suppose there's nothing to prevent them attacking us tomorrow morning."

"I hope nothing will prevent them," said the general grimly. "I very much want them to bump into our artillery concentration. And then—forward! No trench warfare! You fellows are going to learn a thing or two when it comes to fighting across country. . . . I only wish I'd got more than two divisions of cavalry."

The chief of staff was still staring at the map.

"As you say, sir, we're going to learn a lot in this new war. I wonder whether we quite realize it. Here's something of an object lesson already—an enemy concentrating from an immense back area fifty and sixty miles away only a few hours before battle. That's mobility, if you like—and something altogether new!"

"What does he gain by it?" said the general curtly. "His artillery has to go blindly into action against guns already in position, with ranges plotted. And once his infantry get onto their own two feet, his mobility is the same as ours."

The chief of staff swung round to his superior. There was a peculiar look in his face.

"But supposing he hasn't any infantry, sir!"

"What do you mean?" The general's voice was sharp and hard, his tone antagonistic. "Of course he has infantry!"

"I mean, sir, that here we are going into this war just about as we left off in 1918, excepting for the complete mechanicalization of transport—hundreds of thousands of infantrymen, thousands of guns that have to get into position and can only fire when they're stationary, and a certain number of tanks as an auxiliary to the infantry ——"

"Well, what's wrong with that?" snapped the general. "Infantry is still, as it always was, the queen of the battlefield, and all other arms are auxiliary to it. It's a fundamental axiom."

"It was an axiom so long as only the infantryman could go anywhere, sir; but is it an axiom any longer since caterpillar-track vehicles can go over any sort of country at fifteen, twenty—even thirty-five miles an hour, some of them? We haven't yet realized the revolution we ourselves have produced. Isn't it possible that the land fights of the future are going to be just the same as sea fights—fleets of heavily armored, gas-tight units maneuvering at high speed and fighting one another across country? And a concentration of aircraft overhead, dropping gas bombs, flooding the country with gas? We don't yet know what aircraft can do with gas; gas bombing was only tentatively tried at the very end of the last war. But one gas bomb is equivalent to hundreds of gas shells—is delivered with infinitely greater facility. Used in conjunction, gas bombing on an immense scale and fleets of tanks, where's infantry coming in then? They'd be like fellows swimming in the water trying to attack battleships! And your heavy guns that take hours to put into position and hours to move—where would they be in such a battle? The only thing that could survive and fight is the gas-tight tank!"

The general rose, stiffly and a little ponderously, to his feet.

"Nonsense! We have tanks, too, if it comes to that."

"Yes; but as an adjunct to infantry, and in that proportion. Against an enemy that is all tanks—who is concentrating for decisive action every tank he possesses—what chance would they have, sir?" The chief of staff was suddenly in desperate, agitated earnest. "I—I know you think I'm mad, but I've just had a glimpse of it. There are more than five hundred tanks allotted to the armies collecting behind us. Let me send an S O S to concentrate them all here as fast as they can come! We shall want every one of them tomorrow morning!"

The general's heavy jaw set hard. He looked at him with cold, angry eyes, spoke curtly.

"You've lost your nerve. Send in an immediate application for home leave. I will recommend it."

He went out of the room.

Left alone, the chief of staff dropped into his chair, held his head in his hands, his elbows on the desk, stared in front of him.

"I hope he's right!" he muttered. "I hope it's only overstrain!"

Twenty miles away, on the farther slope of the miles-long ridge on which the army had taken position, a young infantry lieutenant cursed as, with a firework-like crack, a blindingly vivid point of light sprang into the blackness overhead, remained almost stationary, shed downward an intense white brilliance of illumination. In that uncanny glare were starkly revealed the length of trench at which his and the adjacent platoons were feverishly digging, the festooned and twisted wire entanglements in which the men at work on them seemed hopelessly enmeshed, and down the bare slope, the excavations where half-buried engineers were laying land mines. That silence of suddenly

(Continued on Page 133)

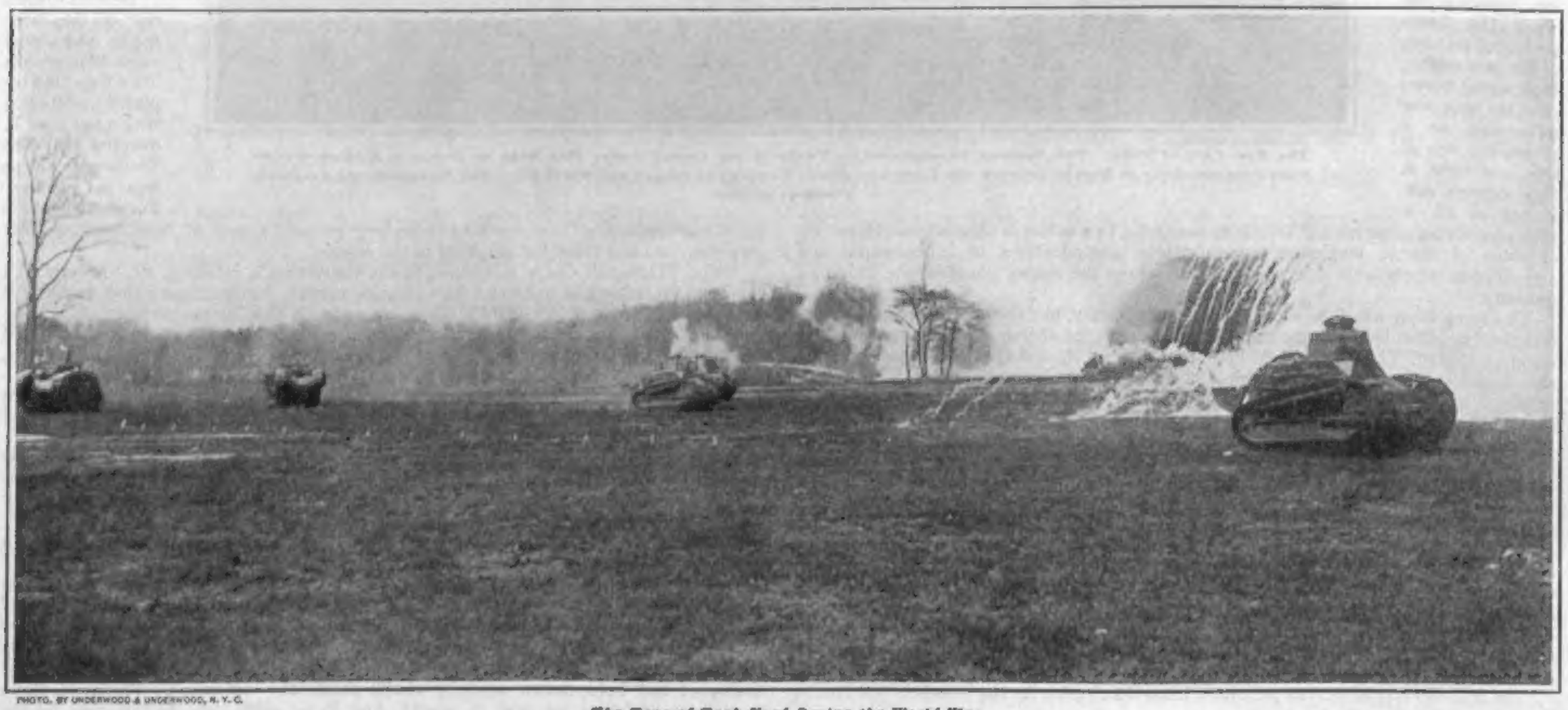

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Type of Tank Used During the World War

THE CELLINI PLAQUE

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ROBERT ELLISON, collector and scholar, threw up his hands and laughed. "Poggioli, you're crazy!" he said. Ellison's Italian agent shook his head vehemently.

"I have seen it. I have seen the documentary evidence also."

"Why the secrecy then?"

"The Italian Government keeps tabs upon art treasures they know about; and the owner of this plaque does not want them paying domiciliary visits at unexpected times. More, it is probable they would confiscate it and force him to accept a nominal sum for what, if he wished to sell, he could get a fortune."

"I understand that. But a chrysoprase plaque by Cellini is in the realm of nightmares. If your cable had been explicit, I shouldn't have crossed the Atlantic. In Cellini's time, chrysoprase, as we know it, had not been discovered; and the chrysoprase of the Greeks had passed without trace. And above all, Cellini was a goldsmith; and crystal carving is another art. No, no, Poggioli; doubtless you have seen something beautifully done by some old master, but you haven't discovered a Cellini. It can't be done.

"I have hunted for ten years all over the Continent, and I have found but a single cup which, backed by proper evidence, might pass as Cellini's."

"I am astonished, sir."

"At my incredulity? Take it that way. Who owns this marvel?"

Poggioli shook his head.

"I shall take you to the man in due time. He is out of town for ten days."

"And I must wait ten days?"

"I am sorry, but he left Florence after I cabled you. I promise you that the wait will be worth your while. You know all there is to know about Cellini—his characteristics, his intolerance at having any rivals in sculpture. Observe his Perseus. Supposing Pope Clement had told Cellini that he could not produce a gem in crystal. He would have defied the Pope and added one more treasure to art."

"All that I admit."

"Has there ever been any public record of the treasures of the old popes?"

Ellison grew thoughtful.

"I cannot say that there has been."

"Then who can say that Pope Clement did not have a piece of ancient chrysoprase in his chests? Cellini had no gold, no gems. These were poured into his basket by kings and popes, to let him work his will of them. This plaque is of extraordinary color and beauty. But it is understood that no word of this gets abroad."

"That is understood. What does your man want for it?" Ellison knew that he would shortly hear an old, old tale.

Poggioli made a negative gesture.

"You are a rich man, but all your riches would not stir the man to part with this gem. He said he would permit you to see it because of your book on Cellini. I bought a copy and gave it to him. But for that he would have refused. But do not offer him a price. It is not for sale."

Like all men who hunt for treasures, piratical or artistic, there was in the back of Ellison's head a persistent notion that some day he would discover a genuine Cellini and have the pleasure of announcing his discovery to the world; that is to say, he wanted to discover something he could possess. The astounding information that a Florentine had a Cellini and would not sell it weakened his skepticism considerably. Old Greeks littered the Vatican; why not a bit of ancient chrysoprase in Clement's chest? He was impressed.

"You mean to say that he refuses to sell at any price?"

"It is a fact."

"Then why the devil did you drag me across the Atlantic?"

"Simply to see it. There is no commission for me. Wait until you look upon it."

"Well, of course. But I've wasted my time on a hundred wild-goose chases. I have a good deal of confidence in your judgment; but a Cellini, now!"

Poggioli spread his hands. He was a man in middle years, with an eye like a hawk's for an imposture or a forgery on canvas, as Ellison had reason to know. From time to time Ellison bought a painting, but only after it had gone through Poggioli's hands. Thus far all these canvases had been proved genuine. So he had grown trustful of his agent. The man knew all the forgers and their cunning tricks, and Ellison was always being impressed by the fact that the genius of rogues was generally superior to that of honest men.

"No, Dear Comrade; Only Death Can Do That. This is the End. I Return to My Prison; But It Will Not be So Bleak as It Was Yesterday"

"Describe it to me."

"Six inches in diameter; a hunting scene around an unmarked dulled center. It is like a crown jewel."

"But I'm not an authority on crystal carving, even if done by Cellini."

"It is not the crystal, but the workmanship; in that you will recognize the master."

"And worth exactly what a crazy fool like me would be willing to pay for it. But I'm wary. I've been fooled too many times. Why do you refuse to give me the man's name, since there is no commission for you?"

Poggioli smiled urbanely.

"Supposing you met him and he learned that you are rich. Supposing he decided to sell the plaque. Nothing is impossible. Would you not pay four times the price I might get for you?"

"There is reason in that."

"Agents are not always on the side of the seller. You would have paid twenty-five thousand for that passable Carlo Dolci; but I got it for you for eighteen. My man gambles. Who can say that he might not weaken some day? Gamblers must have money to play with, you know."

"Offer him thirty thousand for it," said Ellison, purely in jest.

"He will laugh. The plaque is the most exquisite thing I have ever seen. A light emerald green against a background of white velvet. When he dies it goes to the Crown; he says that much. I want you to set your judgment upon the plaque. You have already a Cellini cup."

"A cup I believe his, but cannot swear to. There is a wide hole in the Cellini record. Many treasures disappeared long before Napoleon's indemnity. Well, I'm curious, so I'll wait for your man's return. But I am a man of little faith."

"I promise you that you will not be indifferent when you see the gem. I shall notify you instantly of his return."

Poggioli bowed himself out. Ellison lit his pipe and began tramping about the room. Queer, but he wasn't on fire at all. Upon receiving Poggioli's cable that a Cellini had been unearthed he had been tremendously excited, and now he seemed rather washed out. Had the plaque been in silver or gold or bronze, his interest would have held out. But a gem by Cellini in chrysoprase was out of order, not among credible things. He had a superficial knowledge of chrysoprase, but not sufficient to pass judgment. Old Volterrani, who sold the stone near the Ponte Vecchio, would know. But in order to get Volterrani's judgment the plaque would have to be bought, and the man who owned it refused to sell.

But this unrest—what did it signify? Was he tiring of the chase? Was this particular thrill worn out? A sharp diversion of caliber was what he needed, and his mind seemed without suggestions. He was only thirty-five; it would be ten years before he reached the top of the hill. Perhaps he had begun to feel his loneliness, more or less self-imposed. Perhaps the old house back in New York had started this mood; always filled with silence and soft-footed servants. He had tried to make a night of it in New York and had given up the job quickly in distaste. What in the world did he want? Or was it his liver? He laughed.

A woman? He could not say. He had had his dreams, of course; but he had never yet seen a woman he cared to

dream about. Oh, he had had his flirtations, as he sometimes fished for trout, with barbless hooks. But the women of the day bored him with their slang and cigarettes and cocktails. He had written a book on Cellini's art that had received serious consideration by the savants; but all the women he knew thought Cellini was the name of a fiddle.

Impatiently he took up his binoculars and approached the window from which he could look down upon the yellow Arno. He focused the glasses upon the fishermen standing just below the dam, lifting and lowering their nets. During the many seasons he had spent in Florence, he had yet to see a wriggling fish in any of the nets. Being something of a fisherman himself, he knew that there is no other brand of hope so impervious to despair as that which abides in the hearts of fishermen.

It was near to four o'clock in the afternoon, late in May.

Presently Ellison would be going over to the tennis club in the park to meet his old friends the Lucchesis, and that would end his boredom for the day. How fond he was of the Italians, and how he loved Lucchesi! What fun he and Giovanni had had in their teens, with their green noddles full of Alexandre Dumas!

Up and down the Lungarno snubby little victorias clattered, some racing into town and others jogging toward the Cascine, the great park. A noisy city, this delectable Florence; noise which came from underfoot, for most of the town is paved with stone flags, as slippery as blue ice on rainy days, and inconveniently hot from May to October. And so dusty; yet the loveliest old city in Europe. Here it was that humanity got its second wind; cast aside the battle-ax for the brush. Dante, Raphael, Michelangelo; a city filled with the ghosts of giants. To walk across the Ponte Vecchio at night was to see that old ruffian come to life again, a golden chalice in his left hand and the most formidable sword in Florence in his right, shouting to the lurking bravos, "I am Cellini, you fools!"

Up went the nets and down again. Ellison humorously imagined that sometime during the reign of Cosimo I some chap had caught a fish in the Arno—and wrecked many a future husband. To go fishing—what else is so delightful to the born loafer?

As usual, there were lesser loafers watching the fishermen from the parapet. Ellison laughed, and noticed a young woman leaning against the barrier. Thirty-five years ago Destiny had perfectly timed this moment.

II

A YOUNG woman in a leghorn hat. Here was something Fashion found imperturbable to her dictations; it refused to be relegated to the attic; it declined to become costly. Ellison knew that there was a straw-hat mart near the Palazzo Vecchio where one could buy half a dozen leghorns for ten lire. A woman's face, plain or lovely, always possessed charm under the wide brim of this particular kind of hat. Ellison chuckled; he was thinking like a man milliner. A single wreath of pink roses ran around the crown of the hat.

She was leaning upon her elbows. She was young. The graceful slenderness of her body spoke of youth. Ellison stared at her through his binoculars. With a quick, impatient gesture, as if irritated by some thought, the young woman turned. Ellison drew in his breath sharply. Heaven on earth, what a lovely face! Italian? He could not say. She began to walk toward the Cascine, which was only a few blocks west. As she did not hail a carriage, he supposed her to be English or American; for no well-dressed Florentine woman would dream of walking along the Lungarno at four in the afternoon.

At once a species of madness fell upon Ellison, a species which strikes more frequently at twenty than at thirty-five. He determined to follow the young woman. He ran down to the street with a recklessness similar to that energized by the cry of "Fire." He was on fire, but he was unaware of the fact. He kept a hundred yards between himself and his unsuspecting quarry. What purpose had he in view? He did not know. For the present it was enough to follow her. And as he followed he became conscious of two sensations—that his conduct was undignified and that he reveled in the fact. He would pursue the unknown as he pursued tentative Cellinis; and if he fell afoul the police, all the merrier. This nonsense was exactly what he needed. Of course he would not affront her by offering speech. He would follow her to her destination and perhaps get a closer view of her face. Mad! He felt like taking off his hat and throwing it into the air.

She led him into the Cascine, thence to the tennis club, greatly to his satisfaction. He gave the unknown a few minutes' leeway, then entered the grounds. The leghorn hat and Robert Ellison were social equals. He was still mad, but he was no longer aware of it.

He strolled about leisurely, searching for his friends, but in no hurry. They were serving tea on the veranda; men and women in white, with a scattering of military uniforms and a few gay parasols. It was the end of the season, and in a few days the courts and the Cascine alike would be deserted by fashion.

Ellison knew many of those present, but indifferently. Possessing no villa out toward Fiesole, and never entertaining

She Was Leaning Upon Her Elbows. She Was Young. The Graceful Slenderness of Her Body Spoke of Youth. Ellison Stared at Her Through His Binoculars

on a noticeable scale, he was not always quickly recognized by the gay Florentines; and he was the last man to complain, caring only for his few friends and nothing at all for social prestige. They knew that his father had been a noted portrait painter; but what they did not know was that the painter had inherited from his father coal mines and railroads and ships. Even Ellison's dear friends, the Lucchesis, were not aware of these riches. A vast fortune was, as Ellison knew, an irresistible magnet and drew falseness and insincerity from all directions. Hence Ellison's bachelordom at thirty-five. He hated the thought of falling in love with a woman who wanted only his money. His father's unhappy marriage was always vividly in his recollection. Presently he saw the leghorn hat, surrounded by young men. Well, of course, that was bound to happen; but he did not like it.

The Lucchesis greeted him joyously. He and Lucchesi had romped the town together in their teens, considering themselves dreadful dare-devils, stealing kisses where they were to be found, drinking unripe wines and smoking black pencil-like cheroots, which stunned them; renting spirited nags occasionally and exploring Tuscany; running into innocuous mischief whenever it beckoned; the only joyous days Ellison could remember.

"Who is that young woman in the leghorn hat?" he asked.

"You mean Lisabetta Peruzzi?" asked Mrs. Lucchesi. "If she's the one under the leghorn."

"Why?"

"I'm enough my father to note a beautiful face."

Lucchesi and his wife exchanged glances and then began to laugh.

"I suppose you wish to be presented. She is Sandro Peruzzi's daughter."

"And who is Sandro Peruzzi?"

"He comes from the old middle class; but her mother was of the Roman aristocracy. She is adorable, and Giovanni and I love her, and she is our guest today. But her father! Well, there isn't in Florence a more suave and polished man. He never goes anywhere."

"Except to Monte Carlo," said Lucchesi. "He would trade his daughter's shoes for a marker. No use beating about the bush, Rita. The old fellow went through his wife's money in three years. He would gamble the villa, but he has only a life interest in that. We don't like him, for we believe he is trying to force Betta into marriage with some rich man—any rich man—so that he may sponge on the son-in-law."

"And humiliates her and keeps her without enough money to pay cab hire," supplemented Mrs. Lucchesi. "Betta never goes anywhere, because she has no clothes; and she's as proud as Lucifer. She has vowed she will never marry a man with money. We would not say these things to any but an old friend like you."

"Why all this family history?" Ellison asked, puzzled.

"Because if you are seen with her, others will give you the history with elaborations," said Mrs. Lucchesi. "Betta is not popular; she is a little too beautiful."

"I see. Cats in Florence as elsewhere. Would she think of marrying a man who could just about keep the butcher and baker at arms' length?"

"You, for instance!" Mrs. Lucchesi laughed. She felt jubilant. He was walking right into the trap. This splendid scholarly American and Betta Peruzzi! "She might marry a poor man if she loved him. It would be sweet revenge upon that father of hers. She has already refused a dozen men of wealth—some of them young and handsome too."

"If I were handsome ——"

"Nonsense! You are fascinating when you exert yourself. Don't you know it?"

Ellison expanded. He was human.

"I could afford a woman ordinary luxuries, but I could not afford an indemnity to the father. I could give what Jack here gives you." He had always called Giovanni Jack. "Has she fallen in love yet?"

"I do not believe so."

"How old is she?"

"Twenty-four."

"And I am thirty-five."

"This begins to look serious."

"Thirty-five is always serious. Perhaps it is because I haven't noticed a woman in a long time."

"Thanks."

"I mean a young woman."

Mrs. Lucchesi laughed so heartily that Lisabetta glanced her way.

"You begin to remind me of the old days, when we were less than twenty," observed Giovanni. "Your compliments were always side-splitting."

"Present me."

After all, it was time he indulged in a little fooling. Love? That was nonsense. For the first time in many years a woman's face had captivated him. And yet, if he had not seen Lisabetta Peruzzi by the parapet, it was doubtful if his interest would have been more than negligible.

"I'll pave the way," said Mrs. Lucchesi. "She is not aware that you were included in the party."

"Who is that man?" asked Lisabetta at once. "He followed me all the way from the Hôtel de Ville."

"Scarcely. He was merely following your direction. We had invited him. He is an old friend of Giovanni's—an American."

"Is he rich?"

"His father was a painter, and he writes."

"Then he will be poor!" Lisabetta laughed. "Bring him over."

Ellison sat down beside her, happy but diffident.

"Rita says you write."

"A little. I'm not a novelist, though."

"Oh?"

"Do you speak English?"

"A little. But you speak Italian well. Your gestures—I was watching you."

"It's odd. When I speak English I never gesture; when I speak Italian I become a windmill. I say, have you a singing cricket yet?"

She leaned back and laughed.

"*Il Grillo!* I haven't thought of crickets since I was a child."

"The Cascine is always alive with them this time of year. I remember one Ascension Day. You know—the day of the crickets, when everybody eats breakfast in the fields. Well, Giovanni and I made a hundred francs selling crickets to American tourists. We were going to be rich; but Giovanni's father trounced him."

"Your father was a painter?"

"Unknown over here except for his friendships. But singing crickets do bring good luck. One summer I carried one all over Europe, and at last let him go in the Bois."

"Did he bring you good luck?" The tone was lightly skeptical.

"He did. I found a Giorgione in a garret and was able to restore it to the man from whom it was stolen."

"And you call that good luck! I understood that luck was something that profited oneself."

"To restore a thing of beauty to its proper environment is always worth something."

She liked that; he would be unselfish. She liked his eyes, too, and the pleasantly accented voice.

"Singing crickets, in little wire cages—fancy your selling them to tourists! I suppose you know Florence better than we who live here. I have lived here nearly all my life, and I have never seen the house in which Dante is said to have been born."

How beautiful she was! There was a demureness about her beauty that suggested Botticelli. Vivid dark eyes, hair that shone like polished ebony, a mouth whose scarlet was its own, the skin the color of light honey; twenty-four and not married; but it seemed incredible to Ellison that she had not attracted a love fit to awaken hers. Supposing she had. What an infernal thought and how it hurt!

Love orders its affairs by no given rule or time clock. It happens. It is not necessary to have reasons, for the true lover finds his reason only when there is no going back. Then, if he is satisfied with what his reason tells him, he is indeed a happy man.

"I say, let me show you Dante's house tomorrow morning, and we'll have lunch at Paoli's."

She did not reply at once, but looked at the courts. He had not noticed her cheap hat, her cheap dress, so dreadfully conspicuous among all these smart Parisian gowns. True, men crowded about her when she appeared; but none asked her for favors. Perhaps they no longer cared to be rebuffed. Luxuries! Well, she might have them, at a price she had sworn never to pay. Was she a fool? Perhaps.

"Paoli's? I never heard of it. Besides, this is going a little too fast. Is Paoli's fashionable?" she asked.

"It is not. I remember it when sausages and garlic hung from the rafters and you ate from trencher boards and sat on benches three or four hundred years old. The food is good and the Chianti mellow. Please do not be offended because I asked. We Americans ——"

"I am not offended. Rather I am pleased at the compliment. Where is this restaurant?"

"In the Via Tavolini—the Way of the Little Tables. Isn't that like a line of poetry?"

"Sausages and garlic. . . . What do you write?"

"I have written a book on art treasures—principally Cellini's. But only savants read it. Perhaps it has sold five hundred copies."

The son of a painter, she thought, who had written a book which only scholars would buy. A bitter wildness surged into her heart. She would have perhaps a week or ten days before her father returned. To play a little, recklessly and carelessly, before the old burden once more sagged her shoulders. Secret but harmless junkets with this American who was vouched for by her only true friends. One fling while her father was away; and at her elbow the means. She knew that she might wander about old Florence for days without meeting an acquaintance, so long as she did not step within the fashionable bounds.

"Dante's house, or at least the spot where his house was," she mused, "and a tavern in the Way of the Little Tables." She rose, having cast the die. "I shall be in the Piazza Vittorio at eleven, by the Savoy entrance. But say nothing to our friends."

A slight push would have toppled Ellison, so great was his astonishment. For a moment there fell upon him the semblance of a dream. The most incredible episode in his life had happened.

"You really will go?"

"I never break a promise."

Later he was to get the full force of this statement.

Lisabetta after half an hour bade the Lucchesis good-by. They could not prevail upon her to remain and let them drive her home. She really had errands, she declared, and was late. She was in fact literally running away. Now that she had taken the step toward dissipation, however innocuous, she knew that if she remained she would break her promise to Ellison.

With trancelike sensations, Ellison watched her until the hedge obscured her from view. He then saw an object at his feet and stooped for it. It was a small Florentine leather purse. Not quite conscious of what he did, he opened the purse, and three copper pieces of money slid into view. Hers, and not enough for a cab home! She would be walking home, to the outskirts of the city, perhaps. What kind of man was this Peruzzi? He suddenly dropped the purse into a pocket. Mrs. Lucchesi was speaking.

"What did you say to her? It looks to me as if she was running away."

"Certainly nothing I said."

"Did you tell her she was beautiful?"

"I did not. Why should I? A man tells a woman she is beautiful only when the matter is doubtful, and she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

"Well, it looks queer. Tomorrow night you are to dine with us *en famille*."

"Your special brand of spaghetti," said Lucchesi.

"Ah! Will you do me a favor? Ask Lisabetta Peruzzi."

"What makes you think she will accept?"

"She seemed to be quite a jolly sort; none of the professional beauty about her."

"What did you talk about?"

"Crickets."

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The Men Turned Their Heads to Behold Lisabetta in the Doorway, Pale But Composed

The Tale of Uncle Sam's Voyage in an Irrigating Ditch—By Garet Garrett

The Roosevelt Highway in Oregon

IN THE name of reclamation the Federal Government has already expended upon Western deserts $150,000,000. For this sum it has to show some of the wonder dams of the world, such as the Elephant Butte in New Mexico, the Roosevelt in Arizona, the Shoshone in Wyoming and the Arrowrock in Idaho, together with many romantic feats of engineering skill. Rivers going upside down through inverted siphons. Rivers crossing rivers. Mountains put aside. The raging flood with a ring in its nose so that it may be led about like a tame bull. Prehistoric lakes restored.

Behind the dams of the United States Reclamation Service is impounded enough water to cover Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island a foot deep. Then to get this water from behind the dams to the arid land far away below them there are 12,000 miles of canals, 30 miles of tunnels and 3,000,000 feet of pipe, besides such collateral works as 9000 bridges, 83 miles of railroad, 1000 miles of highway, more than 3000 miles of telephone, more than 1000 miles of power-transmission lines, and 17 hydroelectric power plants.

At the economic end it has to show more than 1,000,000 acres of irrigated land, divided into 34,000 farms, and 130,000 people thereby sustained in the way of agriculture.

"A new state created by irrigation," exclaimed the Committee of Special Advisers on Reclamation—a state "practically equivalent to the agricultural situation in Massachusetts." From 32,000 farms Massachusetts gets a product worth $53,000,000 a year. From 34,000 United States Reclamation farms there is a product worth $50,000,000 a year.

Relief Laws

HOWEVER, it was not for the Committee of Special Advisers on Reclamation, called the Fact Finders, to pause in wonder before the works. They were appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to find out why government reclamation had failed, if and wherein it had, and why so many of the inhabitants of the new Federal state created by irrigation, dedicated to the proposition that everyone who wants it shall be entitled to a piece of fertile land, were so dissatisfied with what they received and always clamoring for relief.

They have already been relieved several times. The original bargain with them was that after they had got settled on the land they should buy the irrigation works from the Government at cost, in ten annual installments, without interest. They found these terms very hard. They said they could not meet them. There they were—on the land. What was the Government going to do about it? Congress passed a law saying they should have twenty years instead of ten in which to buy the works. And although this was the same as to pay the Government 5 per cent interest on the cost of the works for twenty years and then receive them as a gift, still they could not pay, or said they couldn't; they fell behind and demanded more relief.

From time to time special relief laws were enacted, sometimes forgiving them their debts, sometimes commuting them, in order to start them off again with a clean slate. But the more relief the more clamor. They began to demand forty years' time in which to pay; they demanded also a revaluation of the works on the ground that it had cost more to build them than they were worth. The Government should take the loss. The Government did. More than one-sixth of all the money spent has been counted as its loss, without giving the settlers a sense of relief. The problem increased, and for two reasons: One was that the settlers found that by demanding relief and sitting tight they could always get something; the other was that the Government went steadily on building more reclamation works, thereby expanding its troublesome state.

Jackson Lake, Wyoming, at Low Water

Remedies

IT IS still doing it. Measures for the relief of settlers who cannot pay, and appropriations to irrigate more land for more settlers are simultaneously being voted by Congress. Each new Secretary of the Interior inherits on the one hand a construction program and on the other the problem of how to save existing reclamation works.

"The situation that has developed on Federal reclamation projects is serious," said the Fact Finders. "Three projects have been abandoned and unless remedial measures of a permanent character are applied several more projects will fail, and the Federal reclamation experiment, conceived in a spirit of wise and lofty statesmanship, will become discredited."

Of remedial measures they proposed no fewer than thirty-six. Remedy Number 1 was any such instant temporary relief of the settlers as a benign Congress might be able to devise. Remedy Number 29 called for experts to be employed by the Government to teach the settlers agriculture. Remedy Number 23 was held out to be fundamental.

The Fact Finders discovered that the productive power of land is variable. One area is more fertile than another; one farm will produce more than another, both on the same project. Therefore it is unjust to lay the cost of irrigation works upon all acres alike, so much per acre and so many years in which to pay it. "Experience has shown," they said, "that the present method for repayment of project-construction costs, based upon time and percentages of cost, instead of the ability of the several classes of land to produce, is unscientific and difficult of fulfillment." Wherefore it is proposed that the settlers shall pay the Government according to their means—that is, according to the fertility of their farms, or, specifically, 5 per cent of the gross value of their product annually, though it should take them on that basis more than 100 years to pay.

This idea now is widely accepted as a proper solution. The Secretary of

the Interior accepted it. He transmitted the report of the Fact Finders to the President, who accepted it, and sent it to the Congress with a special message, April 21, 1924, saying: "The heretofore adopted repayment plan is erroneous in principle and in many cases impossible of accomplishment. It fixes an annual arbitrary amount that the farmers must pay on the construction costs of projects, regardless of production. In its place should be substituted a new policy providing that payments shall be assessed by the Government in accordance with the crop-producing quality of the soil." In the same message the President said, following the Fact Finders: "Because of high rates of interest and other agricultural difficulties existing, farmers are often unable to borrow money for temporary relief. The establishment of a credit fund by the Government from which farmers on projects may secure capital to make permanent improvements, buy equipment and livestock, should be considered."

Much more could be said for the idea of requiring settlers to pay according to the fertility of the land if the land in question at the time of being irrigated by the Government had been public land, subject to settlement as such, all at a flat price per acre. That was not the case. Two-thirds of the land irrigated by the Government under the reclamation act was already privately owned. This, of course, was not intended to be so. How it came to be will appear later. As to the one-third that was public land, subject to settlement as such at a flat price per acre, some of the original settlers had only one intention, which was to capture the value that was added to the land by water from a government dam. These sold out to others and passed on. It follows that of the present settlers on lands watered by the Government—inhabitants of the new Federal state created by irrigation—a number bought the land at private sale. They paid what they thought the land was worth at the time and assumed the obligation to repay the Government the cost of the irrigation works, meaning the dams, canals, ditches and all that.

Water Going to Waste. An Unexploited Opportunity in the Arid West

Bad Judgment in Buying

THE point is that dissimilarities of soil which cause one piece of land to be more productive than another were accounted for in the purchase price, and that price was variable and open to bargain. The only charge fixed on all acres alike was the cost of the Government's irrigation works. Suppose that to be $50 an acre, payable in twenty annual installments without interest. Subject to this obligation the settler buys the land for what he may think it to be worth. For a very fertile piece with just the right lie he may pay $150 an acre, but for a less productive piece not far away he may pay only $75 an acre. The obligation to the Government is the same in both cases. Including it, one piece of land represents a capitalization of $200 an acre and the other a capitalization of only $125 an acre. It is perhaps a little clearer if you regard the obligation to the Government as a horizontal, twenty-year acre tax. That is what it really amounts to; and all the land is bought and sold on its merits subject to that tax. If the settlers who bought their land at private sale, as a very large number did, failed to price it according to its power of production, that was because they did not know land or how to buy it. It was their own bad judgment. Nobody proposes openly that the Government shall amend errors of personal judgment, yet that is what the idea comes to, in many cases, of requiring settlers to repay the Government for its irrigation works according to the land's fertility.

The Fact Finders touched many facts which they failed to relate. They found the instance of the man of poor judgment who paid $200 an acre for raw sagebrush land under a government water ditch, and the instance of the man of good judgment who got his land at a bargain, both assuming in addition to the cost of the land the same fixed obligation to the Government. It now is the man of poor judgment who is in trouble. He was bankrupt from the start. The land would not bear that capitalization. The other man is all right. Only now if the Government makes a gift of grace to one for the reason that having paid too much for his land he is unable to pay the Government, it is obliged to make the same gift to the other, who does not need it.

But the Fact Finders were true reclamationists. Their first premise was that reclamation must somehow be made not to fail. In the introduction to their report they wrote: "A dependence on Federal paternalism has settled down upon nearly all the projects and a corresponding bureaucratic tendency has grown up within the Reclamation Service. The water users have come to look upon themselves as wards of the Government, a specially favored class with special claims upon government bounty. . . . Nothing could be more detrimental to the progress of a venture which demands, first of all, individual courage and independence of the people concerned."

From that their minds turned suddenly away. The problem to be solved was this: How shall the Government yet succeed in its undertaking to create a happy, contented, prosperous, ideal agricultural state by hand of the United States Reclamation Service? Thinking of this they became more and more impressed with the helplessness of the settler, with the need of doing more for him. They recommended to be adopted in this country methods which have been found necessary to make agriculture less wretched in India or to make place in Australia for the surplus population of Great Britain. The pioneer spirit that created in this country the most prosperous agriculture in the world, with no assistance at all, was tried and found wanting. Besides, the times had changed.

Capital Needed on Projects

THEY wrote: "It was the common thing in the earlier homestead days for the homesteader to spend his life in conquering the land and in building a home on which his children throve. The feeling today is that the rewards of pioneering must come in the space of a few years so that the pioneer himself may reap the larger rewards of his efforts." Moreover, "the family must be able to live under better conditions." Therefore, the Fact Finders found, "it is now clear that the man with no capital who enters the business of homestead making on the Federal reclamation projects does not enjoy a fair opportunity to succeed. . . . Experience has shown that in the majority of cases the settler cannot succeed without the establishment of some credit scheme which will enable him to borrow the necessary money on long-time payments at lower rates of interest than the banks can afford to give. As yet, no such credit scheme has been provided by the Government."

It is true that there is already a Federal land-bank system for making just such loans to farmers, but unfortunately, said the Fact Finders, "the conditions on the Federal irrigation projects make it more difficult for the farmer on those projects to obtain help from the Federal land bank than for the outside farmer. The objections to project loans are incomplete titles, methods of repayment, delinquencies, etc." Wherefore, since the settler on the Federal irrigation project is a risk the Federal land-bank system prefers to avoid, a special credit fund must be provided for him. The Fact Finders added this prudent

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Timber Which Was Killed by Raising the Level of Jackson Lake

THE HORSE MARINE

As the Animal Recovered, Hands Reached for His Bridle, Leaped Up, Clawing, to Drag Laidlaw From the Saddle

By Frederic F. Van de Water

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

HANNIBAL was a conscientiously orthodox horse. Accordingly, when David Laidlaw, formerly of the United States Marine Corps and now a rookie in Troop H, New York State Police, thrust his toe in the wrong stirrup and swung into the saddle from the off side, the sturdy brown gelding was justly indignant. He switched his tail, ducked his head and crow-hopped thrice.

At the first buck, Trooper Laidlaw lost one stirrup; at the second, the other; and at the third, the entire saddle. Water rose in sheets from the horse trough and descended to reveal him seated therein, a fixed grin on his face, one hand still clutching the rein, at the other end of which Hannibal stood, snorting mild reproach.

In the paddock there was utter silence for five seconds. Then, as Laidlaw's legs swashed about in an effort to find footing, Trooper Richter spoke for the benefit of a half dozen other slouch-hatted, gray-uniformed spectators.

"The marines," Trooper Richter announced, "has landed."

Laidlaw paid no heed to the laughter, but stepped from the trough and went, hand over hand, along the rein to Hannibal's bridle. Then, from the orthodox left side, he mounted once more and trotted smartly around the paddock.

"Hannibal doesn't know you're on him this time, boy," Richter called. "He thinks it's a rainstorm."

Stable Sergeant Hart raised the voice of long-endured martyrdom.

"Twice that's happened now, Laidlaw. First time, he runs away with you. This time, he dumps you. Next time, maybe you'll remember human beings mount from the left side. That's all the riding lesson you get today."

"And it was real instructive while it lasted," volunteered a sunburned sergeant in full patrol equipment, a man whom Laidlaw had not seen before during his month of troop membership.

"Unsaddle and then go in and change," Hart advised Laidlaw, and started toward the barracks. "Hello, Danny. Strikers chase you out of Lewisville?"

"Too peaceful up there," Sergeant Daniel Delaney replied. "More excitement here in the paddock."

Captain Dover looked up from a stack of reports as the stable sergeant entered his office.

"What was the racket about?" he asked, returning the salute.

"This rookie, Laidlaw," Hart growled, "tries to climb on Hannibal from the off side and gets bucked into the water trough."

Dover chuckled.

"He can stick," Hart continued, "once he gets set. Hannibal ran away with him the first time he mounted wrong, but the rookie stayed on top. Maybe this dump will make him think. He's game, though. He crawled out of the water and mounted again."

"Mostly only game men got the Croix de Guerre," the captain replied. "I think I'll send him up to Lewisville with Delaney for a while. There may be enough trouble there next week, even for an ex-marine."

On his cot in the dormitory above, David Laidlaw was lying, face down, his hands clasped behind his neck, his face buried into a pillow that muffled his sobbing and choked back one faint scream. The cot's iron frame chattered beneath his trembling.

After a time the shuddering diminished and he lifted a white and ravaged face to peer about the empty room as though for lurking ghosts. Then David Laidlaw, ex-marine, Croix de Guerre, spoke aloud:

"Oh, God, I thought I was through with this."

Presently he sat up slowly and lit a cigarette, frowning to mark how his hands still trembled, drew on dry underclothing and civilian trousers and carried his sodden uniform down to the kitchen to dry.

He had brought with him into the state troopers, New York's rural mounted police, a knowledge of drill, a soldierly demeanor and a cleanliness of person and equipment. He had proved himself possessed of all the essential virtues of a trooper, save one. This his outfit took for granted by virtue of a bar of ribbon that he alone of the fifty-eight riders in Troop H was privileged to wear. It shone on the gray uniform coat, just beyond the black-faced lapel with the silver arms of the state blazoned thereon—a gay bit of silk, alternately striped with the scarlet of courage and the green of fame.

This vouched for Trooper Laidlaw and gained for him a certain respect and forbearance beyond the dreams of his fellow rookies. It was by virtue of this decoration that he, a recruit, was a participant, instead of a respectful listener, in the conversation that flourished that evening in the big lounge room where the office detail and the men in from patrol loafed and smoked.

He was speaking of the war, mildly but at length, when Delaney interrupted.

"You were in the Nuzière show, then?" he queried amiably.

Laidlaw sat motionless a moment.

"Yes," he replied, his face suddenly expressionless.

"Wasn't the 411th Infantry in that fight, too?" Delaney pursued, lifting his spurred heels to the table's edge and beginning to roll a cigarette.

"On our left," the recruit answered automatically and licked his dry lips. "Why?"

"That was where Harry England got his," the sergeant said to the room at large. "He was corporal in the 411th."

A flicker of what may have been relief passed over Laidlaw's face.

"I got a trench knife through my shoulder there," he answered. But he did not pick up his interrupted story, and a moment later he got up and left the room.

"And when," Delaney demanded of the company in general, "did Marshal Foch join up? He talks an awful lot for a rookie."

"Listen to grandpaw," Trooper Richter returned. "And what did you do in the Great War, Danny?"

"Laidlaw's all right," Troop Clerk Young continued. "Delaney's always sore when he can't do all the talking. Tell us about the daring deeds you have did among the pulp-mill strikers at Lewisville, Danny."

"I'm not sayin' he isn't all right," the sergeant returned. "Only there's others who was overseas. There's Harry England. He saw service, too, but he doesn't sit up and sell it to you, like this rookie."

"This guy got the craw de gair," Richter pointed out. "Harry got a bump on the bean and nine months in a German prison camp."

"Well, anyhow," Delaney lifted his voice in the traditional complaint, "this man's outfit is going all to hell when a rookie lectures all evening. Maybe this bird knows what he's talking about. All I say is he talks too much, war cross or no war cross."

"Well, holler a little louder," Corporal Evans suggested. "He sleeps right overhead and he'll hear you."

"Let him," Sergeant Delaney grinned.

But Trooper Laidlaw did not hear. He was asleep, yet there was no repose in his face, and beneath the blue blanket his body twitched and cringed. In the army hospitals nightmare had haunted him, waking or sleeping. For the first time in months he had felt it reach for him again that afternoon. Now in his slumber the old horror had returned. Physicians had called it shell shock and had said it might recur at times, but it was not the concussion of explosives that had stamped this terror upon him.

There had been shells, hundreds of them. They had come down upon the trench in the night as coal is dumped from a chute. The barrage had thundered above his regiment and lifted to drop behind it. As Laidlaw had groped his way to the parapet he had heard from the blackness the voices of many men, crying their lust to kill:

"Ah-h-h! Ah-h-h!"

Out of the flame-splintered dark they were coming. Like wolves, they gave tongue as they ran.

"Ah-h-h! Ah-h-h!"

He and the man beside him fired into the oncoming wave. In the reviving din they could feel the recoil of their rifles, but they could hear no sound. Then, all at once, the man beside him was there no longer, and Laidlaw's shoulder was warm and wet.

The storm battalions were striding through the broken wire, ungainly and enormous in the gloom.

"Ah-h-h! Ah-h-h!"

Laidlaw fumbled a cartridge clip, dropped it, hesitated and then ran. Star shells suddenly bloomed overhead. In their corpse light he squattered along the trench to the left. A soldier gripped his shoulder, shouting something, and turned him. In the downpour of unearthly radiance Laidlaw saw the other's face, sharply etched against the blackness. Chuckling with terror the marine swung his rifle against that face. The soldier dropped.

"Ah-h-h!"

Behind him the werewolves were leaping down into the trench. Laidlaw stumbled and fell, snuggling down into the mire in an ecstasy of terror. A boot crashed between his shoulders, half suffocating him with mud. He sprang up, gasping and gibbering.

A gigantic black shape loomed over him. He grappled with it in the fury of utter panic; felt his fingers sink into flesh, and held on, held on, despite the flame that ran through his shoulder, despite the hot blackness sweeping down and overwhelming

So Laidlaw won his war cross. When the storm troops fled, flogged and battered by the counter barrage, his company had found him. His hands were locked about the windpipe of a Pomeranian grenadier; a trench knife had been driven through his own shoulder. Beneath Laidlaw and sheltered by his body, was a wounded French liaison officer, who swore the marine had saved his life.

"Ah-h-h! Ah-h-h!"

He woke with his scream echoing through the still room. Several cots to the left a shadowy figure sat upright in the gloom, glaring suspiciously along the rank of slumberers and muttering. Laidlaw crammed the blanket against his lips and waited, while cold sweat coursed down his face.

"Tie that nightmare outside," the aroused one advised the room in general, and lay down once more.

Silence filled the dormitory again and endured while hours passed and the darkness changed to gray and David Laidlaw wrestled with his quaking body and gradually overcame it

Captain Dover looked at the figure standing at attention in his office, next morning, with mingled approval and doubt.

The gray uniform blouse curved smoothly from shoulder to gun belt. The flare of the black-striped riding breeches was faultless. The laced black riding boots were sleek with new oil, but the face of Trooper Laidlaw, above the flannel shirt collar with its carefully knotted purple tie, was drawn and weary.

"Anything the matter, Laidlaw?" Dover asked abruptly.

"No, sir," the trooper replied.

"Delaney," his commander resumed, "has to appear before the grand jury as a witness this morning. This afternoon he goes back to Lewisville. You go with him. Trooper England has to appear here as witness in another case day after tomorrow There may be trouble when the logging crews come down the river next week, but you three can handle it. You look," he added, "as if a little action in the open air might be good for you. That's all "

Where the road ran up a hillside, dark with evergreens, Delaney and Laidlaw dismounted and walked along beside their horses.

"So," Delaney resumed, "after we'd run the private detectives out of town there wasn't any more trouble till 'Fonse LaBrie tried to shake down the mill owners and started a riot when he couldn't. He's the guy the grand jury indicted yesterday. His brother, Gaston, who thinks he runs Lewisville, is awful sore, I hear, so when he and his log crew comes downriver next week, there may be enough to keep you and me and England busy. If the lumberjacks ever get started they'll sort of inspire the strikers to start riotin' all over again. That's what Gaston'd try. So," he added, with amusement wrinkling his eye corners, "after I'd heard you tell about fightin' in France, I was glad when the captain said he was goin' to send you along."

At the hill's crest they mounted again. The road wound out of the forest at last, and below them a river mocked the blue of the sky. Houses clustered about two tall chimneys standing smokeless by the water's edge. Near them a jetty stretched out into the stream

"Lewisville," Delaney said. "We're here, trooper "

They clattered through the torpid main street of the town. Scores of shabby men stood idly before the grimy stores and watched the riders pass, with unresentful eyes. Two or three hailed Delaney, who responded with a grin.

One called out, "Hey, poleece! W'at you do vit 'Fonse LaBrie, eh?"

Delaney halted his mount

"The grand jury," he proclaimed loudly and cheerfully, "indicted 'Fonse yesterday for inciting to riot, assault, and carrying a gun. Think that one over for a while, Jacques "

Jacques shrugged his shoulders.

"Wait till Gaston come," he replied with a mixture of gloom and triumph. "They take this town apart, Gaston and maybe hunnerd men."

"That ain't enough for the job," the sergeant answered, and touched his horse with a spur

They stabled and rubbed down their mounts and ate warmed-over food in the fly-specked dining room of Lewisville's sole hostelry. They were served by a shirt-sleeved man—the proprietor of the place—whose face bore woe unutterable and whose words predicted calamity

"Hell," he predicted with relish, "is gonna pop. When Gaston gits here this hull town is gonna blow up right in you boys' faces. Gaston he says he's gonna ketch him a trupper an' hold him to the bottom of the river with a pike pole one minute for every day 'Fonse spends in jail. He'll start them danged strikers off all over again too. Three of you boys ain't gonna be near enough."

"Pass the beef, Billy, will you?" Delaney requested with a grin.

"It ain't no laughin' matter," the proprietor warned, complying.

"It ain't hardly any eatin' matter, either," Delaney responded, helping himself. "Where's England?"

"Went out right after dinner. Well, don't say I didn't warn you boys. Yonder comes England now."

Hoofs clattered and were silenced outside. Someone came whistling along the porch

"Hey, Harry," Delaney called.

England's face was thin and tanned. His eyes were dark and steady. A pale scar ran crookedly through his close-cropped hair.

"The reënforcements," said Delaney, "is named David Laidlaw. Formerly, A. E. F."

Laidlaw stared while the color slowly drained out of his face. The greeting he contrived was little more than a croak.

"Got a souvenir out of it, too," England said pleasantly, nodding at the bar of ribbon on the uniform blouse. Then his eyes went back to the recruit's face "Did you and I

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"They're About Sure There are Only Two of You Here, and They're Going to Storm the Jail"

THE MORE YOU LOOK THE LESS YOU SEE

By Marian Spitzer

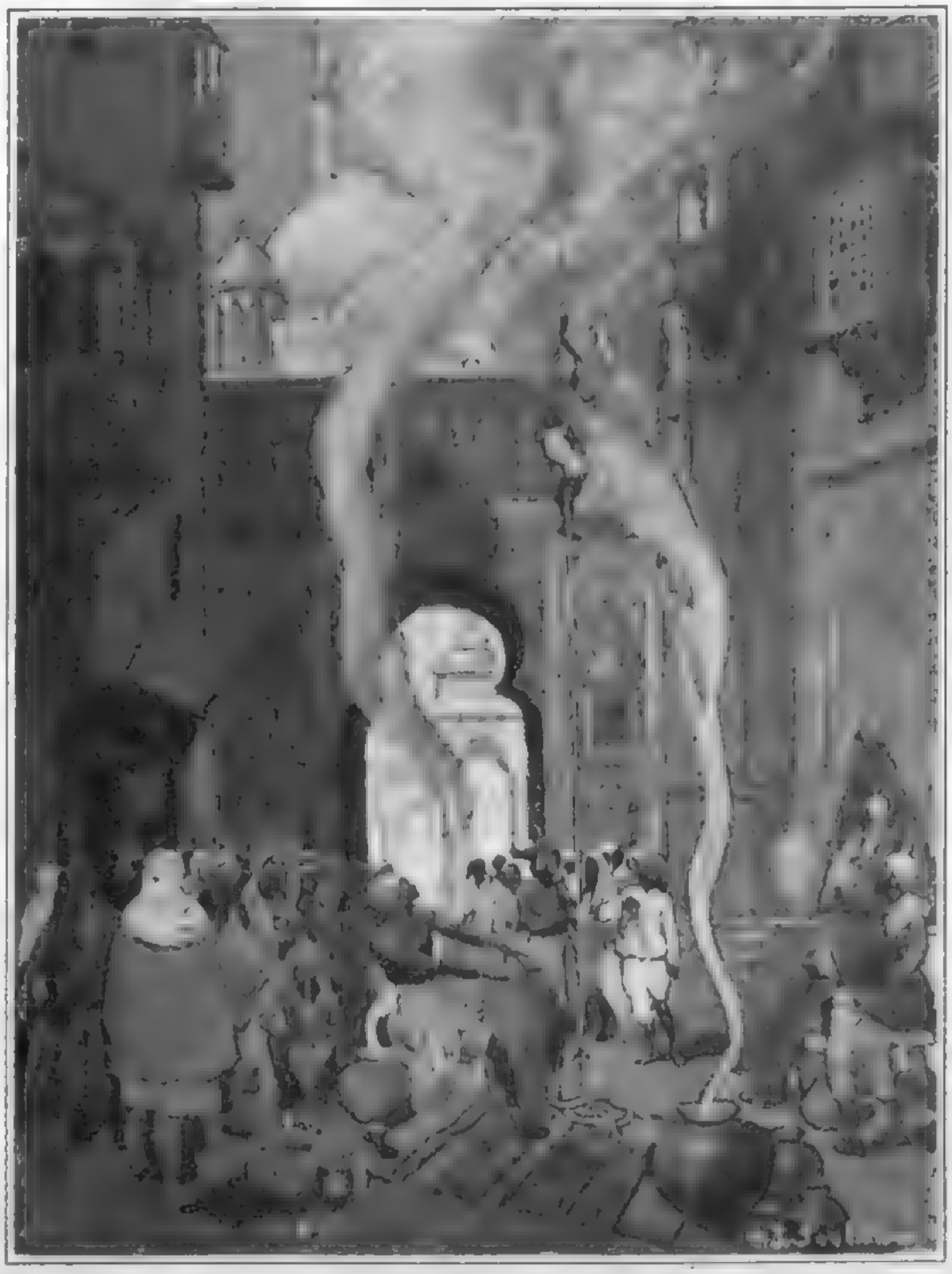
ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. SOULEN

FROM the earliest days in the world's history the subject of magic has steadfastly held its place in the minds of human beings. In dim ages of the past it was frequently power in the hands of one man which enabled him to hold sway over many, as Merlin controlled the subjects of King Arthur's realm.

There is one comfortable thing about modern magicians. They confine their activities, on the whole, to entertainment. There are, of course, occasional people who occupy the spotlight of newspaper publicity for a brief time with startling claims of supernatural gifts, but these are fairly infrequent, and more often than not they are put to rout by some canny magician who exposes them with a few simple tricks.

It is these canny magicians, who astound and amuse the whole world, that I wish to discuss here. And by magicians I include all manner of men who do things apparently beyond the powers of normal men—illusionists, escape artists, conjurers, mind readers, hypnotists, fire eaters, sword swallowers, and so on. Each one of these branches of the magical art has its particular exponents, for magicians, like everybody else nowadays, seem to believe that this is an age of specialization. The old-time favorite, who used to push back his sleeves and murmur, "Nothing heah, nothing theah," and then proceed to thrill audiences by pulling rabbits and yards of colored silk out of a hat, has himself disappeared like one of his own prop bunnies. Nothing so simple could be imposed upon the sophisticated audiences of these times, especially when there are dozens of books explaining how to do these tricks, and more dozens of magic-supply stores to furnish the parlor conjurer with his equipment.

So today one magician's fame will rest solely on his ability, according to his own description, to saw a woman in half. Another does nothing but exceedingly baffling card tricks. Another has no equipment but clocks. Others confine themselves almost entirely to making miraculous escapes from apparently inescapable places.



One of the Most Discussed Tricks is the Famous Indian Rope Trick, in Which a Rope is Thrown Into the Air, and a Boy, Climbing Up the Rope, Which Stiffens in the Air, Disappears Into the Clouds

Tricks That are Too Mysterious

"THE success of a trick," an English conjurer told me shortly before he returned to London, "depends upon its ability to make the members of the audience discuss it. If it is so transparent that they all see how it is done, then obviously it is valueless. But it is almost equally valueless if it is so very mystifying that nobody has any theories as to how it is accomplished. Whenever I try out a new trick I post scouts among the audience to get its reactions. If the people out front seem to feel that they cannot possibly imagine how I do it, I drop the trick. I know it lacks the elements of good theater."

The profession of magic is an expensive one, for the magician can seldom work alone, and his apparatus is as a rule quite costly. Even those who use simple illusions that are not cumbersome carry with them one or two assistants, and many illusionists have women helpers to dress the act. In a magic act of any proportions it is necessary to carry three or four men, at least; sometimes more. The reason for this is twofold. In the first place, the magician wishes to preserve the secrets of his act; regular stage hands if permitted on the stage might learn how the tricks are done, and tell others. Secondly, the special nature of the act requires training which the ordinary stage hand does not have. Even the union, strict as it is, recognizes this, and permits a magician's staff to work without joining its ranks. Houdini, in his regular vaudeville act, carries about ten men, and Howard Thurston needs to operate his magic show as many as fifteen skilled assistants, who are paid anywhere from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars a week. The cost of operating a magic show, including the pay roll, the high price of equipment and the expense of transportation, is approximately the same as the cost of operating the average dramatic play. In other words, to break even, such a show must do about eight or nine thousand dollars a week.

The matter of equipment brings us to an interesting by-product of conjuring—the magic-supply business. There are a number of magic-supply stores scattered throughout the country, but the bulk of the business seems to be in the hands of one firm. This organization presents to any curious eye that happens to stray its way only a little, crowded, rather musty shop on the second floor of a decaying old business building in New York. A little musty room, crammed with magic wands and playing cards and coins and rainbow silks and top hats and flowerpots and tripods and wooden boxes and all the other familiar impedimenta of the magician. Papier-mâché skulls are there too, and hands made of clay for those who would dabble in ghostly matters. And there are many books and magazines filled with magic lore and learning.

That little shop, presided over by a jolly lady with bright red hair, is all you can see; but behind it, feeding it constantly, are several large factories employing a small army of workmen. Each of these factories specializes in some particular type of magical equipment. One turns out nothing but wooden things—cabinets, boxes, and so on. Another works only in metal, while still another devotes itself entirely to the manufacture of the hundreds of small tricks used by semiprofessional magicians, club entertainers and amateurs. In this connection there is a mail-order department, which supplies magical equipment to people all over the world. The jolly lady with the bright red hair told me that according to her estimate there are some fifty thousand amateur magicians in the United States.

The Gimmick

THE factories are headed by men skilled in magic, who not only know the secret of each trick they work on but frequently invent new apparatus which they sell to the magicians. The workmen, however, are simply mechanics, who are no more familiar with the secret of the apparatus they work on than a riveter is with stresses and strains.

There seems to be a trade name for the word "secret." That part of any piece of apparatus in which the magic is centered is called "the gimmick." I have asked several magicians the origin of the term, but nobody has been able to tell me.

It is difficult to estimate the cost of magical equipment in terms of any other manufactured commodity, because the price is based not so much on the intrinsic value of the article as on the importance of its secret. Of course labor and overhead and the very slow turnover must be considered too.

One of the most expensive pieces of equipment ever made was the levitation apparatus used by Kellar when he did his famous act of raising a woman in mid-air. This highly complex mechanism required a steel harness, forty-five metal wires, a specially constructed sofa and a mysterious piece of metal known as an S bar, which must be a very important part of a magician's apparatus, because everybody I have asked about it has looked anxious and said, "Oh, I can't explain that." The original cost of this apparatus was several thousand dollars, and the upkeep was pretty high. These intricate mechanisms are easily injured and have to be constantly looked after, just like good cars. All the big magicians carry their own mechanics to keep their equipment in a state of repair.

Houdini's water-torture-cell apparatus, I am told, cost well into four figures, and the equipment for the sawing-a-woman type of act costs about five hundred dollars.

A glance at the advertising columns of the magic magazines yields amusing and somewhat mystifying information. For instance, you are told of a great bargain to be had in a secondhand mysterious-handkerchief box, or magic funnel, or extra finger, or any one of a hundred other trifles

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I PROMISED TO PAY

By Clara Belle Thompson

ILLUSTRATION BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

IN THE extensively advertised good old days, Henry and Edward and Ralph spent the first week after the close of school in varied pursuits—swimming, tennis, fishing, baseball—and every time they met one another, they agreed that vacation was great—simply great.

About the middle of the second week, however, Ralph would detach himself unobtrusively from the two others as they passed Slocum's Dry Goods and Notions and say, "Don't wait for me. I might be here longer than a minute." And before he could be gainsaid or questioned, he would dart into the back of the store, into the small room behind the stock, where old man Slocum himself sat in his shirt sleeves, fanning himself with a newspaper.

"I want to work," he would explain, in a voice indicating that though this freedom was great, it was preferable in homeopathic portions. "Got a job for me?"

And old Slocum would snort, then answer, "Did you see any customers out front? Did you? I thought not. Then what would I be doing with a green hand? Here, don't be in such a hurry. Let me think." He would draw out a dusty ledger and copy on a scrap of paper: "Ezra Smith, $14.27; Abner Duncan, $26.95; Joe Nolss, $11; Jim McDerman, $32.16; and Grandma Elbright, $83.50." As he pressed the scrap into the boy's hand, he would say, "Those first four accounts are upward of a year, but grandma has owed me mighty close on to two years. She is a pretty tight woman. I could give you 20 per cent on her and 10 on the rest. See if you can collect some for me."

Three Reasons for Slow Payment

AND the collection manager for Slocum's Dry Goods and Notions would sally forth to collect some. But if a boy could handle the proposition in the old days, in the new ones it is a man-sized job.

It grew in importance as the volume of charge accounts increased. Scores of merchants have 100,000 names on their ledgers, and there will always be a small percentage who will not or cannot pay. One collection manager who still believes in Santa Claus said:

"The world—no, I had better qualify—the United States is fundamentally honest. Persons seldom run up large bills with us with the intention of evading payment. But untoward circumstances prevent. I find that most of the causes for nonpayment fall into three headings: Illness or death, business depression—that is, a strike or loss of position or property—and family differences. It is our problem to handle such cases so that the majority will pay. It is not an easy task."

Not only is it not easy but it is increasing in difficulty. One factor that adds to the collector's burden is the wide increase of installment paying. Sometimes it becomes an obsession. A New York man was recently giving me a striking illustration. A wealthy woman died, and her executors, far from absorbing most of her estate by their fees, were in the mood to give any interest therein to the first taker. The woman's accounts were in a frightful tangle.

There were hundreds of dollars' worth of lace, of linen, of jewelry, of bric-a-brac, of furniture, of carpets, of musical instruments—including a cow—all of which were partly paid for on the plan of a dollar down and a small weekly sum. Most of this merchandise served her no useful purpose whatever, and she had it stored in half a dozen upper rooms—all, that is, except the cow. The farmer had refused to surrender possession until he had received his last payment, which was still eight months distant on the day of the woman's death.

But this is an extreme development of the malady. A more prevalent and far more annoying form was discussed by an irate credit manager.

"Look at these three accounts," he said. "This woman bought $275 worth of merchandise in September, and she paid $200 in October, allowing the $75 to be added to the next month's bill. In October she purchased $80 worth, which made her bill $155. And she paid $100 in November, with $55 to be continued on her next month's bill. These two others are doing precisely the same, as you can see from their accounts. They always pay only part of their bill, because they are being influenced by the installment habit. Just consider my wife."

He paused and I considered her.

"Two or three months ago she teased me to have an electric stove installed. I told her to select what she wanted and then have the bill sent to me. My custom is to make all settlements on the sixth of the month. The stove came and was installed amid general rejoicing. One month passed and I did not receive the statement. A second likewise, and I wondered aloud if I had better get the firm on the phone. 'Certainly not,' remarked my wife. 'You are not paying for this stove at all. I am, and it is easy, just a few dollars a week. I shall not feel it.' I demanded the bill and announced that I was going to settle it at once. 'Suit yourself,' sniffed my wife. 'You will not save a cent. It is the same price anyway.' I found out that she was right, but I put my foot down on this installment business."

Installment-House Competition

HE MAY put his own foot down, but the installment houses are forcing unwilling concessions from the department stores and specialty houses. The latter are meticulously avoiding the word "installment." Yet there are few houses in which talking machines, sewing machines, washing machines, pianos, radio sets, may not be purchased by an initial payment and a series of subsequent ones. And any sizable furniture order carries with it a

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When "Cousin John" Did Appear, the Shameless Young Person Would Say, "We May Not be Real Cousins. But We Ought to Be"

BLACKMALE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FLORIAN SLAPPEY picked himself out of the ditch, glanced with profound disfavor upon the mass of junk which until very recently had been a motorcycle, and decided unanimously that life could not possibly become more drab. Rain saturated Shades Valley and did not neglect Florian. It fell in great swishing sheets which penetrated his clothing and his skin. The ditch had loaned something to his misery and for ten minutes he busied himself extracting large gobs of squashy red clay from eyes, ears and mouth.

That task attended to, Mr. Slappey set out upon the long and slippery trek to Birmingham. The exmotorcycle he abandoned without mercy, as though putting forever out of his life a sickly memory. Thesis Pratt had tricked him gloriously in the trade which transferred possession of the ill-fated machine to Florian, and Mr. Slappey's heart was filled with bitterness.

The feud between Florian and Thesis was not of recent birth. Mr. Pratt was a tall and angular gentleman of supercilious tendencies and keen business acumen. On several occasions Florian had entered into deals with him, and always with disastrous results.

The motorcycle was the crowning touch of ignominy, the last unbearable straw. And Mr. Slappey realized that when he should return to Birmingham it would be to face derision inspired by Thesis. That was the chief trouble with Mr. Pratt—he was not content merely to discomfit Florian and separate him from his cash, but he invariably followed it up with public ribaldry which did not enhance Florian's dignity.

From the moment Florian had mounted the motorcycle two hours previously he realized that its fresh paint disguised a vicious disposition. It had been, to say the least, a skittish and temperamental steed; but for a while Mr. Slappey had conquered its tendency to sidewipe. Eventually the motorcycle won, and now Mr. Slappey plodded wearily along the rain-drenched road toward the crest of Red Mountain, from whence he would descend into Birmingham and the unmerciful chaffing to which he would inevitably be subjected by his arch-enemy. It was a prospect no more pleasant than the weather, and just as inevitable. In the manly bosom of the mud-covered gentleman there flamed a fierce hatred of his elongated inquisitor.

Sqrssssh! Sqrssssh! Florian's feet oozed water with each painful stride. Sqrssssh! Nothing in life but gloom and degradation. Sqrssssh! Dawggone Thesis Pratt anyhow—always puttin' somethin' over on me an' then laughing about it. Sqrssssh—plunk!

Florian's right foot came in contact with something which was not fluid. It was a small rectangular leather case and it skidded through mud and water as it left Mr. Slappey's toe. Florian favored it with a casual glance, and then quite suddenly he ceased his pilgrimage and glanced down at the thing his foot had struck.

"Ginuwine leather!" he confided to himself. "What you reckon it's doin' way out heah?"

He circled it warily, like a cockerel eying a grain of corn which he fancies the patriarch rooster might desire. Then, after a swift glance about the leaden landscape, he rescued the thing from a tiny pool. A feeling of momentousness came upon him as his slender fingers fumbled with the catch, and then the lid was flung back ——

"E-enormous wigglin' tripe!" Florian's eyes were wide and his knees shook. "Jools!"

Jewels they were: diamonds and sapphires and rubies—but chiefly diamonds—and they glinted and glittered merrily at him through the drear weather, bringing a moment of gayety to the sodden soul of the once dapper little man.

There was a bracelet of diamonds and sapphires, a wrist watch incrusted with tiny diamonds, a dinner ring set with a rich pink pearl which was surrounded by diamonds. There were other pieces of astounding beauty and almost equal consequence. Florian's knees refused to support his one hundred and twenty pounds of weight and he seated himself by the roadside. His heart was pounding like a trip hammer and he visioned himself emulating the late lamented Mr. Crœsus.

In an Inconceivably Short Space of Time She Was Telling Mr. Slappey What She Thought of Him and Why, and Inviting Him to Absorb a Large Portion of Free Air

And now a greater calm pervaded him and he inspected the treasure more closely. The result was not entirely pleasing. As he lifted piece by piece and subjected each to rigid scrutiny, his jaw dropped and his spirits fell. Finally he threw them all in the leather case and rose disgustedly to his feet. A single word escaped from his lips—a word which proclaimed the intensity of his disappointment.

"Imitations!" snapped Mr. Slappey. "Nothin' but imitations! If that ain't just my luck!"

He sloshed on toward the city, regretting his brief moment of exaltation because of the grim reaction which had followed. But as he walked his lips expanded slowly into a smile. He opened the jewel case and inspected the gems once more. After all, they were beautiful—and no one but an expert could tell them from the genuine.

"Tha's ginuwine gold," pronounced Florian. "Even that stuff which looks like plat'num is prob'ly white gold. Some of these heah imitation jools costs a heap of money."

The thought was comforting. What if the little leather case did not contain the stupendous fortune he had visioned? What if the jewelry was only imitation? It yet possessed a very material intrinsic worth, and Florian was just so much better off than he had been a few minutes since.

"Thutty—fo'ty—mebbe fifty dollars them things must be worth," he mused. "I guess that ain't so bad just fo' findin's."

Florian was by way of being a philosopher. He cast from his mind all but a faint recollection of his keen disappointment and permitted himself to revel in facts. He knew the value of first-class imitation jewelry; he had invested in it more than once. He thought of Mr. Thesis Pratt. What a revenge to swagger into the presence of Mr. Pratt and inform that sneering gentleman that by means of his decrepit motorcycle these gems had been discovered! Thesis might not even question their genuineness, and Thesis was partial to jewelry ever since Mr. Pratt had started keeping company with Dilemma Williams.

Thought of that lavishly Junoesque lady started a train of thought in Florian's brain. He personally did not regard Dilemma with favor, but it was common gossip that Thesis had not infrequently offered her heart, hand and home. Dilemma had not yet said yes; neither had she refused positively. Her very aloofness keened Thesis' interest in her and his ardent courtship was common knowledge. The colored folk of Birmingham were not overly partial to Thesis, yet even his worst enemies did not wish him any greater ill luck than marriage with Dilemma.

Miss Williams was physically attractive, and knew it. She entertained the fond delusion that she was a dusky vampire by whom colored gentlemen wished to be lured to destruction or worse. Florian knew her for what she was—vain and self-centered and decidedly acquisitive. Wherefore his nimble brain evolved a scheme which fairly scintillated. It came to him whole and magnificent. It involved sweet vengeance upon Thesis Pratt and more than a modicum of glory to Mr. Slappey, for in Florian's heart there was a great ambition to put one over on the insufferable Thesis and to do it publicly, where all might see and applaud.

When Florian reached his boarding house he was footsore and weary. He threw himself across the bed and snored gloriously for an hour. Then he rose and exercised to the utmost his genius for sartorial effect.

He bathed. Then he donned fresh linen and a silk shirt in which scarlet vied with white in vertical stripes of half-inch width. He clambered into a freshly pressed suit of pearl gray. The trousers were of the ultra-balloon type, with huge, gaping cuffs which dragged the ground. His belt was tan and fully four inches in breadth. Then he sallied forth. His way led by Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor.

Lounging against the table where an open game of Kelly pool was in progress was the lengthy figure of Thesis Pratt. A broad grin split his colorado-claro countenance at sight of Florian.

"Evenin', Brother Slappey."

"Howdy, Thesis."

"Been out?"

"Kind of."

"On that motorcycle I sold you?"

"Uh-huh."

"How'd she run?"

"Occasional. Tell the truth, Thesis, I got kinder disgustful with that thing an' flang it in a ditch."

Thesis threw back his head and laughed derisively. He spoke loud enough for all to hear:

"I thought you'd go an' do that, Florian. It's marvellious what a coat of paint'll do. You see, fellers"—addressing the crowd—"whenever I has somethin' which ain't no good I sells it to Brother Slappey heah. He's a born sucker, which any man is who pays good money fo' a third-han' motorcycle like he done. I reckon when he says he th'owed it in a ditch he means it th'owed him in one."

Florian's eyes glowed with hatred, but his lips curled into a faintly sardonic smile.

"You talks a whole heap with yo' mouf, don't you, Brother Pratt? An' never says nothin'."

"I talked a whole heap when I sold you that bum motorcycle an' I guess I said a heap."

"Tha's right." Florian grew suddenly magnanimous. "You shuah put one over on me that time an' Ise ready to admit same. But"—and his voice became steely—"havin' things put over on me ain't the fondest thing I is of, Mistuh Pratt."

"Words what you talks! What you aims to do about it?"

"Plenty," snapped Florian, turning away. "An' mighty soon."

He strode from the place, followed by interested glances. Thesis was laughing.

"Listen at him talk! What you reckon a li'l' shrimp like him can do?"

Bud Peaglar, the slightly lopsided proprietor of the billiard parlor, edged forward

"If I was you, Thesis," he counseled gravely, "I woul'n't forget Florian Slappey altogether. When he stahts out to git even with a feller he usually does it, an' a li'l' bit extra fo' brawtus."

"Shuh, Bud, Florian ain't nothin'! If it wasn't fo' me havin' good eyesight, I wouldn't even know he was alive."

Meanwhile Florian was walking toward Eighth Avenue, North, where resided the fair and flagrant Dilemma Williams. The scene in Bud's place had pleased Florian mightily; there had been an open and public avowal of war, and the news would soon become bruited about Darktown, so that when Dilemma should ally herself with him

"Folks is suttinly gwine heah a heap of things 'bout me an' Dilemma," he grinned to himself, "an' mo' than one hund'ed pussent of 'em is gwine be true."

Miss Williams was at home. She presented a colorful picture as she greeted her elegantly haberdashed caller.

"Mistuh Slappey! Is it rilly you?"

"Uh-huh. 'Tain't a soul else." Florian eyed her critically and succeeded in disguising his personal distaste. "Ain't you gwine ask me in?"

"Tha's the one thing I won't do nothin' else but."

They seated themselves side by side on the living-room lounge. Florian was surprised at the cordiality of his reception, for, much as he knew about Dilemma, he did not quite understand that he himself had been her most cherished sore spot since her Birmingham debut. She had bitterly resented the fact that he had remained unmindful of her obvious pulchritude. Now—tonight—Old Man Psychology was working hard for Florian, and Mr. Slappey sensed it without understanding whys and wherefores.

"You is lookin' pow'ful good this evenin', Miss Williams."

"You ain't lookin' so worse yo'se'f, Mistuh Slappey."

"Tha's a beautiful dress you is wearin' "

"Them pants of yours is pretty snappy too."

"Uh-huh. Semiballoon. Low-pressure pants, I calls 'em."

"You is the humorestest feller, Florian."

"Ain't I, just, Dilemma? You know, seems like us is gittin' along puffec'ly swell."

"We shuah is."

Silence prevailed for a few moments; a silence which Florian eventually broke:

"Dilemma, can I ask you a pussonal question?"

"Shuah you can. Shoot!"

"Is you engaged to marry anybody?"

"Oh, Mistuh Slappey ——"

"Ise se'ious."

"Co'se I ain't engaged. What would I go gittin' engaged fo'?"

"Is you willin' to be?"

"Well, I ain't sayin' I ain't."

"You ain't said nothin'. So I asks you, is you is or is you ain't?"

"Are you preposin' to me, Florian?"

"We-e-ell"—hastily—"not ezac'ly. But a feller likes to know when he stahts keepin' comp'ny with a gal whether any other feller has got a fust mo'gage on her."

"Ain't no man got nothin' on me."

"Good!" Florian delved into a coat pocket. "I has brung you a present, Dilemma."

Dilemma clasped her hands ecstatically.

"Presents," she declared with vast enthusiasm, "is pretty near the most things I like."

With exceeding pomp, Florian held forth to her view the impressive leather case. He thumbed the catch and the lid flew open. The gems gleamed and glittered briefly in the soft light before Mr. Slappey snapped shut the cover. Dilemma was overcome, but she was not at all doubtful.

"Florian Slappey! Ain't you the spendin'est man!"

"I is. When I likes a gal I showers her with presents which is wuth while."

Miss Williams extended an eager hand.

"Gimme!"

"Yeh, shuah I gives 'em to you—in a minute. Fust off, I aims to make a li'l' talk with you."

"A'right." But Dilemma was impatient. "What about?"

"Thesis Pratt."

"Oh!" A pause. "What about him?"

"Ain't you an' him been heavy lovers?"

"Not so terrible heavy."

"Kind of weighty, though?"

"Tiny mite, p'raps."

"Well"—Florian's voice crackled authoritatively—"I don't like Thesis Pratt an' he don't like me just as much. Now I ain't aimin' to be sharin' no gal with him. The gal which I runs with gits treated swellegant, but she don't go fifty-fifty 'tween me an' that long tall bowl of tripe. So if'n I gives these swell jools to you, Dilemma, I does same on the condition that you quits travelin' with Thesis."

For the briefest fraction of an instant Dilemma hesitated. She liked Thesis, but she liked jewelry even more.

"Lemme see them gems."

Florian handed her the leather case. She opened the lid and gazed hungrily at the tiny lake of blue-white fire.

"Oh-e-e!" She fitted the bracelet about her plump forearm. She slipped the pearl ring on her finger. Then her eyes narrowed and she gazed accusingly at Mr. Slappey. "Them is imitations!" Florian smiled.

"Who said they wasn't? You reckon I could 'ford to buy real di'minds an' sapphers an' things? You must be crazy, gal. Also, if you wasn't, you'd know that swell imitations like them is bein' wore in the best sassiety an' costs a heap of cash money."

"How much?"

"Oh, 'bout fifty dollars—or more."

Dilemma eyed the jewels with increased respect. Florian was certainly right; they were exquisitely made, dainty and brilliant and artistic. She spoke slowly:

"Does I tell Thesis where to git off at, you gives me these?"

"Yep."

She slipped a pendant about her chocolate-colored throat.

"It's a deal!" she announced.

It was an exceedingly contented Florian Slappey who departed Miss Williams' home two hours later. His scheme for revenge had been auspiciously launched, but Florian

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"Whenever I Has Somethin' Which Ain't No Good I Sells It to Brother Slappey Heah. He's a Born Sucker"

JACKASS

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THE narrow veranda of the priest's house faced, across the sea wall, the stenchful and miasmic bay of Beira; and here, upon a canvas cot, huddled in blankets, lay the convicted murderer, convalescing from a violent attack of malaria. Two Portuguese policemen, in grimy white, lounged, smoked and gossiped in the road below, in an official pretense of guarding him.

It was toward that blissful evening hour of tropical East Africa when the oppressive sun abdicates his day-long tyranny, when the land ceases to stink and the sea to fester, and there comes from the east that cool stir of the air which is the herald of the swift-approaching night. The convicted murderer raised his head among the blankets and reached to the little table beside his bed for the cigarettes which were strewed there. The two policemen below the veranda looked up hopefully; they made the effect, with their greedy, humble faces, of dogs in a dining room. The murderer grunted and threw them two cigarettes.

"Thanks, senhor! Thanks, senhor!" they chorused as they scrambled for them.

The murderer lighted his cigarette and lay back, smoking in a calm contentment. He had been tried and sentenced—in his absence—for having forced his two Kafir cooks, at the point of the shotgun, to eat a dish they had prepared and set before him. It had contained some pounded bamboo, a choice wild vegetable or two and a certain distillation made from a selected snake. It had been compounded with care and skill, according to an age-old recipe; to eat of it was sure and painful death; and the fact that the black alchemists who concocted it had preferred to eat it rather than face the alternative of the shotgun had not been considered as evidence in his favor. He was not a gentle man, this murderer; he had gone the length of flatly refusing to go to jail; until he came down with malaria the police who were told off to dog him went in fear of their lives; and the nigger witnesses who had testified against him—two of whom were widely suspected of being the murdered men fled the town at the news of his arrival there.

And yet he was a small blond man, with an unsuccessful straggle of mustache and the beginnings of baldness. But his name among the natives, in those dark districts where he traded German-made trash for quills of gold, was a name mothers could frighten their children with. For it is common to find that whereas big men are content with their stature, little men feel the need to be big.

Father Bates, the tall Scottish priest, his host during his illness, came forth from the house to the veranda, his pipe drooping from the corner of his mouth, his hands sunk in the pockets of his jacket. He was a man on the peak of middle age, gaunt as a ladder, with a long humorous face burned by years of tropic sun and seamed with the wrinkles of laughter and suffering.

"Well, Mike," he said, "how are you feeling this evening?"

The convicted murderer removed his cigarette and seemed to consider before he answered.

"Oh, not so bad, father," he answered. "I'll be out o' this pretty soon."

The tall father looked down on him with a sort of gravity.

"Don't hurry about it, Mike," he counseled. "You've had a pretty bad turn, you know, and malaria's a funny thing. And you'll be wise to think a bit what you're going to do when you're on your feet again."

The man on the cot looked up in sheer surprise.

"Why, what would I do?" he said. "What's wrong with my old game? I'll get me a string of niggers ——"

He broke off. The father, without speaking, had shaken his head.

"What d'you mean? I was sayin' I'd get a string of niggers for carriers an' go back to tradin'. What's wrong with that?"

Again Father Bates shook his head.

"You'll get no niggers, Mike. There's been talk while you've been lying here. There isn't a nigger in Africa that would carry for you. You're too famous."

"Famous?" repeated the man on the cot. "I—I don't see what you mean. Is it this damn fool murder business or what?"

The tall priest moved to the rail of the veranda and perched himself there, one foot on the ground and the other swinging. He removed his extinct pipe and brought forth his tobacco pouch.

"No," he answered; "the murder business is simply silly. What isn't silly is that the men wanted to murder you, and that, when they failed, fourteen of them tried to swear your life away in the court. Doesn't look as if they exactly loved you, does it? And after the years that you've driven niggers and made a little fortune out of cheating niggers and hated them and despised them and told them so, does it surprise you that two scared and desperate cook boys try to put an end to you? The fact is, Mike, you don't know how to handle Kafirs."

"Here!"

The man on the cot was for the instant vivacious. He rose on his elbow to protest. It is a fearsome insult to tell a South African that he is not a born master of natives.

"Keep your blankets up," said the priest. "It's getting cool. . . . No, Mike, you don't know how to handle Kafirs, and that's a fact. I never knew but one man who did know how to—and he died here on that very cot you're lying on now."

"Did he?" growled the occupant of the cot. "I've been handling Kafirs for nine years, an' now you say —— But who was this feller you're talkin' about? Was he a real man or just somebody in the Bible or something? Had he got a name?"

The father nodded.

"His name was Smith," he answered.

"Smith! Africa's lousy with Smiths," sneered the other. "I've known a couple of tons of 'em myself."

"I wonder if you knew this one," went on the father placidly. "He wasn't Pirate Smith or Silly Smith or any of those slave-trading bandits. He had a perfectly genuine name of his own. I know it, because when he died I wrote to his people and had answers. He was Callender Smith." He directed a sudden shrewd look at his guest. "Did you know him?" he inquired.

The man on the cot made a small grimace and seemed to check himself on the brink of an outburst of speech.

"I met him," he said. "An' he wasn't any too gentle with his niggers, anyhow."

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"Quaking With Fever and Weakness, Upon Feet That Had to be Dragged Like Burdens, Callender Smith Had Gone to the Rescue"

The Buccaneers of the Bahamas

"Do You Think Me a Peach?" She Broke In. Surprised, He Admitted That He Did

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

JIMMIE DUANE stopped short in F Street as the girl whom he had followed to Washington from California was whisked by him. He watched the automobile disappear and walked on in a happy reverie. A good omen—not two hours there and already he had seen her; elusive, inaccessible, whirling past, but still he had seen her. The keen October air seemed fresher, the autumn leaves brighter, the people he met more human and kindlier. The reflective saunter was replaced by an eager confident gait. He no longer hesitated as to what he should say and what leave unsaid to the social secretary whose apartment he was approaching. His errand might be unprecedented in the experience of this lady, but he had now no doubt of her cordial and effective help. He had meant to appeal; his impetuous mood no longer permitted that. He would command, demand her aid; no conscious change of plan this; no more than high confidence, the result of seeing a girl in an automobile. His tingling exhilaration charged him as with electricity. When, five minutes later, he was in the presence of Miss Margetson, the pleasant impression he made was due to something more than youth, an attractive face and a good manner.

"Any friend of Rosie Megone," she said, glancing at the letter of introduction in her hand. "Please sit down."

Jimmie wasted no word. He told the astonished Miss Margetson that he was the only son of a very rich father, that he had met the most wonderful girl in the world on the Slope, that he had followed her on her return to her home in Washington, that he believed that she liked him, that she had a mother, that this mother seemed to be of a very special old-style kind who bossed her daughter and worshiped her ancestors—Mrs. Vallander.

"Oh!"

"Yes, Mrs. Vallander," Jimmie repeated, flinging his head back defiantly as he heard this exclamation.

He had only one ancestor, he said—a father. He had had a grandfather, no doubt; a dock laborer, he believed. How to get over this difficulty; how to get at Mrs. Vallander; how to begin right and stay right; could, would Miss Margetson pilot him; would she do it right off, because, of course, he could not delay a day, an hour? He must see Miss Vallander. A fine thing it would be, wouldn't it, if she learned he was in Washington and she hadn't heard from him? Did he dare to telephone? You could do that in Seattle or Alaska or San Francisco—but these ancestor worshipers had rules of their own. Or should he call? Flowers? Could he take an armful? Could he ——

"Stop, stop!" Miss Margetson's hearty laugh brought a companionable chuckle under protest.

It might be fun for her; for him it was mighty serious.

Miss Margetson eyed him with a sympathy which reassured him. He had awakened memories, had let sunshine into a shut-in corner of her heart. She had pulled out a gray hair that morning; she felt maternal. "I have never had such a request," she said absently as she reflected.

"Of course not. There never was a case like mine." In answer to the flash of laughter in her eyes he added, "Well, there never was a girl like her, anyway."

She nodded agreement and lifted her slim elegant hand as he was about to speak. In the silence which followed, Jimmie, eagerly watching her think, moved his finger up and down in time with the ticking of the clock.

"A background," she mused aloud. "A house? Absurd. An apartment? Yes. With servants left." She pulled the telephone bracket toward her. "Money? Does it count?"

"Forget it," Jimmie answered.

After some delay Mrs. Mannering was traced to the Shoreham. Jimmie heard himself described as a young Crœsus from the Pacific, of perfect habits and sobriety, experienced in household management, guaranteed not to upset the English servants, and prepared to pay three months' rent in advance. The conversation was prolonged, but the receiver was hung up on the promise that the tenant would call in person within the hour, bearing a check.

"Are you all that I have pledged you to be?" asked Miss Margetson, smiling triumphantly.

"I'll be good," Jimmie promised.

"You've much to live up to," she explained. "You have as good an address as any in Washington. Your apartment is beautifully furnished with the old English furniture of the Mannerings. They brought their butler with them, and his wife is a celebrated cook."

"Gee—me with a butler and a cook!"

Miss Margetson expressed the opinion that he would get on very well, and asked if she might give some advice.

"Oh, please do."

"Don't give men's parties," said wise Miss Margetson. "Men stay late, burn mahogany tables with cigar ends, spill whisky on the carpet and upset the household. Remember, you are not to live your own life. You are living Mrs. Vallander's for a few weeks."

Jimmie bowed meekly.

"Don't dine out often. Remember, an English cook expects to keep her hand in. Always have at least three guests at dinner and serve at least four courses; but, above all, don't overdo anything. Make every dinner a rehearsal for the day Mrs. Vallander comes. Miss Rattray will attend every afternoon if you like—here's her address—and arrange fresh flowers and decorate the table." She glanced up at the clock. "Mrs. Mannering of course wants to see you personally before deciding. Get to her at half past one. She may be lunching and may ask you. If she does you may meet men from the British Embassy. Ask them to dinner. They'll come. They know the cook. Don't waste your time on politicians. They carry no weight with Mrs. Vallander unless they're senators."

Miss Margetson scribbled an address. "There's where you live," she said rising, "and I envy you. Good luck."

"But—Mrs. Vallander?"

"Get cards engraved with your address. Leave two tomorrow. She will ask you to come and see her if -well, if you are right about Miss Vallander. The old lady is sharp-tongued and believes she moves with the times. She will expect you to act as though she was the Queen of the United States. That's right. That little anxious frown is just the right facial touch. Keep it up. She wants correctness, reticence, though she has none of her own. You had better go now. You've just time."

"But—this is a business matter, Miss Margetson."

She smiled. "Cupid's messenger," she gibed with a gurgle of laughter, "cannot be paid. Anyone with a letter from Rosie Megone is my friend as well as hers. I shall watch you with interest." She cut short his protests, his thanks. "Miss Vallander is beautiful," was her final word, called after him.

She went to the window and looked down at him as he walked away, his head held high in air, his shoulders set to conquer. She shook her head and drew a deep breath which sounded like a sigh. He would win, she thought, with any other woman than Mrs. Vallander; and she hoped that he would not win, for she did not think that Roderica Vallander deserved such love.

II

MRS. VALLANDER sat in the worn mahogany-furnished room which had been the library of her dead husband's great-grandfather. A wood fire blazed, and she sat close to the high wooden fender, for she scorned the idea of pulling the house to pieces to put in a hot-water system. She was slim and wiry and followed the rules of deportment as taught in her youth—that is, she sat very erect. Her long dark face was seamed with the struggle against life; against the real-estate agents who offered incredible sums for the house and garden, that they might replace them with towering sets of apartments; against this modern lot of nobodies whose wealth would thrust her from her inherited seat of eminence; against her daughter, who could not be made to understand the supreme importance of family and who followed the glittering ways of these spangled parvenues who could express themselves only by gleaming automobiles, diamonds that they had bought, not inherited, and laces that had no ancestry; against relentless slow-gripping poverty staved off thus far by selling odds and ends of property, but ever stalking nearer and nearer. Her dauntless eyes, deep behind dark crow's-feet, like sparkling jewels set in tarnished silver, were fixed on the crude typewritten letter of a real-estate dealer who had curtly answered her note by offering her a price for her property which would enable her to live and die in comfort elsewhere. They tossed houses about in these days as they would groceries; there were no more homes.

She rose and looked out on her large garden—every blade of grass, every flower, every gracious chestnut and maple and elm, she had loved all her life, as had generations of her husband's ancestors; but of late years her garden had become her red flag. Her large grounds were her flaunting defiance of the cupidity of the age and her bitter censure of the old-time neighbors who had sold their birthright for a mass of steel and concrete. They were also her footstool, and the house was her throne; that gone, gone were the power and prestige of the Cave Dweller. Mrs. Vallander gloried in the name.

She turned from the window with head erect and eyes that held no tear. She would accept this offer, pack what she could, sell what she must, and go in the spring with Roderica to Europe. In the meantime Roderica should go immediately to the Carisfords, in Staunton—should go on the morrow; thus would this unfortunate entanglement with this impossible Westerner settle itself. If he should come—as Roderica said he would—well, he could go home again.

She resumed her seat, thinking how to launch her thunderbolt. Roderica knew vaguely that money troubles pressed, but she would be profoundly grieved to learn that the house must go. In that sorrow she would learn to forget this madness for this youth with no grandfather, and a father worse than none. The girl had been frank about it all, had regretted it—but there it was; no definite understanding as yet; but she, the strong, the decided Roderica, had owned up that she had not been able to pronounce a decisive no. "The Honolulu moon," she had said, smiling; "but the moon madness lasted, mother."

"That Would be Wonderful," She Murmured. Her Voice Trembled a Little "What Does My Mother Say?"

Mrs. Vallander, having come to final decisions, regretted that her daughter would not return until dinner. She must make blunt announcements and they must fall to packing at once. She went to her desk and in her usual firm but spidery hand wrote her note of acceptance to the real-estate agent.

Then unexpectedly Roderica came in running. "Alone, mother?" she cried with apparent gayety. That was not Roddy. Banal comments on the obvious were not her way.

"Oh, no. You see the room is crowded." Mrs. Vallander, watching intently, answered according to habit. The man from California had arrived, she said to herself. She tore up her letter. There was now no hurry. One trouble at a time; this impossible youth must be faced and dismissed. She was startled at the effect of his arrival on the usually self-controlled daughter, who was chattering nothings with nervous volubility.

Roderica forced a laugh and tossed her clamped racket to the sofa. "Some hot tennis before lunch. Jennie has improved her form." She eyed her mother sidewise. She jerked out hatpins. "Too much of a meal. The Jefferies always overdo it." She had unusual color; little spots of damask rose glowed beneath her clear skin. "But we all ate like wolves. I suppose these rich people can't help showing off. Their house is beautiful—a little too much, not much personal touch." She patted her dead black hair before the mirror which for half a century had stood over the chimney piece, and twisted her neck as she looked at her reflection from bright exhilarated eyes. "I prefer the old home, mother." She flung herself into a chair, lolling. "You must never give it up," she cried. She straightened swiftly, bent forward, and looked along the fender at her mother. In a measured voice, slowly, low, she said, "If only Uncle Jason hadn't tied up his money so weirdly." By look, manner and voice she flagged the apparently idle words as a signalman flags a train.

They stopped as with a jangling of brakes in Mrs. Vallander's brain, and there flashed to consciousness remembrance that Uncle Jason had been mentioned many times in the four days which had passed since Roderica's return. This extraordinary, mysterious Roddy, who never would speak out! The mother's eyes were lifted in sharp questioning; but she did not speak. Her query was checked by the mute appeal in her daughter's eyes. She saw the lids droop, saw the unaccustomed dark flush beneath the skin widen and spread, saw her daughter slip back in her chair and stare at the ceiling.

A long silence followed, during which Mrs. Vallander vainly sought a clew to the pointed message which she had now no doubt she had received—a message sent as was the habit of this vexatious child. Why should she be harping on Jason and the inaccessible hoard he had left behind him? Why couldn't she be frank?

"What are you up to now?" the mother said sharply.

"Mr. Duane is here," was the reply, but not the answer.

"So young Lochinvar is come out of the West," said the exasperated mother with sarcastic emphasis. Her voice, always attractively rough, was now not unpleasantly raucous. "What's come to you, Roddy? Why didn't you say so at first?"

"I didn't speak to him," Roddy continued slowly. "He didn't see me. I was in the auto with the Jefferies. I played some rotten tennis, believe me, thinking he might be here with you and no one to protect him. Mother, be nice to him, please."

"What, all over again? You should have spared him his three thousand miles, Roderica. I'm not unreasonable; I move with the times. I let you loll there, with no backbone, your heels on the fender as high as your head, and your legs most indecently exposed; and I say not a word. That's typical. That stands for all relaxations. It means many freedoms. And now in return you offer me a wild man."

"Harvard educated, mother."

"Grant him everything; a genius in ability, a Greek god in looks, a Saint Francis in character. What did you promise me two years last June?"

The girl straightened. Leaning her elbows on her knees and holding her chin in her hands, intensely earnest, she answered this question by another: "How long can you hold on to this house?"

The mother calmly answered that she was considering an offer.

Roderica leaped to her feet. "No," she cried, coming over and putting her hand on her mother's shoulder. "No, you must never, never, do that. Bend your pride, mother. He is rich."

Mrs. Vallander laughed as was her way in time of trouble. "We've settled all that, Roddy, I thought, once and for all. To leave this house means one wrench. To take an allowance from a son-in-law is a humiliation that recurs each month."

Roderica clenched her hands till the well-muscled arms were rigid, held them up high above her head, and shook them at the ceiling as she declaimed, "Uncle Jason! Uncle Jason!"

"Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle," her mother mimicked. But again she asked herself a question, and now it took a new form. What possible connection could there be between her dead brother and this young man from the West? She knew it was useless to question.

Roddy came and knelt and put her hands on her mother's lap; a rare tenderness between these self-contained two. "Don't send him away, mother." No tears, no heartbroken appeal; a profound earnestness, the more impressive from the restraint; the girl's straight back was as upright as her mother's, and their hands were interlocked on the mother's knee.

"We've gone over that, Roddy dear. You have had many offers, all eligible, all worth consideration, when you remember I am no longer well off. You refused them. Now you commit the one indiscretion of your life. The California climate and the Hawaiian moon go to your head. You allow yourself to become interested in this no doubt estimable young man. You actually encourage him to follow you across the continent. When you did that did you intend to keep or break your promise?"

"I've told you, mother. I'll never break it."

"Well, what was it?"

"That I would never marry against your wishes."

"Then why is he here?"

"I hoped you would like him a lot."

"I might adore him. What has that to do with it? Your great-aunt Elizabeth made a *mésalliance*. Where are her descendants? Driving trucks—but in the genealogy. They take care of that. Are you going to stain the pages?"

"Damn the herdbook."

Her mother popped out a round solid unprintable oath. "I'll be up-to-date, too, Roddy. I'll soil my lips every time you do. I'll sink with you into these modern vulgarisms."

"Pardon, mother. I won't again."

Mrs. Vallender gently pushed her daughter to arm's length, that the farsighted eyes of late middle age might focus clearly. "Roddy," she said, "you know that had nothing to do with it. Why then did you let him come?"

The girl's eyes drooped before the intent scrutiny. She pressed her mother's hands and rose. "Don't send him away today, mother, I ——" The telephone bell rang. "You, mother."

"Impossible!" Mrs. Vallander rose. "Even he would know better." She closed the door behind her.

Roderica clasped her hands behind her back and reflectively paced the room. Tall, slender, usually erect, her back was now slightly bent and her head so bowed that its long parting was nearly vertical. Her noiseless padding backward and forward in her tennis shoes, her complete absorption, her bent head, checked her mother on the threshold.

"Prowling like a cat," Mrs. Vallander said to herself. "And furtive. I hate rubber soles. What is she up to?" She found a quick instant of pleasure in her daughter's physical perfection, in the grace of the deliberate unconscious movements, in the haughty profile, in the straight white line down the long head where the dead black hair was parted.

"Well," she said at length, "it was he." The girl wheeled. "He said he was coming, now, right away. No permission asked, you see; no greeting. 'Please tell Mrs. Vallander that Mr. Duane of Alaska is coming now and hopes to see her alone on a matter of importance.' Then, click! No chance of refusing, you see. I hate him, Roderica."

"Mother!"

"That's not personal, Roddy. That's every mother when the man comes. It won't make any difference in his reception."

"Mother!" Relief and gratitude were carried in the cry. "You wouldn't hate him if you were going to dismiss him."

The mother shrugged her shoulders. "It can't lead to anything, Roddy, but you shall have your will. I trust you, so end it your way."

"You are going to be nice to him. I'm hardened, you know, mother, but your little sarcasms can cut like knives."

"I'll temper the wind."

Roderica crossed and put her hand on her mother's shoulder. "You are the Cave Dweller of Washington," she said in a tense voice, fixing brilliant significant eyes on her mother's. "What have you said over and over again? That you asked only to live and die in this house; to be independent; to be free from care and money worries; to be free from obligations to anybody; to escape the horrors of gratitude. You have so often told me that these are what you want most of all things in the world." She turned swift eyes on the portrait of her Uncle Jason, which hung on the wall, and then fled before her mother could finish an impatient question.

Mrs. Vallander, frowning in perplexed thought, slowly crossed the room and raised her eyes to the portrait. She stood there absorbed, tracking hints, following slight clews. After a long time, two minutes perhaps, she started back, clasping her hand over her heart. "No not that. It can't be. She—she is only twenty-two. She knows nothing of affairs. No." She stretched her hands away from her, palms out.

The oracle had spoken, vaguely, as oracles will, and Mrs. Vallander was shaken and rattled, as seekers after truth are apt to be when answered. So startled and impressed was she that Jimmy Duane was received, not as an ineligible to be firmly but gently dismissed, but as an interpreter of mysteries.

III

JIMMIE DUANE, buoyed by love and a day of brilliant success, suppressed bubbling exhilaration with an iron will. He had heard that Roddy had talked of him. He had been told this at Mrs. Mannering's luncheon by an exuberant girl with veiled eyelids and significant smiling lips who had deliciously teased him and dropped fearsome warnings about the Cave and its arrogant and sarcastic Dweller. In his new rôle of correct worldling he came near to patent artificiality, but he did not step over this danger line. If his restrained manner hinted at timidity, that was a recommendation. His little anxious frown was on his forehead, but it was as though pasted, and not even skin deep. His father and he were of the kind that never see difficulties until they have been surmounted, and this blind optimism often achieved success denied to more farsighted eyes.

The introductory chat about nothings quickly led to something; for Jimmie answered Mrs. Vallander's casual question about his hotel by saying that he had taken Mrs. Mannering's apartment.

"Oh, you are staying the winter?"

His impulse was to answer "Until the wedding, at least," but his sane response was to the effect that Washington was new and he was determined to know it well. He liked to entertain, he said. He was giving a dinner that night to the Manneringa. She had the amusing idea of dining in her own home without any responsibilities. He supposed that she also wanted to see with her own eyes how he was going to treat her beautiful belongings.

"Where did you know her?" asked Mrs. Vallander bluntly.

"We have friends in common," Jimmie answered indifferently. "I lunched with

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"When You Did That Did You Intend to Keep or Break Your Promise?" "I've Told You, Mother. I'll Never Break It"

ANDREW BRIDE, OF PARIS

Decker Had a Lively Vocabulary and a Good Deft Hand. The Finished Tale Made Both Men Rock With Glee

By Henry Sydnor Harrison

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

III

ONE afternoon, about a month later, André met his good friend Marcel at an appointed spot in the Luxembourg Gardens. Having decided to leave Paris and go traveling again, he wanted to ask the old fellow to attend to certain details in his absence—in especial to look after his American mail, which had by now, to say truth, become a burden to him.

The month had been a trying one for André. Of late, almost without realizing it, he had been avoiding his old favored haunts. Thus, it was ten days since he had seen Marcel; and there was now a good deal to say.

Marcel had been very kind and tactful, once he had understood that the matter went deep. All his friends had been kind; even De l'Isle had expressed regret for his purely impulsive jest, which had so unluckily got into all the papers. De l'Isle declared that he had misunderstood what he had overheard of the conversation with Ludenburg, that at most he had only meant to exaggerate a little—"just for our own amusement." But of course his confreres couldn't help seeing the humor of the position; and of course, when they were being kind, they soon fell back upon the argument that, when all was said, it could not disgrace a man to be charged with having said a good word for his *patrie!* As they had never really sympathized with his sentiments there, the utmost they could do was to urge him cheerily not to take the affair too seriously—*au grand sérieux.*

However, the affair was serious for André—decidedly so; and this he now sought to make clear to Marcel. The thing was trivial, it was preposterous, it was nothing; all the same, it promised to be the most serious thing that had ever happened in the career of André Bride.

His ridiculousness, indeed, had spread, with a staggering rapidity, through channels he could not follow or fathom. Inevitably, however, he had thought often of Ludenburg; in truth with some reason. . . .

On the morning after the trouble, Ludenburg had come to see him, very humorous and polite. The two old friends had shaken hands, mutually apologizing for their bad tempers and laughing over the row they had kicked up. To André, then, it was still just a pretty bad joke; as for Wilbert, he was obviously in excellent spirits. He had an ugly lump under his left eye, his ear was cut, and the magistrate had fined him a thousand francs for his lack of the sentiments patriotic. But Ludenburg knew by now what the clever little Frenchman had said in that harangue from the chair, what all the intellectuals of Paris were now chuckling over and most of them believed—namely, that André Bride had knocked him, Ludenburg, down and then caused his arrest for saying that America was a little backward in the arts! To anyone who knew the continental Bride and his Frenchified pretensions, that really was too delightful for words; to those who felt antagonistic to him—as Ludenburg, for instance, now did—the charming canard was beyond price.

If Wilbert had wanted to assure himself with his own eyes that, for all the booing and the fine, the victory was his, he no doubt saw what he wanted, in the younger man's inability to laugh pleasurably over his predicament, in the various evidences of his wounded dignity. Having lingered but a moment, chatting of other matters, he shook hands again and went, smiling, away.

He went to the office of the New York Blade, on the Avenue de l'Opéra. There he found his friend, Bill Decker, the Blade's enterprising correspondent for Paris and environs.

"Old Bill," said Ludenburg, "have you heard this tasty one about me and André Bride?"

It appeared that old Bill hadn't; he had been off duty the day before and in the country. So Ludenburg told it to him, very effectively, in his own way, dwelling especially on Bride's previous Europeanism and recent strange slant toward America. When he came to the climax of De l'Isle's address to the mob, Bill Decker, with a cry, sprang to his typewriter.

Decker had a lively vocabulary and a good deft hand. The finished tale made both men rock with glee.

"Did the ass really say that America was the promised land of romance?"

"His words, as I live!" shouted Ludenburg; and quite possibly André, at some point in the argumentative afternoon, had said something not so very different from that.

"It's the prize funny story of a lifetime!" cried old Bill. "Why, he'll never get away from this! He'll be a laughing stock as long as he lives! 'Arf a mo', while I zip this on the wire."

"And serve him right, too, the conceited frog," thought Wilbert.

So old Bill had zipped it to New York, where—since the two principals were both famous men—it appeared on the front page of his newspaper next morning. Thence it traveled, fast and far. . . .

If André as yet knew nothing of this incident, its reverberations had reached him quickly enough. The very day after his call from Ludenburg he got a cablegram which disturbed him no little:

"Blade today—column story—fight—you—Ludenburg. Cable facts.
DART."

A week later he received from the faithful Gilbert a cutting of the Blade story—an asterisked rehash of which had in the meantime appeared in the Paris Daily Mail. A few days more, and letters began to pour in on him; pained and bewildered letters, angry and contemptuous

letters, sly and malicious and sarcastic letters. Frederika Bone reminded him that she had sized him up for a "damned pro-American;" Eustace B. Titcomb wrote a mock letter of congratulation, very witty in its way; Harold Derek inquired, on a postcard, "Why Paris then?" Worse, because more sincere, were the humorless letters from earnest Americans, complimenting him on his change of heart, and "wishing in conclusion to personally thank him," etc. Another week, and the clippings came—rolling in from North and South and East and West. Once more he had become his country's favorite example; only this time grave commendation was mingled with the grotesque warning, the inconceivable "lesson."

In the strange avalanche descending upon him there only lacked, so he thought often with bitterness, a nice hearty letter from Mary Jackson, warmly congratulating him upon one more "fine thing." On the whole, he rather expected such a letter, with a sense of shrinking not easy to describe.

Of course, he had explained a great deal—at first brightly, in the spirit of repartee, later with a dogged patience. He had finally persuaded Edwin Williams, an able special writer for the Sphere, whom he knew but slightly, to cable home a counter story beginning, "Much amusement was expressed in artistic circles here today over the ludicrously misinformed story published in a New York morning newspaper," etc. He had even prepared his own account of the affair, humorous too—had had it printed and begun to mail it broadcast to editors and friends. But he had soon abandoned all such effort as being merely a waste of time. The fiction was too much jollier than the fact!

To be made brilliantly ridiculous at one's most sensitive point—indeed this is no slight thing. Just or unjust, derision may injure more than scandal; and it will stick to a man closer than a plaster. André became appalled at the dimensions of the absurd disaster that had overtaken him

Seated beside good Marcel now, on a green bench before a splashing fountain, he tried to tell something of what all this meant to him. It wasn't easy, from the rôle of butt, and he didn't feel himself particularly successful. Pride had its reserves. Besides, no one could possibly understand how sensitive he was on this whole subject of "changing"

"You mustn't think," he said with some effort, drawing circles with his stick in the gravel, "that I'm so—so vain that I can't stand a little ragging. I don't really mind you chaps calling me the Defender of the Faith for America, if it amuses you. I—I can stand having the waiters at the Napolitain point me out to tourists as The Patriot, as if I were Kossuth or Mazzini—and winking to themselves as they say it. And even at home, where of course I—I'm better known, and so it matters more, I can stand—well, such things as this, for instance. You might read this one, Marcel, by the way; it's a good sample."

He took from his pocket and held out a cablegram which had arrived as he left the house half an hour earlier. Marcel, unfolding it, frowning a little as he adjusted his pince-nez, read:

"Council meeting yesterday unanimously adopted resolution thanking you recent stalwart display red-blooded hundred per cent Americanism. Letter and engrossed text for framing forwarded today. Warmest congratulations.

"ELMER B. HOSKINS POST
AMERICAN LEGION."

Villiers, who read English as well as you or I, but to whom some native meanings were necessarily vague, looked up, a little perplexed.

"My friend, I do not thoroughly understand. Yet is this, do you think, a veritable message? Rather, it seems to possess the flavors of a hoax—*hein?*"

André smiled.

"Yes, I think it is a hoax, Marcel. I suspect a friend of mine, Eustace Titcomb, who's already given me several neat kicks, now that he thinks I'm down. Of course, as I say, it doesn't matter at all in itself—only for what it represents."

"But in truth, what does it represent, dear Breed?"

"Why, just that—that I'm down, you see; that my whole position as a writer —— Do you remember Macaulay's saying that Voltaire's ridicule was the deadliest weapon ever wielded by man? I've thought lately that De l'Isle belongs in the same class, as far as I was concerned. But here's a different one that I wanted you to see. You'll see it isn't a hoax—not joking at all."

He offered a clipping from the collection in his pocketbook, a long leading editorial from the New York Republic on "the case of Andrew Bride," which had especially annoyed and depressed him. The dissertation, among much else, quoted adroitly from that fierce *Vale* of his years before, picking phrases that its maturer author might have wished unsaid, perhaps; it contrasted the past of Mr. Bride very tellingly with his recent "impromptu self-expression"; and in conclusion it held it as proved that the talk of the clever young was only talk, that blood was still thicker than water, home was ever best, and so on. The piece was offensively entitled, The Coming of Age of a Young Intellectual.

"A thing like that," said André evenly, after the few moments of silence, "simply gives the lie to everything I've stood for and worked for all my life. When people believe that, and they do believe it, it means that my character as a writer—my integrity as a human being—has been destroyed. I can't help taking that seriously."

Marcel was very sympathetic. He still considered all this a tempest in a teapot, no doubt; however, it appeared to be a bigger tempest than he had hitherto realized. Certainly Breed's prestige was suffering a little for the moment; perhaps a little tour, with change and rest, would be helpful just now. Stroking his great beard thoughtfully, Marcel commended the idea of the little tour, while at the same time he exhorted his young friend to patience and good cheer. Jokes soon passed, but the integrity of character always remained: what one must do above all was to go straight ahead upon the path as if nothing had occurred, etc. André, becoming restive, said that all that was true. It was only that, for the moment, he seemed not in the frame of mind for work.

He added, with a laugh intended to conceal how frightfully unsettled he was in all the foundations of his life:

"And even if I were, to go straight ahead on the path might not be quite the thing just now. For example, I had

(Continued on Page 92)

"The American Post, Monsieur Bride! See! This Moment Arrived!"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 17, 1925

Wheat Markets Near and Far

SO LONG as we have wheat to export we ought to export it to the largest advantage of all. In 1923 our exports of wheat flour increased relatively to the exports of wheat as grain. This represented not only the export of wheat but also in effect the export of paper, cotton and wood, and of labor in milling, printing, making of containers, advertising, and so on. In 1924 the total export of wheat as grain and flour will be much larger than in 1923, due to shortage in Europe and Canada, and at much higher prices. Countries outside of Europe will take less relatively than in 1923, perhaps less absolutely. But this should not distract our attention from the fact that the market outside of Europe is in some respects the most stable wheat-export market we have, and particularly for flour. Central America may be used in illustration.

Central America has a population of six millions. This at present means less than the figure indicates. The population is to only a small extent white; the largest part of the native population is Indian, mestizos and ladinos, and negro. The whites have the taste for wheat and the income to purchase it. The native population has only in part the taste for wheat, and for the most part too low an income to purchase it. There is some use of rice, but fruits, beans and corn make up the bulk of the diet. The per capita consumption of wheat flour is about two pounds a year. During the last fiscal year Central American countries imported nearly six hundred thousand barrels of flour, which all came from the United States except about five per cent that came from Canada. The use of wheaten products is on the increase.

Expansion in the trade is not merely a question of education of the mixed population to the use of wheat, finding materials that can be accepted in return trade and enlarging the buying power of the peoples. There are inherent difficulties, but these are susceptible of solution. The climate is warm and moist. Flour must keep well. The storage houses, outside of customhouses, are few and poor. Patent flour keeps better than clears; but clear flours, being cheaper, are what these countries should take to greater extent. Therefore, warehouses must be provided that will protect flour against the climate, and this would have the effect of prolonging the season, now largely the first six months of the year. The use of biscuits and other forms of durable baked wheaten goods that can be packed to keep out moisture ought to be developed. The bakeries are small and poor. Modern bakeries, turning out wrapped bread, might be expected greatly to increase the repute of wheat bread and the demand for it. The experience in the Canal Zone is a demonstration of this on a small scale. It might be possible to introduce mixed breads.

Naturally, the countries of Central America must develop commercially before the standard of living can be elevated. But this is going on, more or less hampered by unsettled political conditions. What can be done is to prepare the way for a better standard of living and thus be in position to take advantage of developments and to appropriate the new markets as fast as they develop. This is what has been done, and is being done, by manufacturing industries in this country. The exporters of the surplus of our agricultural production must use the same methods of expanding and holding markets.

The Lessons of the Elections

BROADLY interpreted, the results of the elections in the United States and in several of the important states of Europe revealed two trends—a movement toward the Right, and a cutting down of the number of parties. The trend to the Right may be merely one of the swings of public opinion; but the loss of parties has a deeper meaning.

Political blocs mean division of voters along narrow sectional or other lines. A small number of citizens regard one issue as of such overwhelming interest that they form a bloc consecrated to that issue. In a parliament or congress such a bloc can hope to advance its issue largely by filibuster or by combinations. On each subject under discussion the blocs are realigned. The friends of today are the opponents of tomorrow. Such a congress is peculiarly the field of action of the politician. If the country has the form of government under which the cabinet is responsible to the parliament, the cabinet is perforce a combination of blocs, a coalition government. The opposition is also a combination of blocs. In the reshuffling of the blocs the cabinets fall, to be succeeded by a new coalition, this to be opposed by a new opposition. Clever politicians can often manipulate the blocs to secure legislation. But clever politicians can also create turmoil among the blocs and suspend legislation.

The postwar experiences have shown more and more each year that conduct of legislative government cannot be secured in this way. Gradually the blocs are subliming into parties. In effect, two large parties are evolving in each country—a radical party and a conservative party. This is the trend in the United Kingdom, in Germany and in France. This is the explanation of the poor showing of the La Follette ticket.

The recent elections in Germany, correctly appraised, support this view. The communists lost, just as the Left labor wing lost in Great Britain; and the excoriation of the communists by the Socialist Premier of France shows how the wind is blowing in France. Behind the multiplicity of parties in Germany is the trend into two main groups. The results of the election were as follows:

Social Democrats	130
Nationalists	102
Catholics	68
People's Party	50
Communists	45
Democrats	32
Bavarian People's Party	19
Economists and Peasants	17
Fascisti	14
Land Union	8

Disregarding the elements of humor in the names and regarding the political purposes of these blocs, one observes a cleavage into two groups, political rather than social or economic. The Social Democratic, the Democratic and the Catholic parties are committed to the republican form of government. The Nationalist, the People's and the Fascisti parties represent the monarchistic movement. There is an economic divergence, to be sure, in that the liberals are committed to the fulfillment of the Dawes Plan, while the monarchists are opposed to this agreement.

New elections in France and Italy may not be long deferred. When France and Italy refund their debts to the United States they will need to undertake domestic fiscal reconstructions that will probably lead to appeals to the electorate. With the present trend one must expect in these countries the swing to the Right and the elimination or diminution of blocs. The result will be gain in legislative efficiency.

Competition in Agriculture

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE in his message to Congress referred to the protection necessary to keep the American farmer from being underbid in the home market by the products of foreign fields. One of the subjects before the agricultural commission, recently appointed, is announced to be the investigation of the obstacles to the export of our surplus agricultural products. In other words, the competition faced by the American farmer, at home and abroad, is to be studied. We want to have the American farmer possess all the home market—barring certain special exceptions—and hope also to have him exploit some of the foreign market.

It is to be hoped that the agricultural commission will make a thorough investigation into production costs of agricultural products. What items are in the c. i. f. New York prices of Danish and American butter, the c. i. f. Minneapolis prices of Canadian and American wheat, the c. i. f. New York prices of Argentine and American beef?

Our production costs are generally supposed to be higher per unit. In just what do the higher production costs consist? To what extent are the higher production costs of American agricultural products the indirect expression of high urban wages? To what extent are the lower production costs of foreign agricultural products the direct and indirect expression of low urban wages? To what extent are foreign farmers able to sell at lower figures because they live more simply and cheaply?

Of course these are not new questions. A great deal has been done in national and state departments of agriculture to determine the costs of production of domestic crops. Less is known of costs of production of crops in foreign countries. But apparently what has been done is not regarded as satisfactory, in the assembling or interpretation. It is certainly a good thing to get the subject out of the hands of politicians and into the hands of experts. It may be taken for granted that a Coolidge commission is not a gun with a hair trigger. Present prices may not spell the solution of the problem of agriculture. But they do introduce a period of political tranquillity, during which reason finds opportunity and scope for action. The problem is social as well as economic, and demands broad as well as expert investigation.

Gold Reserve Versus Securities

SINCE we have almost half the gold supply of the world and nearly half again as much as all the countries of Europe, the other countries of the world find themselves hard put to it in their efforts to solidify the foundations of their currencies. Some of the currencies of Europe are going to return to par and the gold standard. Some countries of Europe, however, must accept devaluation and are in no position to return to the gold standard on any level. The new states that have new currencies to establish face still other difficulties in determining a basis for currency. A paper money is either convertible or inconvertible. But need it be convertible into gold alone?

The League of Nations has recently issued a Memorandum on Currency 1913–23. In the course of the survey of the stabilization of the currency in different countries emphasis is placed on the fact that in several states bank reserves of liquid securities have replaced gold or been preferred to it. These countries regard a reserve of securities as being as good as gold as a cover for the issue of circulating notes, and in addition these securities bear interest. They are, of course, not so liquid as gold in a time of crisis, but otherwise may serve as well. The future will indicate to what extent this is a new monetary practice, to what extent it is merely a defense reaction against our store of gold.

WORTHWHILE AMERICANS

By Lothrop Stoddard

LONG, long ago a wise philosopher remarked that the true wealth of nations was not gold or provinces, but men. The more one studies the past and surveys the present, the sounder this observation appears. Human history abounds in examples of capable peoples rising above the handicap of unpromising surroundings, while it likewise shows even more numerous instances of incapable stocks making little or nothing out of fine natural advantages.

The importance of the human factor in national life is at last coming to be truly appreciated. Thanks to the rapid progress of scientific knowledge we today know infinitely more about ourselves than we ever did before, and we are beginning to make practical use of this new knowledge. In the same way that some scientists survey our natural resources and map out our material wealth in ore deposits, oil fields and agricultural soils, other scientists are examining our human resources and are analyzing our human wealth. Few of us realize the amount of patient, painstaking research which is being devoted to this investigation. The task is prodigious, but it is steadily going on. Every year sees new progress made in discovering and classifying both the valuable and the worthless strains in our population, and it is safe to say that the time is not far distant when we shall be able to draw up some sort of rough balance sheet of our human assets and liabilities.

The practical value of these researches is enormous. When we stop to consider that in terms of actual dollars and cents a scientific genius like Thomas Edison or Luther Burbank can add more to the national wealth than the discovery of a new oil field or group of gold mines, while conversely a single clever financial swindler or plausible political demagogue may cost the community untold millions of dollars, the practical importance of the human factor in national life can be better appreciated.

The basic element in this whole problem is the natural process known as heredity. All living beings take after their forbears—not merely their parents but in lesser degree their remoter ancestors. Whether it be figs, thistles or humans, like always tends to produce like. This is just as true of intangible qualities as it is of traits that can be seen. The inheritance of matters like intelligence and temperament is as certain as is the inheritance of hair color and complexion. Therefore it appears that the individual's make-up is settled when he is born. Of course, his surroundings may stimulate either his capacities or his defects, and will thus greatly influence what he does in life.

Environment, however decisive in extreme cases, remains a secondary factor, heredity being the primal element.

Society is thus composed of individuals who are what they are largely because of their forbears and who in turn will determine the make-up of their descendants. The variety of human beings is very great, ranging all the way from the genius to the idiot. What the next generation will be depends on two things—which individuals marry, and whom they marry. If people married wholly at haphazard there would be a continual mixture of all human qualities, and what sort of children a particular couple would have would be mainly a matter of chance. But this is not the case. What actually does occur is the social process known as the law of assortative mating. Contrary to certain romantic but erroneous notions, careful scientific investigation has proved conclusively that like tends to mate with like. Giants are not prone to marry dwarfs, nor do extreme blonds usually prefer dark brunettes. And what is true of physical characteristics is equally true of mental and emotional qualities.

Despite a certain number of exceptions, people as a rule tend to marry those not too unlike themselves. And, in addition to the action of personal preference, there is superadded the effect of propinquity. Individuals are usually attracted to those with whom they associate. These are usually of their own social class, with common standards, similar tastes and like educational attainments. But those are the very persons who are apt to be of the same general type. Hence, in any stable society, the population tends to sort itself out into distinct strains of varying character, and families appear which produce individuals having similar characteristics generation after generation.

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There Is Something to be Said for Ma's Side of It

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"An Animal of Four Letters Used in a Spanish Sport. Now Why Doesn't it Come to Me?"

Miss Avoirdupois (Just Engaged): "O—Oh! My Sheik!"

Lines to an Automobile

With Which the Poet Has Just Had a Difference of Opinion in Regard to the Right of Way

TAKE all the road and all the sidewalk, too,
You mess of junk held up by one suspender!
You'd run me down, you pin tray? Scat and shoo!
Go on and smash your fender!

Go on, you rattletrap, you apple cart,
You hunk of tin with wormholes rusted through it!
If you should lose a nut you'd fall apart;
I'd pay to see you do it.

You're blocked by traffic? Good! Take root and grow!
You'd look lots better eight foot deep in mire.
Yes, blow your horn, you big cry-baby, blow!
And then blow out a tire!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Drab Ballads

IV

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, RODEO RUFUS (SHARPSHOOTING, SHEEP SHEARING & INTERPRETIVE GREEK DANCING,) sang with great success the powerful ballad entitled:

DON'T
SEND MY BOY
TO PRISON

The County Court
in session was;
The pris'ner hung
his head—
The jury's verdict,
"Guilty," made
it bow.
Austere and stern,
his honor, in
A voice that gave
him dread,
Said, "Stand up!
I will sentence
you right now!
You jumped upon
this aged man
And bit him in the
ears—
No fault of yours
the victim never
died.
I'll send you to the
peniten-
Ti'ry for twenty
years——"
Just then a woman
jumped right up,
and cried:

REFRAIN—

"Don't send my
boy to prison!
Don't send my boy
to jail!
The fault it isn't hisn,
I know the whole durn tale
When this crime was committed,
My boy, whom you reviled,
Was in the bathtub singing:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!"

—*Harry G. Smith.*

The song to have, to hold, to keep;
The song to make this wide world weep:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

The Woman Pays

[A foggy morning on Westminster Bridge. MRS. PERKINS meets CLARABELLA, an old school chum, near the Houses of Parliament. CLARABELLA appears a bit shabby.

MRS. PERKINS: Ah, good mornin', Clarabella, and 'ow are you all?

CLARABELLA: Not so good, Mrs. Perkins, not so good.

MRS. PERKINS: That's too bad. Any illness in the fam'ly?

CLARABELLA: No, cawn't say as 'ow anyone's ill, but we've got 'eaps of other troubles, Mrs. Perkins, serious ones.

MRS. PERKINS *(more in curiosity than sympathy):* Now just don't you take on so. Come 'ere and tell me everythin'."

CLARABELLA: Well, me 'usband's out o' work agin. I never know when 'e'll come 'ome and tell me 'e's got to find new employment. It's pretty 'ard on a woman. [CLARABELLA *rushes off and* MRS. PERKINS *continues until she meets* MRS. WETHERBOTTOM.

MRS. WETHERBOTTOM: Well, if it hain't Prue Perkins.

MRS. PERKINS: It's me all right; but, say, I just left Clarabella. She told me 'er 'usband's out o' work again, and she's lookin' shabby as can be. It's pretty bad, I sez, never bein' able to tell 'ow long your 'usband'll keep 'is job.

MRS. WETHERBOTTOM: Well, I'm glad me 'usband's a good steady mechanic. You know that was always the trouble with Clarabella—'er ideas were always too bloomin' 'igh-toned. Look at 'er now—never knows where 'er next pay envelope's comin' from.

MRS. PERKINS: Too bad, too bad. Well, good day, I'm sorry for 'er.

MRS. WETHERBOTTOM: Good day, Mrs. Perkins, and I'm so glad I didn't marry a Prime Minister, like Clarabella.

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMAN.

Adventures of Alice

"THERE'S nothing like touring," said the Duchess, looking up from her knitting.

"It's so broadening," assented the Red Queen, looking up from the Blue Book long enough to join in the conversation.

"You said it, Queen," said the Duchess. "Last year when we took that Canadian trip—or was it the Yellowstone?—anyway the scenery was perfectly grand, and I finished two sweaters and an afghan."

"I wish we weren't going so fast," said Alice timidly. "We just passed the loveliest little brook."

The Red Queen and the Duchess looked at her in astonishment.

"Why, my dear child!" exclaimed the Duchess. "We've made only two hundred miles today, and we have a good seventy-five more to go before nightfall."

"Eighty-three and four-tenths," said the Red

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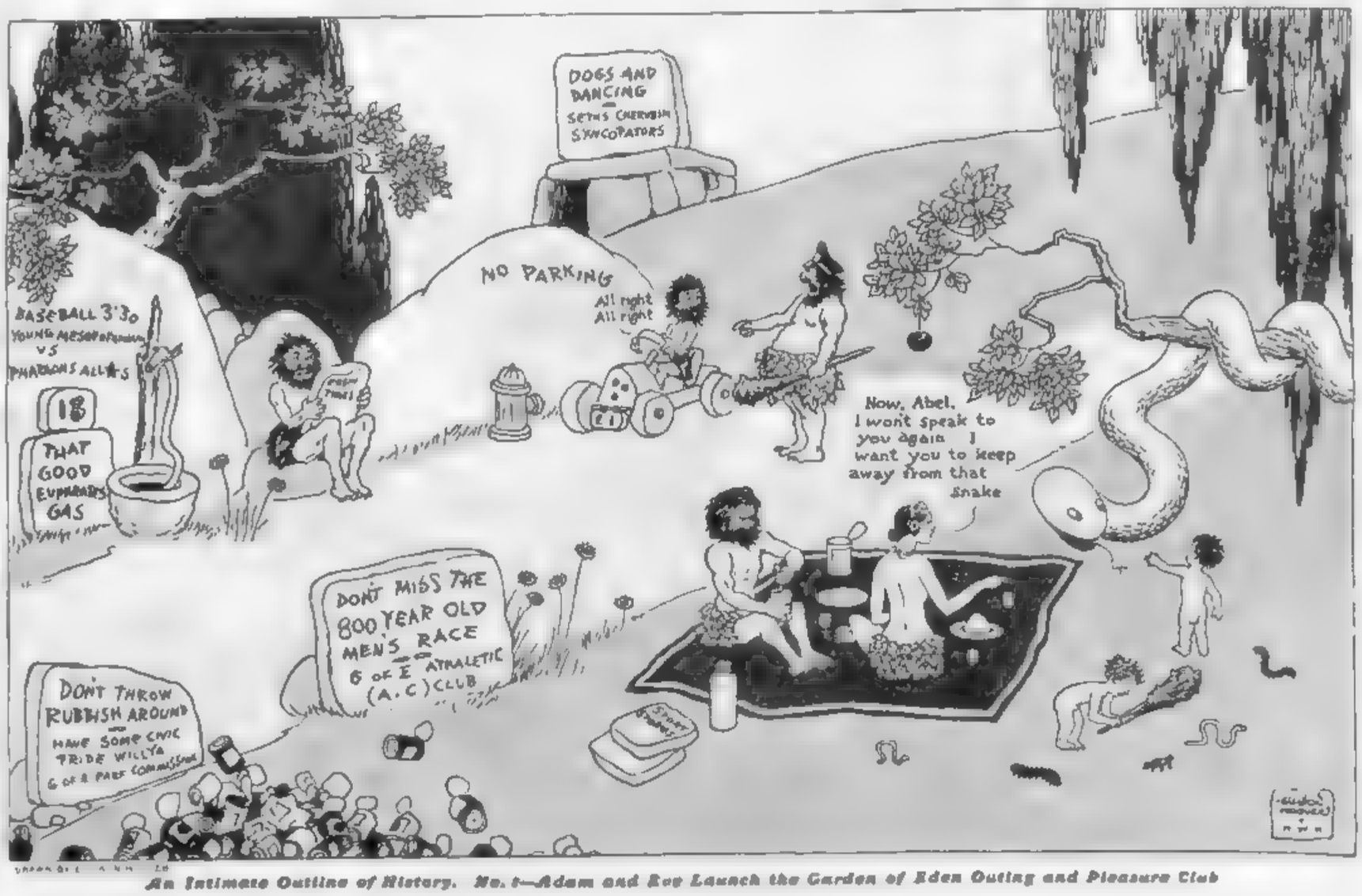

DOGS AND DANCING
SETHS CHERUBIN SYNCOPATORS
NO PARKING
All right All right
BASEBALL 3:30
YOUNG MESOPOTAMIANS VS PHARAOHS ALL-STARS
18
THAT GOOD EUPHORIA GAS
Now, Abel, I won't speak to you again I want you to keep away from that snake
DON'T MISS THE 800 YEAR OLD MEN'S RACE
DON'T THROW RUBBISH AROUND
HAVE SOME CIVIC PRIDE WILLYA

An Intimate Outline of History. No. 1—Adam and Eve Launch the Garden of Eden Outing and Pleasure Club

Only one way to get beans as good as

Campbell's

always insist on getting

Slow-cooked Digestible

12 cents a can ~

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

The beans you can always trust for Quality

With Pencil, Brush and Chisel

By EMIL FUCHS

SHORTLY after the ascent of King Edward to the throne, the firm of Thos. de La Rue & Co. Ltd., who for generations had made the postage stamps of the realm, submitted a design which they had already prepared. It was taken from a photograph of the King in uniform. It did not meet with His Majesty's approval. He had quite definite ideas as to how he wished the stamp to be treated. Evidently the way the first designs were altered by De La Rue did not please him either, and he asked them to communicate with me and to make the head I had modeled of him with the free bare neck the base for the design. They therefore sent a member of their firm to discuss the subject with me.

So far I had made only a medallion, which was in sculpture. It could have been adapted for the stamp, but I suggested an entirely new drawing. My suggestion was accepted, and the King intimated his willingness to give me the necessary sittings.

Plans for New Stamps

IT MAY be of interest to read two communications received from De La Rue & Co., Ltd. One received in March, 1901, is as follows:

"With reference to the designs for the English Unified Stamps which you are preparing by command of his Majesty the King, we would point out that the present issue is the outcome of a protracted inquiry made by a Joint Committee of Experts which was appointed by the Postmaster General in October 1884 to consider the designs and colors of the Postage Stamps.

"The principal point the Committee had in view was to obtain a striking distinction between the different duties of Stamps, not only by daylight but by artificial light, so that the sorters of the post offices could easily check the values of the Stamps, even when obliterated.

"The difficulty in obtaining sufficient contrast between the Stamps is enhanced by the fact that only two colors of doubly fugitive inks, viz. purple and green, are available.

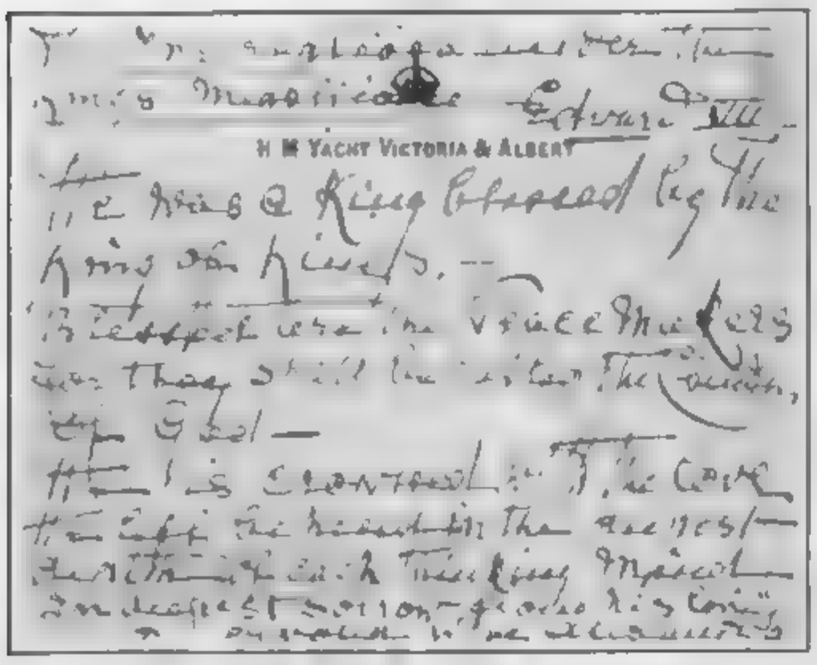
"It is essential to use doubly fugitive inks, because the Stamps have to be sensitive, not only under a printed, but also under a written cancellation.

"The distinction between the duties is obtained, partly by employing colored papers and partly by printing the Stamps in two colours.

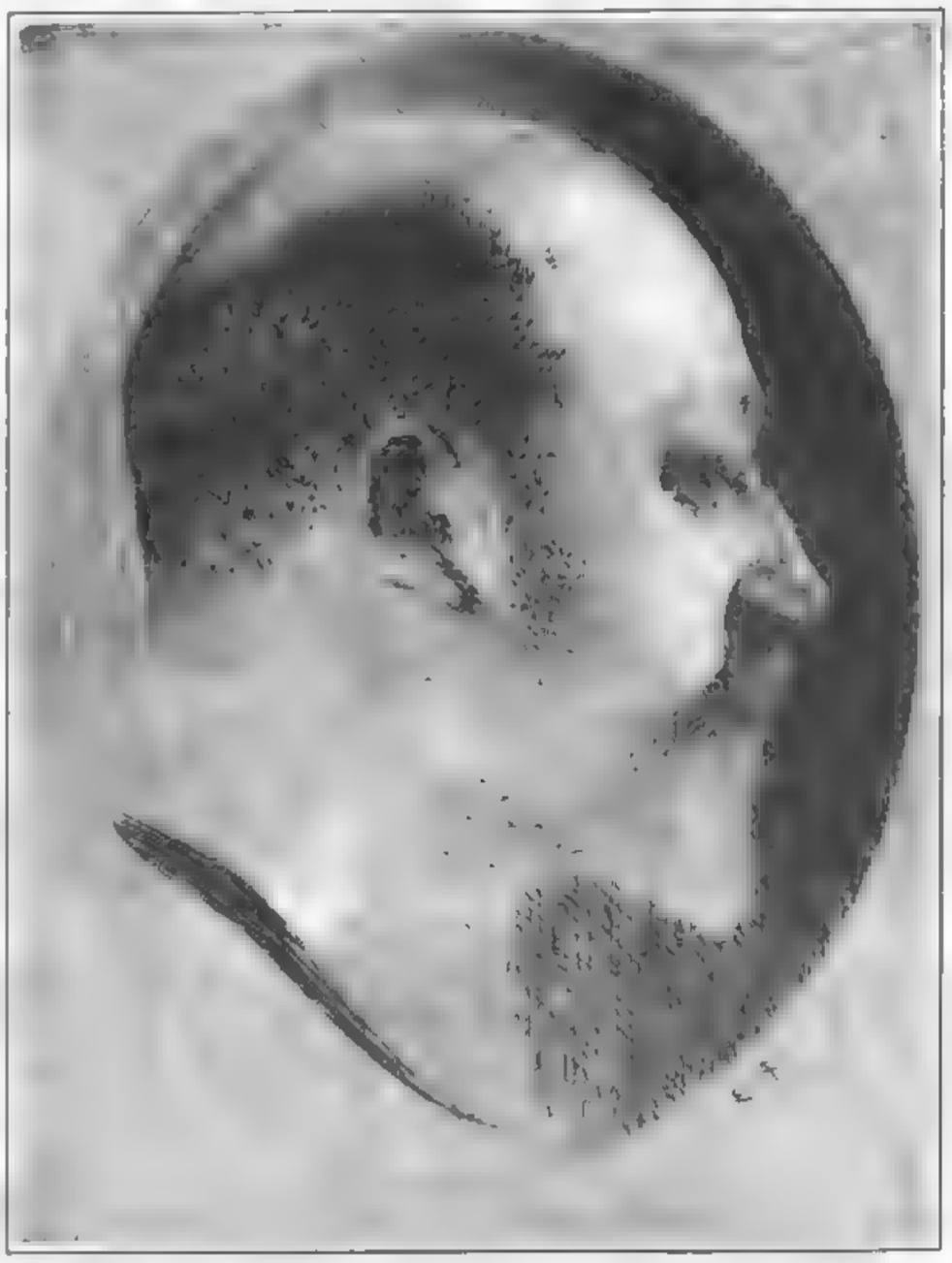
"We submit that the 1½d, 2d, 4d, 5d, 9d, 10d and 1/ Stamps, which are printed in two colours, and the 3d Stamp, which is printed in one colour on yellow paper, are good in design, and that it would be most desirable to leave them as at present, inserting the crown on the borders, as shown on the accompanying designs.

"We think that new designs might with advantage be substituted for the ½d, 1d, 2½d and 6d stamps.

"Introducing new designs for these four duties would not in anyway upset the object the Joint Committee had in view, provided the ½d is printed in green, the 1d in purple, the 2½d on blue paper, and the 6d on red paper."



Inscription by Queen Alexandra for the Memorial of King Edward VII



King Edward VII, From an Etching by Mr. Fuchs After His Drawing From Life of the King's Head for a New Issue of Postage Stamps

The other is dated April 19, 1901:

"With reference to the Medalion which you are preparing by command of His Majesty the King for the embossing die, we quite understand that this is only to be used for the English, Indian and Colonial embossed stamps, and we undertake that it shall not be employed in any other way.

"We shall be glad if you will kindly send us three plaster casts and we hope that His Majesty will be graciously pleased to initial one, as he did in the case of the design for the stamp, in order to give the necessary authority to the Government for its adoption.

"P.S. We enclose two copies of the original design, and letter of approval from Windsor."

The designing of a stamp was new to me. The drawing alone for the head and the model for the embossed stamp are not all that is needed. The first has to be engraved in steel in the size required for the stamp and, as I was not familiar with the technic of engraving but knew how easy it would be to lose the likeness in the process, I asked the firm for a skillful man who would do the engraving in my studio and under my guidance.

The process is quite difficult, but interesting. He first made a photograph from the drawing in the size required. Then he started his engraving on the steel die, and from that he did the work. It was all accomplished by the aid of horizontal lines, the different thicknesses of which constituted the modeling. The slightest error meant some loss of likeness. Sometimes it would take him a whole day to cut only part of a line. Once the entire head was on the steel, the task of copying the features as accurately as possible from the drawing proved quite intricate. As an illustration—to make a man realize the salient points of a feature is one thing; to make him interpret it in his works, another. If the engraver could have made portraits he need not have worked for someone else.

There was an inevitable loss of likeness, but I felt that the way we proceeded would reduce this to a minimum. Every few days we would take an impression of the engraving as it progressed. In this way we were able to note immediately any faults at the points where they occurred and could make our corrections before proceeding further. It made an interesting collection for my album, to which I soon added the designs bearing the King's approval. Of the drawing of the head I possess only a facsimile; the original is the property of the government and was sent to Somerset House, which is the office of Inland Revenue.

Attention to Detail

ONE day word came from Windsor that the King wished to see the stamp. It was then just in the preliminary stages. Not even the final colors were available. So we took an impression from the head and another from the frame and pasted the two together. The one-penny stamp, being the one most generally used, was the farthest advanced, and to convey the idea as it would appear in color, we made one impression in green and another in mauve. The King saw them and approved, and they were promptly added to the collection in my album. This is the letter from Sir Arthur Ellis which accompanied the return of the proofs:

"*Dear Mr. Fuchs:* I return the stamp and memo which I have submitted to the King. His Majesty likes the pattern best which he has marked 'Approved E R'—but thinks that the head is pasted on leaning too far forward and prefers the other which is marked X as to the uprightness and pose of the head; I have explained that this only arises from the slovenly way the head has been affixed to the design drooping forward.

"His Majesty likes one-penny 'A' in a straight line better than 'B.'

"He thinks *all* the heads should in every case (whatever the value of the stamp) have the crown above.

"In the case of the Victorian head, her Majesty was wearing the crown—so this was not so significant.

"The photo makes the hair *black!!!!* which is wrong."

A Modern Juno: A Bust in Marble

To design a postage stamp was not an unmixed pleasure. Soon after it came out, the world seemed to be composed of only critics—critics among the artists, the collectors, my friends, and of course among my enemies

(Continued on Page 28)

3 Doors—Hupmobile Club Sedan

BIG news for the family whose ambition is the ownership of a fine closed car. There is now a new and decidedly lower price on the popular Hupmobile Club Sedan. Now this splendid closed car is only a trifle higher in price than an open car of comparable quality.

Comfort for Five

The Hupmobile Club Sedan is a high grade closed car in every detail—a real sedan. The body is soundly and sturdily built by Hupmobile, to match in every way the service and long life of the staunch Hupmobile chassis. It provides comfortable, satisfying capacity for five passengers, and unusually ample luggage space. With three doors, there is the utmost ease and convenience in entering and leaving the Club Sedan. It is rich and dignified in both interior and exterior finish and rises far above the mere "utility" classification—a car any family can own with pride; a car with

Doors Front and Rear

the faithful Hupmobile capacity for reliable service at amazingly low cost. Search the entire market for an equal value, if you like—and then come back to the Hupmobile Club Sedan.

An Informal Study of Lord Balfour

(Continued from Page 26)

On the twenty-second of May, Sir Arthur Ellis sent me a little note which prepared me for the news that even in the House of Commons I had critics. He said: "You may see that a question is to be asked in the House of Commons this evening, and the reply which we have made out will, I think, be complete and satisfactory. But it shows how much jealousy always exists!"

A Teapot Tempest

TO HAVE a question asked about one in the House of Commons is such an honor that I feel I should give the incident in full.

On Friday, May twenty-fourth, the London Times published under the heading Parliament, the following report:

"HOUSE OF COMMONS
"Thursday, May 23

"The New Postage Stamps

"Mr. Ellis Griffith (Anglesey) asked the Secretary to the Treasury, as representing the Postmaster General, whether the designs for the new postage stamps had been entrusted to an Austrian sculptor; and if so, whether this was due to the fact that there was no British artist competent for the work.

"Mr. Austen Chamberlain (Worcestershire, E.) It is the case that the portrait of his Majesty, which has been used in the preparation of the designs to appear on the new postage stamps, is by a foreign artist, there being in existence an excellent profiled portrait executed only last year by the Austrian sculptor, Mr. Fuchs, who is now a resident in London. It is not to be inferred that no British artist was considered to be competent for the work.

"Mr. Ellis Griffith asked who had the right of selecting the artist.

"Mr. Austen Chamberlain—I must have notice of that question.

"Lord Balcarres (Lancashire, Chorley) asked how the unsuitability of British artists was determined.

"Mr. Austen Chamberlain—I have expressly stated already that the unsuitability of British artists was not to be inferred from the choice made.

"Dr. Farquharson (Aberdeenshire, W.) asked if the opinion of the President of the Royal Academy or other leaders of the artistic profession was taken before the selection was made.

"Mr. Austen Chamberlain—I have already said twice that I must have notice of any further questions."

Again, on June seventh, this was published in the Times:

"HOUSE OF COMMONS
"Thursday, June 6

"The House resumed after the Whitsuntide holidays. The Speaker took the chair shortly after 3 o'clock.

"The New Postage Stamps

"Dr. Farquharson (Aberdeenshire, W.) asked the Secretary to the Treasury, as representing the Postmaster General, whether, before the commissions for designs for the new postage stamps were given to an Austrian artist, the advice of the President of the Royal Academy and the leaders of the artistic profession was obtained.

"Mr. Ellis Griffith (Anglesey) asked the Secretary to the Treasury whether he could state who was responsible for entrusting the designs to a foreign artist, and whether an opportunity was afforded any other artist to submit designs; and, if not, what was the reason for such omission.

"Mr. Austen Chamberlain (Worcestershire, E.) answering both questions said,—The responsibility for the designs of the new issue of stamps rests with the Postmaster General, who took the pleasure of his Majesty the King as to the portrait of his Majesty which should be used in the preparation of the design. The portrait selected by his Majesty was executed only last year by a gentleman who has long been resident in London, and whose work deservedly enjoys a high reputation in this country. As the portrait was thought to be particularly adapted for the purpose in question, it did not appear necessary to invite designs from any other artists. It was not thought necessary to consult the President of the Royal Academy or the leaders of the artistic profession on the subject, as the selection of the portrait to be used in the preparation of the designs was obviously a matter in which his Majesty's own wishes should carry most weight."

Mother and Child, a Bas-Relief in Marble

This was the last argument I heard on the subject of the postage stamps.

Truth published the following poem:

STAMPING IT IN

New stamps are wanted. Such a chance
But seldom can occur,
For casting on poor British art
So undeserved a slur;
Thus, if you please, Herr Fuchs they choose,
An Austrian sculptor he,
To draw our English King! Oh, what
An excellent decree!

Not seldom has the Treasury,
Right glad to play its part,
Brought down its foot full heavily
On slighted British Art;
But now as though to emphasize
Its policy of spite,
The heavy foot put down before
It "stamps" with all its might!

The making of a postage stamp is not the simple project casual consideration would assume it to be. When King George came to the throne and the question of a new stamp was under advisement, this time the Royal Academy was duly consulted and made its recommendations as to the most desirable artist. To him the work was given, and, to insure complete success, he was supplied with an assistant, the head of the school for decorative design, who was to have charge of the frame.

The issue of this stamp was awaited with the keenest anticipation. All the preliminary conditions were present to make it a great work of art. I still vividly recall how, the night before the coronation, June 21, 1911, some of my solicitous friends urged me to take a little holiday, so that I might be spared witnessing the enthusiasm attendant upon the reception of the new stamp—of which they had seen a specimen—and also hearing disagreeable comparisons to the disparagement of my King Edward stamp.

The Georgian Series

IT PLEASES me now to recall how unfounded was the anxiety of my friends, and that a preponderance of curiosity impelled me to remain in London, where I could be *au courant* with the discussions in the House of Commons, which started once more soon after the appearance of the much-heralded stamp. It was not now the question of the artist being an Austrian or that the academy had not been consulted, but the effect, notwithstanding, was that drastic changes had to be made in the design. The following excerpt is from a book published in England in 1921, The Stamps of Great Britain, written by Stanley Phillips, presumably in an official capacity:

"On Coronation Day, June 22nd, 1911, the ½d. and the 1d. of the new Georgian series were issued, and in the storm of criticism which they evoked, the minor defects of the Edwardian stamps were forgotten. Few people could be found to say a good word for them, in regard either to design or execution, and so great was the outcry in the public press that, although great improvement was made in the printing of the stamps, the Postmaster General was forced to announce that the designs would be altered as soon as possible, and, as a matter of fact, the dies had been deepened almost at once, giving rather better results.

"On New Year's Day, 1912, the 'improved' ½d. and 1d. Georgian stamps were put on sale, but the alterations in the designs were not great and did nothing to influence public opinion in their favour. The 2d. stamp, issued in August of the same year, was, however, much more satisfactory, and better hopes were entertained for the remainder of the series."

If these stamps did not prove as successful as everyone expected them to be, the cause is simple and evident. The artist intrusted with the design was an eminent sculptor, and that part of the work which appeared on the embossed stamp, for the stamped envelopes, was far superior to the drawing on the flat stamp. As I have

(Continued on Page 105)

Joseph Chamberlain, Sketched by Mr. Fuchs

The Success *of the* Coach *as* BUICK builds it

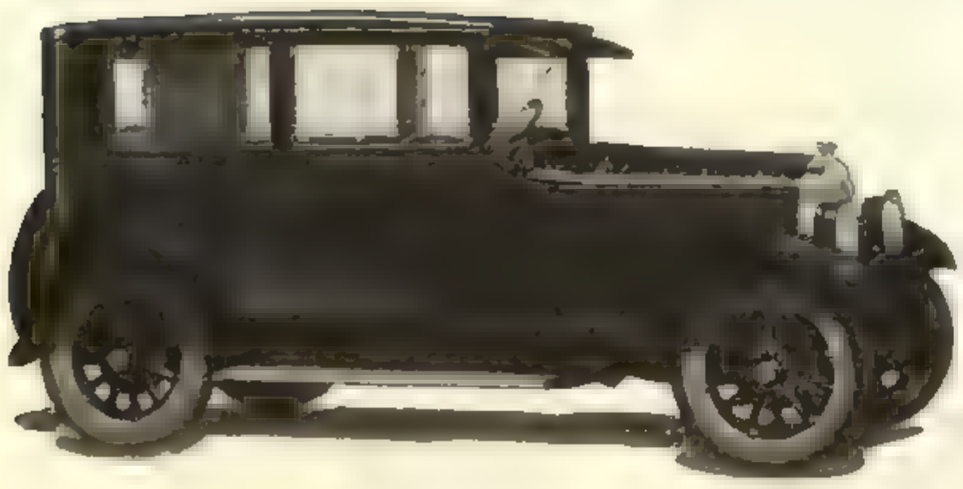
Everyone who has seen the Coach *as Buick builds it* knows why *this* Coach has found such immediate and sweeping public favor.

The Buick Coach is a real closed car—built to Buick's high standards of closed car comfort, sturdiness and appointment. The Fisher body shows the graceful lines of the finest enclosed types. The two wide doors, hinged at the front, enable rear seat passengers to enter or leave either door without disturbing people in the front seats. Duco finish. Different colors for each of the two coach models.

And the chassis! The identical chassis that has given Buick performance world-recognition for dependability and economy! Valve-in-Head engine with Buick's exclusive automatic heat control on the carburetor for immediate cold weather starting. All driving units *sealed* in iron and steel housings to keep mud, dirt, water out and lubrication in. Buick 4-wheel Brakes which act with unimpaired efficiency in any extreme of weather.

And the price! Never before has it been possible to have a closed car with these quality features at such low cost.

These are the reasons for the phenomenal success of the Coach *as Buick builds it!*



Standard Six Coach $1295

Master Six Coach $1495

Prices f. o. b. Buick Factories: government tax to be added. Ask about the G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan, which provides for Deferred Payments

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars — Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

TEAMED UP WITH CHITA

By Sewell Ford

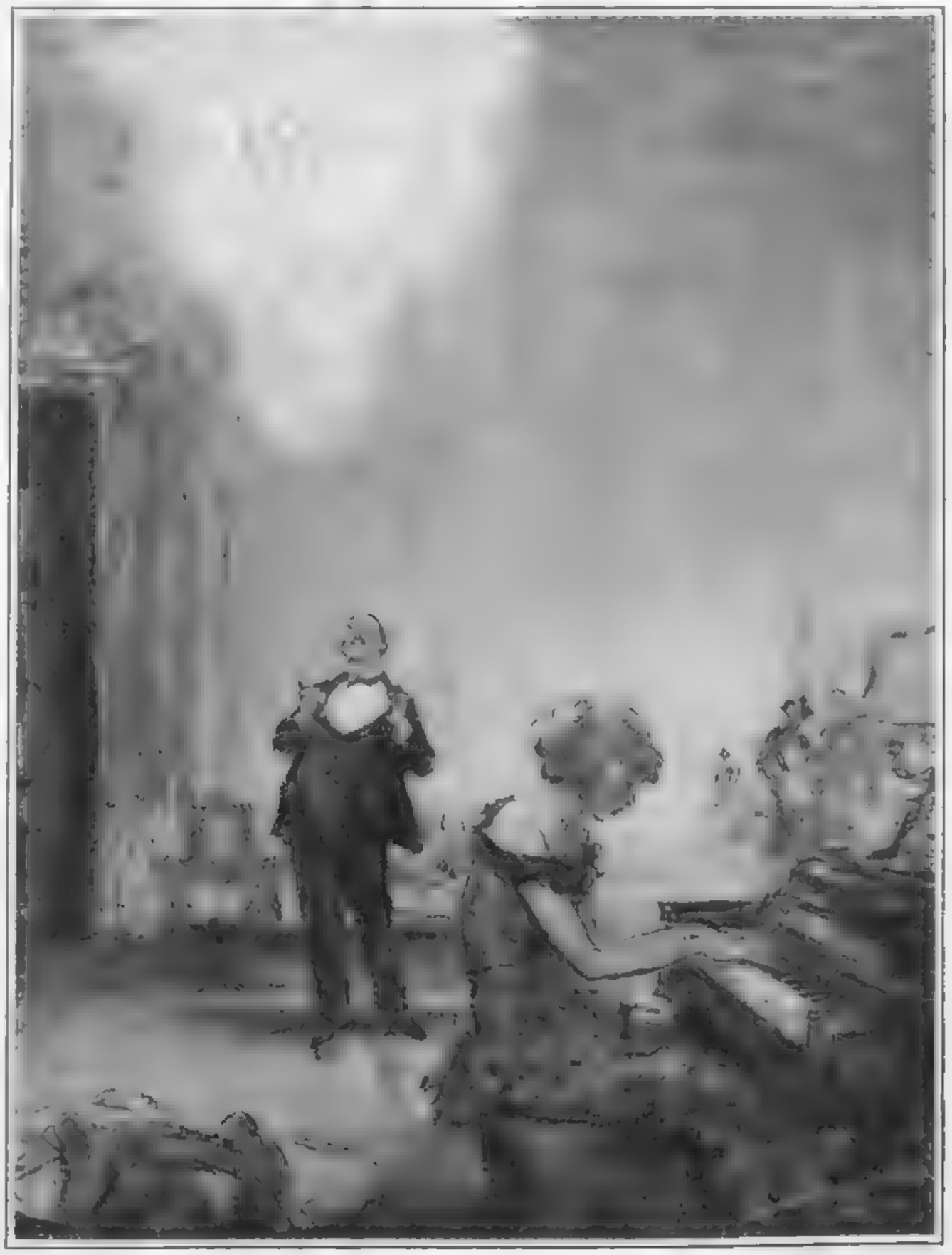
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I EXPECT I only got what was comin' to me, at that. Why kid yourself? For when I go over all the points I can see that it was just a case of flutterin' around, with the usual results. There I was, too, sittin' soft and pretty with the Burton Pecks, with nothin' much to do besides drive 'em around New Hampshire to antique auctions and even gettin' a chance to wise up on the old furniture game myself. Nice people, good pay, and treated almost like I was one of the fam'ly. Why, it should have satisfied the grand kleagle of the knockers' klan.

Then there was Sadie with the eighteen-carat hair and the innocent blue eyes; the boss farmer's daughter, you know, that I could get chucklin' just by droopin' one eyelid, and who believed everything I fed her. Say, but she was an easy looker; a reg'lar framed pitcher. There's such a thing, though, as havin' 'em come too innocent. I couldn't help wonderin', now and then, about how much brains, if any, there was behind them deep blue eyes of Sadie's. And when they can work up only one come-back to all your comic cracks —— Well, you get the idea. Sadie's line was, "What a funny man you are, Rusty!" And it went big for the first couple of weeks. But from then on it begun to get shopworn, until I'd actually hold out anything that might give her an openin' for another repeat. Uh-huh! How many meals runnin' do you think you could make off cream puffs?

Maybe that's why I fell so hard and so sudden for this Chita party.

It's at one of these village dances I gets my first view of her, over Sadie's head as we was spielin' around the hall. And say, I near stopped in the middle of a toe pivot. For we'd swapped looks at close range, and the one she gives me is about as timid and bashful as anything Pola Negri would use in a hectic vamp act. As bold and brassy as a door handle on a new bank. And just from force of habit I shoota over a wink before she's whirled away. She answers with a cut-up lift of her plucked eyebrows, so we're as good as introduced. Also durin' the rest of the dance I manages to keep her in sight and take in all her points.



"Old Twinkly Post Has Always Been There, and I Suppose Preble Has Been Walking Up and Down Under It Since He Was a Youngster, But He's Only Been Doing It to Music Since He Got Married"

There's no doubt about her bein' a live one, and I can see she's some tricky stepper, even if she is handicapped by a heavy-footed partner who had no more spring in his knee joints than as if he'd had two wooden legs. She's a pert-faced, high-colored little half portion, with black bobbed hair; and her costume, what there was of it, is quite spiffy. But it's them bold rollin' eyes that gets me. They're the come-on-if-you-dare kind of lamps that gets you guessin' whether there's deviltry or only bluff behind 'em. Tantalizin', and all that.

And Rusty Gillan ain't used to passin' up a dare. As the music stopped I'm right at her elbow.

"The next is mine, ain't it?" says I.

"What gave you the idea?" says she.

"Good things like that just come to me," says I. "Where'll you be?"

"Out telling my gentleman friend what a crust some parties have," says she.

"You don't need to tell him anything, cutie," says I. "He's gonna have a demonstration he can watch with his mouth open."

"Huh!" says she. "You don't class yourself as a sheik or anything, do you?"

"When it's a case of grabbin' off sump'n like you, sweetie," says I, "I'm apt to have Valentino crowded out of the pitcher. Don't worry, I'll be on hand."

Meanwhile Sadie has been waitin' on the sidelines with the big blues wide open. "Who was that, Rusty?" she asks.

"Just what I gotta find out," says I. "I can't seem to remember where I met her before, if ever."

"Is—is she a nice sort of girl?" asks Sadie.

"Now there's another big problem that neither of us knows the answer to," says I. "All I'm bettin' on is that she's a swell fox-trotter, and if I'm wrong about that I'll let you know."

Sayin' which I parks Sadie in a corner and goes scoutin' around the front steps of the town hall until I locates this jane with the snaky hip action and the misbehavin' eyes. She's leanin' against one of the white posts and is more or less surrounded by admirin' males, mostly village sports and dinin'-room help from a near-by summer hotel. She's been presented with two ice-cream cones and is wavin' away bottles of what they call tonics up in the pie belt, and is swappin' snappy repartee with any Mr. Kidder who opens his head. And as she spots me edgin' in she sort of hunches her shoulders careless, as much as to signal that I ain't in the runnin'.

But a little competition never puts a crimp in my style; only seems to get me goin' stronger. I stands watchin' her do her stuff, smilin' like I was mildly amused, but not tryin' to take any part in the game. You know—man-about-town pose. It ain't the poorest thing I do either. Gets 'em curious. Anyway, it registers with this one. She keeps glancin' over.

But when the music starts again I bores right in. "Excuse me," says I, workin' an elbow into the ribs of the hick nearest to her, "but the little lady has a date with me for this one."

"No she ain't, either," says he. "She just promised me ——"

"Ah, lay off that, Steve," says another. "I'm next."

"It's a free debate," says I, "and while you gents are settlin' the question we'll be givin' our little exhibition of fancy trottin'. This way, sister."

She only hesitates a second as she see the two gawpin' foolish at each other, then lets out a giggle, hooks onto my arm and goes along into the hall. And I ain't made any mistake about her bein' tricky on her toes. Say, when she'd gone to the clingin'-vine clinch and we'd swung into the time I cut loose with all the ritzy steps I knew, only to find she was right with me. And it ain't long before we had the crowd stretchin' their necks. Three rounds of the hall we made before either of us says a word. Then she throws her head back and laughs.

"Those boys are going to be mighty sore on you, mister," says she.

"They gotta right to be," says I, "but they're gonna be sorer still before the evenin's over. We're only openin' our act."

"You tell it well," says she.

"Not so good as you can say it with your feet," says I. "We're teamed up for the evenin', girlie. Remember."

"Huh!" says she. "That'd make you out a fast worker, wouldn't it?"

"Where would I be if I tried to follow you in second speed?" I asks.

She only indulges in another giggle, cuddles a bit closer, and steps into the chorus of that Mush-a-mush Blues piece lively. I'll say if we'd been pullin' that in some Broadway cabaret we'd had 'em cockeyed, but up here in this hick joint all we got is mean looks from a group of also-rans in the doorway. At the finish we ducked out a side way and waited for the next number. That was our program from then on, and by about the third repeat I'll have to admit that we got good.

And between dances, out on the side steps, we got fairly well acquainted. Her name is Chita Callahan, and I judge that besides bein' part Irish there's some Spanish in her, and maybe a little French. Anyway, the mixture seems to have given her a lot of pep, but she ain't half so much of a reckless cut-up as she lets on. Generally they ain't. She has a job as lady's maid in a mill town about thirty miles south, and has been brought up here by the fam'ly shuffer.

"What's he like?" I asks.

"Herman?" says she. "Why, he has a good appetite."

"That completes the description, does it?" says I. "Anything above the soft palate?"

"Must be," says she. "There's no rattle when he shakes his head."

"I get you," says I. "A marble top. But he ain't the only playmate you can find around the place, is he?"

"Well," says she, "there's Eben, the gardener, who can remember the Civil War; and Dennis, his helper, whose wife is the cook. You can guess."

I shakes my head. "Ain't it a shame," says I, "that our places are so far apart? Suppose I should get through with the Pecks, would there be any openin' in your burg for a Class-A shuffer?"

"Not unless something happened to Herman," says she. "Outside of the Prebles there's nothing but mill hands."

(Continued on Page 33)

For *all* kitchenware *Sunbrite's "double action"!*

—It sweetens as it scours

Washing dishes wouldn't be so bad if it meant just *washing dishes*—pretty china, glass and silver. But there are the eternal pots and pans—the cooking things, sticky and stained and so hard to clean! You scrape and scour; and still are not fully satisfied that they are perfectly clean and sweet.

The new, efficient way to clean *all* kitchenware is to scour and sweeten in one process—with **Sunbrite,** the double action cleanser!

Sunbrite quickly scours off the stains; cuts the grease and grime. But it does more. It has a sweetening, purifying quality which leaves what it cleans perfectly fresh and odorless. No harsh chemicals, either, to mar surfaces or hurt your hands!

"Double Action" offers real economy in cleaning; it saves your time, your labor and your money! A United Profit Sharing coupon goes with every can.

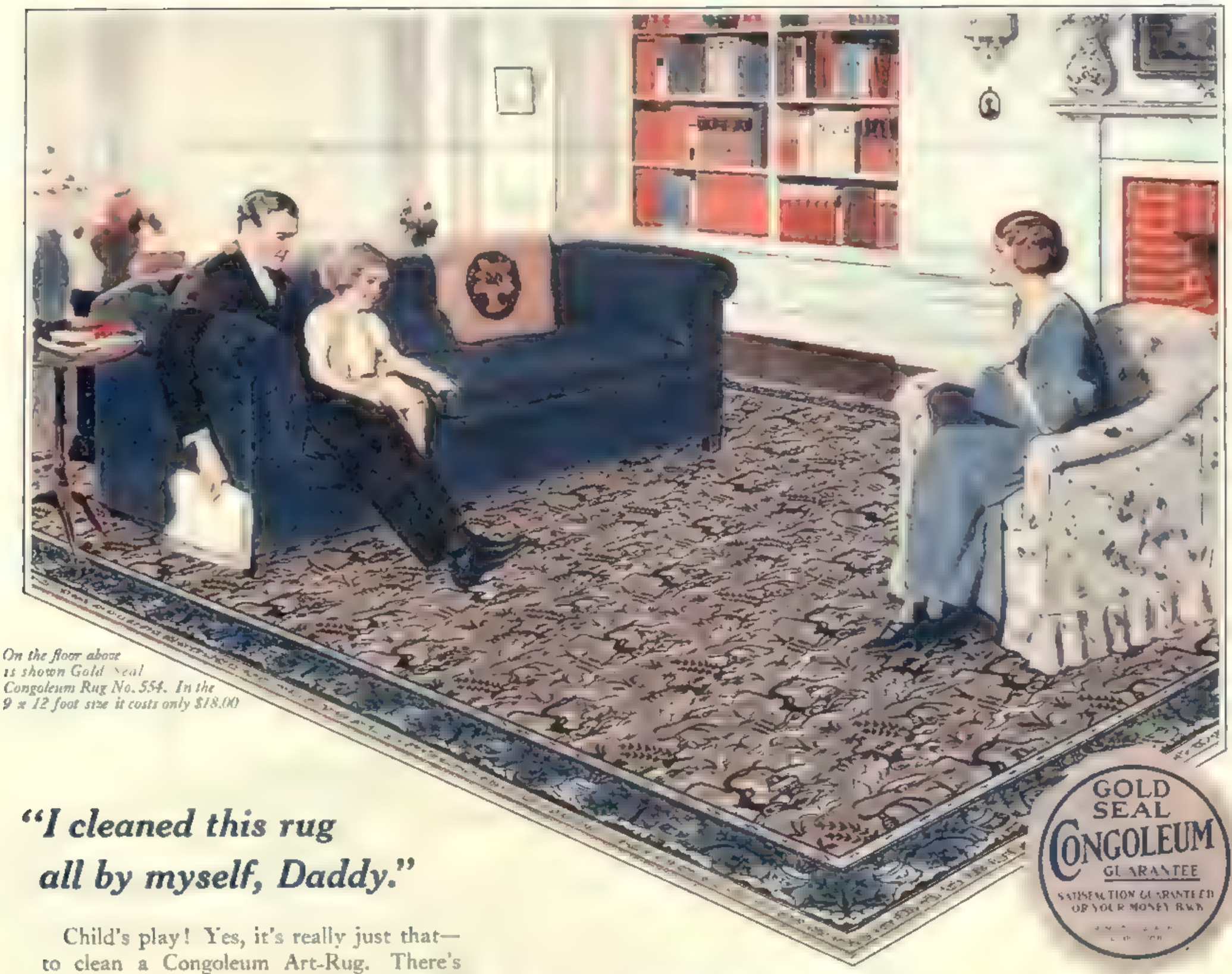
For all cleaning purposes in kitchen and bathroom, use **Sunbrite.** Its double action gets double results—"at a single cost."

Swift & Company

Use Quick Naptha White Soap Chips

for washing clothes, dishes, woodwork and for all household uses. A pure high grade soap in most convenient form. It dissolves quickly, acts instantly and powerfully against dirt yet is mild and harmless on fabrics and hands. Specially good for washing machine use.

Double action
single cost



On the floor about is shown Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 554. In the 9 x 12 foot size it costs only $18.00

"I cleaned this rug all by myself, Daddy."

Child's play! Yes, it's really just that—to clean a Congoleum Art-Rug. There's no tiresome sweeping or beating, for the smooth, waterproof surface has no seams to collect dust and dirt. Spilled things do not stain it. An easy going-over with a damp mop keeps the bright colors spotless.

Many Beautiful Patterns

Beautiful designs in wide array await your choice. Decorative Chippendales, such as Pattern No. 554 pictured above, and deep-toned Orientals for living and dining rooms—charming floral patterns for bedrooms—glistening tile and wood-block effects for kitchen and bathroom.

Require No Fastening

No danger of tripping over ruffled edges either, for these rugs lie perfectly flat on the floor without fastening of any kind.

Be sure to see *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs when you're looking for new floor-coverings.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	1½	x 3	ft.	$ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25	3	x 3	ft.	1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50	3	x 4½	ft.	1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75	3	x 6	ft.	2.50
9	x 12	ft.	18.00				

Pattern in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Important Warning!

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. "Congoleum" is a registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of Congoleum-Nairn Inc. If you want "Congoleum" ask for it by name and don't fail to look for the Gold Seal.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Pattern No. 408

Pattern No. 540

Pattern No. 323

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

(Continued from Page 30)

"And Mrs. Peck specializes in antique help as well as antique furniture," says I. "It looks like somebody had stacked the cards against us, Chita. I can't feature myself gettin' along without seein' you now and then, though."

"Have you worked up all that in an hour, Rusty?" says she.

"In the first ten minutes," says I. "Well, here's another piece startin'. Let's hop to it while we can."

So it's way past one A.M. when I goes to collect Sadie and finds her sound asleep on the back seat of the Pecks' limousine, and it was on the drive home that I discovers I'm off little sunny locks for good. She don't help her case any, either, by snorin' on my shoulder. Somehow I couldn't figure Chita doin' that if she'd been in Sadie's place. No. Most likely she'd been givin' me an earful for leavin' her on the bench all that time. And somehow I like 'em when they can throw off sparks. Same as a motor; if the ignition's good you ain't got much to worry about, but with dead batteries you can't get anywhere. I don't know how many numbers Chita would run on a dash dial, but I bet she'd test high.

For the next few days I did a lot of thinkin' about Miss Chita Callahan, especially as to the way she warmed up durin' that last minute or so of our breakaway. She'd been sort of stringin' me along up to then, blockin' me off every time I tried any pettin' stuff, and turnin' her head quick. But just as I was quittin' she surprises me by droppin' into a reg'lar Romeo-Juliet clinch and holdin' them cherry-ripes up where they could be reached easy. Oh boy! Say, it wan't any amateur performance, either. I ain't broadcastin' the details, but I'll say that when Chita hands you one it's different from bein' pecked on the lips by some old-maid aunt. It's tasty, there's a kick in it, and the flavor lasts. M-m-m-m! I almost passed up breakfast next mornin' so the ham and eggs wouldn't rub it off.

'Course I knew there must be a lot of experience back of an act like that. But what of it? I wouldn't be the de luxe shuffer I am if I was drivin' my first car. Maybe she'd just been practicin' up until I came along. Anyway, there simply had to be an encore, although I couldn't see how it was to be arranged, with thirty-odd miles of hilly road between us. By the end of the week I was restless. I was gettin' fed up on this antique hunt game of the Pecks, I'd had a little private run-in with one of the farm hands, I could look at Sadie with a cold eye. I wanted a change.

Then about Monday, Mr. Peck had a long-distance confab with his office manager in New York, and I gathers that owin' to the state of the bond market he's considerin' cuttin' the season short and movin' back to town, which means city drivin' for me once more, and with the country gettin' more gorgeous every day that don't suit me at all. And just before dinnertime I got a phone call myself. It's from Chita.

"Herman's been fired," says she. "I thought you might like to know."

"Might!" says I. "That's puttin' it mild. I'll hop the early train and be down before breakfast."

Before the afternoon was over I'd rustled up a substitute driver, resigned, and packed my bag. Sure, I got the job. This Mr. Ames Preble is hardly out of bed when I'm in his garage slickin' up the roadster that I judge he uses for goin' back and forth to the mill. There's a new limousine and an old boat of a tourin' car on the floor, too, but I takes a chance on warmin' up the two-seater. So when he finally drifts out the side door prepared to do his own shufferin' he finds the bus waitin' with me behind the wheel.

One of these poddy-built, short-legged gents, Mr. Preble is, and sort of walks on his toes with quite a swing to his shoulders. The kind that rather fancies himself and likes to believe he's an imposin' party. You know, a bit pompous. But discoverin' me got a gasp out of him.

"Well, young man," says he, "who might you be?"

"Rusty Gillan, sir," says I, smooth and polite. "I heard you was lookin' for a new shuffer, and I've reported for a tryout."

"Enterprising, at least," says he.

"I'm no sleep walker, Mr. Preble," says I, givin' him one of my grins.

"But I know nothing about you," he objects.

"Maybe you will after you've run through these, sir," says I, handin' over a bunch of references, includin' one Mr. Peck had written the day before.

"Um-m-m. Yes," says he. "I will look these over at the office. Know the way to the mill, do you?"

I'd got the route plotted out as I came up from the station, even down to which door to land him at, and by the time I brings him home for lunch I'm signed on reg'lar and have been told where to stow my things. Say, but it's some establishment, this Ledgecroft joint. The house is a whale of a shack, part brick and part wood, perched on the top of a hill that not only looks over the whole town but half the county. The lawn slopes down in wide terraces and there are driveways and paths leadin' off through shrubbery, with flower beds and vegetable gardens beyond. It all looks kinda old and settled, as if it had been that way for a good many years, so I suspect that in times past the mill business must have been good, if it ain't now.

Anyway, the Prebles seem to live like money come in easy, for besides the reg'lar inside help—cook and waitress and upstairs girl and laundress—there's a Swede nurse for three-year-old Master Ames II, and for Mrs. Preble there is Chita.

I didn't get so much as a glimpse of Chita until I'd come back from my second trip to the mill with orders to report to Mrs. Preble, and the little party with the vampish eyes comes out to say that the limousine won't be needed until 4:30. And say, in her black costume with the dinky lace apron and the black silk socks she's more of a knock-out than when I saw her at the dance.

"You grabbed off the place, didn't you?" says she. "I didn't think you'd have the nerve to make the shift."

"Then you ain't got much of a line on me yet, Miss Callahan," says I. "Tyin' myself loose from a job is one of the easiest things I do, but when there's a chance to play around with somebody like you I can change so quick it makes 'em dizzy. Tell me, though, what happened to Herman so sudden?"

"Him?" says she. "Oh, he just pulled another of his bonehead acts. He'd had a release coming to him for quite a spell."

"I see," says I. "And now what's the afternoon schedule—shoppin' and payin' calls?"

Chita sniffs. "That's guessing 'em wild," says she. "Say, did you see any places down in that hick dump where a lady could shop, or any houses where Mrs. Preble could call? Say, you ought to get wise who you're drivin' for. Listen, Mr. Gillan; when we go out it's only to take the air, and mostly it's only Master Ames and Olga that goes anyhow. We haven't made up our minds yet about today. Remember, though, the closed car at 4:30."

"Yes, lady," says I, salutin'. "But say, when you're through dustin' the crown jewels and hangin' up the royal robes don't forget that Sir Rusty Gillan waits patient to date you up for another dance."

She runs her tongue out at me and then indulges in a cute little giggle. "I'll let you know when I can get off," says she, skippin' back to the house.

And a few hours later I got my first line on Mrs. Preble as she comes out to see Master Ames and nursie tucked

Honest, I Never Heard Such a Roarin', Smashin' Noise in My Life as Came Boomin' Up and Echoin' Through That Little Coop We Was In

into the limousine. 'Course I'd expected some middle-aged dame, about the same age and weight as the boss; but here comes a dainty young thing with pale gold hair and light blue eyes, and she's as slim and girlish as if she was just out of boardin' school. Nothin' upstagy about her, either.

"You're the new chauffeur, aren't you, Gillan?" says she, soft and cooey. "Well, I am sure you are a careful driver. Be back at 5:30, please. Olga will tell you where to go."

Olga did, and that's about all. My little stabs at pumpin' information about the fam'ly out of her was just so much wasted breath. "Aye dunno, mister," is the longest speech she makes, and as a rule she only blinks.

"Chatterbox!" says I, after the fifth try, and gives up.

But Chita talks enough for half a dozen when she has the chance. She's clever, too, at managin' little meetin's out in the garden, in the servants' dinin' room, behind the pantry door; tippin' me off with a wink or a toss of her head, and pullin' stuff right under the noses of the other help. One of these shifty janes that knows when to take a chance and when not to, and anybody that gets anything on her has gotta have quick eyes. Also, while she seems to be tellin' you all she knows, there's certain subjects that you can't get her to spill a word about. For instance, as to where she hails from and how she comes to be landed up in this mill town.

"Oh, I've been with Mrs. Preble since I was a kid," says she.

"But she ain't any Granite Stater," I goes on. "Talks kinda Southern."

"Maybe she does," says Chita. "There's no law against it."

"She's number two, ain't she?" says I.

"Poor guess," says she. "Ames Preble was an old bach."

She don't mind givin' full details about the boss. Seems he was an only son, and except while he was away at college had always lived here. He'd been brought up in the big brick house and in the mill, seein' hardly anybody but his folks and the office force, and he's grown kinda shy and odd. He didn't like travelin' and he hated to meet strangers, and if he hadn't got acquainted with Mrs. Preble by accident he'd likely have kept on as he started. She came here with her dad for over a week-end, and between Saturday night and Monday mornin' Mr. Preble changed his mind about playin' a lone hand.

"How did he happen to let in outsiders if he was so shy?" I asks.

"Oh, they came to see old Twinkly Pest," says she.

"Old which?" says I, gawpin'.

"The DaPesta chandelier, in the drawing-room," says she.

"That's something I ain't heard about yet," says I.

"You will," says Chita, noddin' wise. "And when you see it first it'll knock your eye out. Oh, it'll get you, like it does everybody else—except me."

"Huh!" says I. "What kind of a poached egg do you think I am, anyway? Whaddye mean, get me?"

"Wait," says she. "You'll be called in some evening when it's turned on, and then you'll know what it's like. And it'll put the spell on you, like it does on everybody else. No, I have to go now." And off she flits.

She leaves me scratchin' my ear, for this talk of hers about something in the big house that could put people in a trance, or next to it, listens sort of nutty. A chandelier, at that! Was she kiddin' me, or what? Not that it worries me any, and so long as Chita seldom makes any such bug-house remarks I passes it over. In fact, I forgot, for durin' that first week or so I tuned up three motors that need it bad, includin' a valve-grindin' job on the old tourin' car; made my reg'lar mill trips, worked in the afternoon drives, started a crap-shootin' tournament down at the fillin' station, and sneaked Chita off to a dance and two movie shows. Within two days I knew every road for thirty miles around, was callin' the chief of police Bill, and could tell who was drivin' the Montreal flyer just by hearin' the whistle. But I hadn't seen any more of the big house than I had that first day. Not beyond the butler's pantry.

I discovers that the Prebles never go out anywhere in the evenin' nor have anybody come to see 'em. They just stay at home. Well, there's room enough, judgin' from the outside, for 'em to circulate around quite a lot and still not go out of doors. All the slant I get on the boss is that he's a radio fan, for when I bring up the late mail and hand it in to Chita I can generally hear him gettin' some station or other. Chita tells me he's got a new six-tube affair and that he's always fishin' the programs for grand-opera music. Well, that's one way of passin' the time, if you don't care what you do.

And then here one night as I come back from the post office Chita tells me to stick around. "I think something has gone wrong with the radio," says she. "Perhaps you can fix it."

In a minute the boss comes out and tows me in, sayin' he wants me to look at the wiring. So I trails along, through the dinin' room across a wide hall, and into a kinda cozy little back room that has a desk in it, and a fireplace, and the walls full of bookshelves. On one side the books have been dumped in the corner and the shelves loaded with storage batteries and dry cells that are hooked up to the shiny new radio outfit on the desk. It's a super-hetro-neutro-plus-ultra, or something of the kind, with more nickeled knobs and detectors than I'd ever seen used before.

"Have you ever done work of this sort, Rusty?" asks Mr. Preble.

"I put in a couple of months assemblin' sets at a plant in Newark once," says I, "but they wasn't as frilly as this. Gone dead, has she? Lemme see, where's your ground?"

It wasn't that. But the positive was all gooed up and two units was nearly bone-dry. I scraped and filed and monkeyed around for half an hour and then tuned in on Springfield, gettin' it clear as a bell.

"There you are, Mr. Preble," says I. "Some set you got here too."

"Thank you, Rusty," says he. "Do you mind keeping on? Try KYW, will you? They have something from Aïda listed for 9:15. You'll find the number on that chart at your left."

I got Chicago kinda fuzzy, but I soon choked off the interference and was gettin' a barytone solo fine. I hands him the headpiece.

"Never mind," says he. "I have an amplifier in the drawing-room. I will listen there."

With that he opens some double doors, turns a switch button, and steps into the next room. I was still twistin' the knobs, so it's a minute or two before I looks out. And say, I nearly fell off the stool. Honest, I never saw a room like that before, except in pitchers. It's a buster, 'most big enough to hold a convention in. Anyway, it runs the whole length of the main part of the house, fifty feet long, I should say, and nearly as wide, with the walls stretchin' up two stories. I bet you could park twenty cars in there and have space above 'em to fly a scout plane in.

And it's furnished some luxurious too—Turkish rugs big as a buildin' lot on the floor, great high-backed chairs that would fit a circus freak, and oil paintin's on the walls wide as billboards. In the middle of one side is an overgrown fireplace with a carved marble mantel that goes up and up until it hits the ceilin'. Then from the center is hung this sparkly glass affair that fills the whole place with light. I just sits and gawps at it.

'Course, by then I remembers what Chita told me. Old Twinkly Pest! Well, it's twinkly, all right. It must be near fifteen feet long and half as wide in the middle, and it's made up of hundreds and hundreds of pieces of glass—rows and rows of danglers, long and short, and ropes of fancy cut pieces draped graceful from top to bottom, every one of 'em shinin' and glitterin' like so many diamonds from the light of dozens of little electric bulbs.

I gotta admit that havin' the combination sprung on me so sudden—the big room, the high ceilin's all decorated arty, and that blazin' chandelier—kinda knocked me for a gool, as you might say. All I could do was sit and stare with my mouth open.

"A trifle loud," I heard the boss say.

"Eh?" says I, still starin'.

"Tone down a bit," says he.

"Oh!" says I, partly recoverin' from my trance.

But I could feel the spell comin' on me. I had sense enough to jigger the knobs until I'd cut down the volume, and then I swings back to gaze at old Twinkly some more. You could see little rainbows in the danglers, and get flashes of green and yellow and purple here and there. It was something like a park fountain with the sun shinin' through, only one hung in the air by cobwebby strands of light. Sort of weird. And somehow it kinda lifts you up, as you watch it, until you almost feel like you was floatin' around yourself. Maybe the music helped some. I dunno. Anyhow, I never had anything get me like that.

It's quite a spell before I notices that Mrs. Preble is in the room too. She's sittin' by the big carved table doin' some kind of fancywork, but she's so slim and little that she's almost lost in that huge room.

Mr. Ames Preble ain't lost though. He's pacin' up and down on one of the great rugs, comin' up on his toes at every step, with his chin out and his shoulders back, as if he was marchin' in a parade. It's a funny thing, but he don't look near so short and poddy as usual. Almost gives you the idea that he's tall. Can a guy think inches on himself, I wonder? Anyway, he seems to be doin' it, and gettin' away with it. I could easy have guessed he was six feet if I hadn't known better.

Well, he keeps me runnin' the concert for near an hour before he lets me sign off, and what with pickin' up different stations—Denver and Mexico City and Havana—and gazin' out at that glowin' chandelier, and watchin' him do his tiptoe parade, I'm kinda dazed like, so it's no wonder when Chita meets me in the back hall she gives me the laugh

"It did get you, didn't it?" says she.

"It was the combination," says I. "But listen; how long has this been goin' on?"

"Oh, years," says she. "With variations, of course. Old Twinkly Pest has always been there, and I suppose Preble has been walking up and down under it since he was a youngster, but he's only been doing it to music since he got married. Used to make Mrs. Preble play the piano for him, nothing but classical stuff, evening after evening, hours at a stretch, until her fingers hurt and her back ached. Then I steered him off on the radio to give her a rest."

"You?" says I. "How?"

"Oh, I got a fellow to come up and demonstrate a set," says she. "He started in with a single-tube affair and now he's got this. It lets her out."

"You're some manager, Chita," says I.

"My job is looking out for Mrs. Preble," says she, "and I don't lay down on it. She did a lot for me once."

"For instance?" says I.

"When I tell you you'll know," says she.

So I asks her about the big room and old Twinkly. "It was his old man that put in the drawing-room when he built over the old house," says she. "The original Ames Preble, who started the mills and almost made the town. A regular guy, he was; no stick-in-the-mud, like this one. Traveled a lot, lived high, and had the house full of company most of the time. And somewhere abroad—I guess it was Venice—he visited in a palace and got sold on one of the rooms, so what does he do but come home and build one just like it from photographs and drawings he had made. Even to the chandelier."

"Must have been some job," says I, "especially when it come to makin' old Twinkly."

"Oh, that was built over there," says Chita. "They had to send three Italians here to put it together. It was fitted only for candles at first, but later on they had it wired."

"It's a knock-out, anyway," says I. "I bet there ain't many like it in the country. And say, what a party you could stage in that whalin' big room!"

"Not for Ames Preble," says she. "He'd climb up the chimney if you did. No parties for him. He just wants to do his solitaire strut."

"That's the part I don't get at all," says I. "What's the idea?"

"That's no miracle," says Chita, "considering it took me nearly six months to dope it out. But it's simple, once you get the clew. He's a shorty, isn't he? Five foot two, to be exact."

"Well?" says I.

"And he's touchy about it," she goes on. "He hates to admit that he's a sawed-off. You see, down at the mill and around the village, he's the whole works. He's the bloated plute, the big boss, and all that. He can give out jobs or take 'em away. He owns the houses his mill hands live in, is president of the bank, owns an interest in some of the stores. A big toad in a little puddle. But he isn't satisfied with playing the part. He wants to look it. So he wears a high-crowned felt hat, has extra lifts put on his rubber heels, and walks on his toes. Just plain silly about it."

"But what about his evenin' parades?" I asks.

"That's where he kids himself," says she. "You'd think that big room with its high ceilings would make him feel smaller than ever, but it seems to affect him just opposite. He swells his chest out as he marches up and down and has that satisfied smirk on his face, as if he was getting a great kick out of just being alive and owning all this. You can see him glancing up at the big paintings and at old Twinkly. What he's really thinking about, Gawd knows, but I bet if I was hooked up to a man like that I'd start something that would take his mind off himself now and then. The old sap!"

There's kind of a hard glitter in them black eyes of Chita's that I hadn't seen before, and the little mouth is a straight red line.

"Goin' sour on the Hon. Ames Preble, are you?" I asks.

"I never had much use for him since the day of the wedding," says Chita. "Know what was the first thing he did after he brought her home? Took her in there and gave her a long spiel about that blessed chandelier—told her where it was made, how many pieces are in it, what it weighs, and how it ought to be taken care of. Say, I believe he's more in love with old Twinkly Pest than he is with his wife."

"Oh, I should doubt that," says I. "But what makes it a pest?"

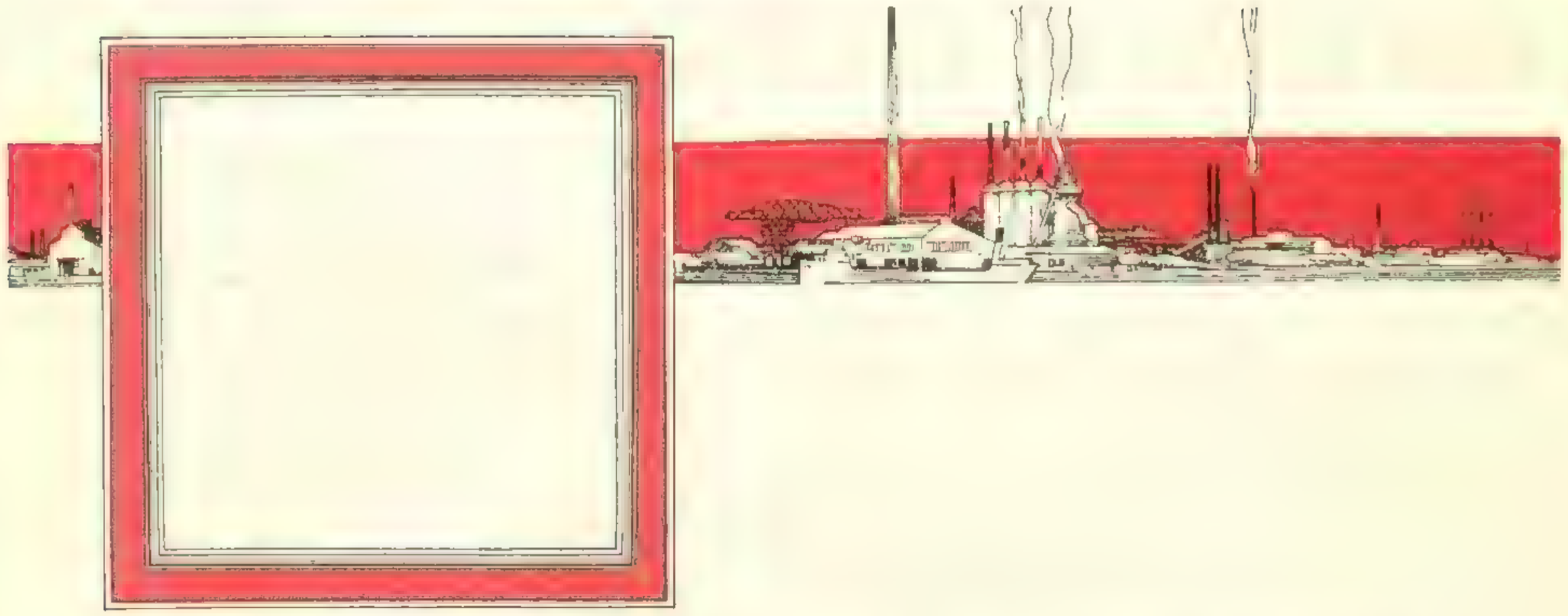
"You'll find out within a week or so," says Chita. "The big suds fest is about due."

That's all I could get out of her at the time. She's a deep one, Chita, and likes to be mysterious. A fascinatin' little jane, though, when she wants to be. Anyway, she had me pretty well hypnotized and kept me guessin' most of the time. 'Course I could see she was usin' me to play around with, but I couldn't get crabby about that. She's some tricky playmate, specially at a dance.

I noticed, though, that she ain't chummy with any of the rest of the help. She tells 'em what Mrs. Preble wants done, crisp and snappy, and that's all. They do it too; but I've seen 'em, when they thought it was safe, givin' her a dirty look behind her back. One of the maids acts like she was just plain scared of her.

Two or three times after that Mr. Preble calls me in as radio operator, and as I watch him doin' his parade past I can't help thinkin' of what Chita had told me. He does look kinda silly. And the first thing I know I've almost

(Continued on Page 56)



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ARE WE OVERSELLING?

By J. R. Sprague

DURING the past year there have been more than sixteen thousand commercial failures in the United States of America. In the same period England and France combined, with a population three-quarters as great as ours, had approximately one-half the number of failures. We are by far the richest nation on earth, collectively and per capita. We are twice as rich as we were ten years ago. Yet in spite of our added wealth our commercial failures show no sign of decrease.

To the ordinary citizen a failure in his home town means little. He sees a notice of bankruptcy proceedings in the morning newspaper, and on his way downtown observes that the smoke has stopped coming out of the chimney of a factory beside the railroad tracks, or that a store on Main Street is closed and the curtains drawn down over the show windows. If the proprietor of the factory or of the Main Street store is a friend, the citizen has a moment of regret, but that is about all. He is sorry for his friend and hopes he may get on his feet again; but it hardly occurs to him that the community as a whole will suffer. The creditors are doubtless wealthy firms in cities far removed from the home town. Whatever loss has been incurred will be balanced by the fact that the ensuing bankruptcy sale will give the home folks a chance to buy things at reduced prices; there is no great loss, he reflects, without some gain.

This may all be true, and the local citizenry may buy some things at bankrupt prices; but nevertheless, every commercial failure brings a distinct loss to the community where it occurs. The owner of the factory or store loses capital that might have been used in building up the town. The local bankers draw in the lines of credit a little tighter. The greatest loss is in the people who have been thrown out of work. The factory may have employed only thirty people or the store half a dozen; but until each one is settled again in a permanent position he is a certain burden on the community. The half dozen or the thirty do not find satisfactory places at once. They drift from one thing to another, their usefulness impaired. A year passes, or perhaps two, before the disturbance caused by the bankruptcy is settled.

Too Much of a Game

IN PREPARING this article I interviewed a great many business men of all classes, asking each this question: "Why does the United States, the richest country in the world, have more failures per capita than any other country?"

Perhaps the most impressive answer came from the president of a great New York banking house.

"We have more than our share of failures in the United States," he said, "because business has become too much of a selling game. It seems to be an obsession with all of us to believe we have got to break last year's record. If a man doesn't go ahead ten per cent every year he thinks he is going backward. This attitude leads to what I call overselling. What the country needs is to break a few less selling records and to create some new records in intelligent economy."

During the past twenty-five years business has been studied in the United States on a scale never known before. Our great universities have established business-research departments. There are national and local credit associations for the purpose of scientizing the giving of credit to the end that commercial failures shall be less frequent. There are two thousand trade associations and other thousands of chambers of commerce, luncheon clubs, city clubs, better-business bureaus—all engaged in the study of scientific business methods. With all these agencies at work it would be reasonable to suppose failures should decrease. But during the past twenty-five years the number of commercial failures has steadily increased. More failures occurred in 1924 than in 1899.

Practically all the men of large affairs whom I interviewed spoke of the overselling mentioned by the New York banker, and alluded to it as one of the prominent causes of many present-day failures. One man who is connected with a number of manufacturing interests put it into the following words:

"During the war and the boom period directly after, a great many manufacturers in my community were encouraged to enlarge their plants, in some cases to two and three times their former capacity. In many cases when normal times returned there was not enough business to keep the enlarged plants going profitably. Then was the time for such a manufacturer to face the fact that he had made a mistake. If, for instance, he happened to be a manufacturer of finger-nail polishers and had equipped his factory to turn out a million finger-nail polishers a day, whereas there was a legitimate demand for only half that number, the part of wisdom would have been to scrap his extra equipment, pocket his loss, and go back to producing half a million a day. But too often the tendency has been for him to try to cover up his mistake by hectic efforts to force the public to buy his million-a-day production whether or not there is a legitimate demand. He hires more salesmen; puts on intensive selling campaigns; urges his dealers to sell nail polishers on the installment plan; organizes propaganda to convince the public that nail polishers and social success are synonymous. His selling costs more than eat up his profits, but he keeps blindly on, hoping sometime to crowd out his competitors and thus have a market for his million-a-day. Eventually he will get to the end of his rope, for an artificially stimulated market has its limits, even in the United States."

The executive quoted above had a story to illustrate his point. One of the most spectacular failures of recent years was that of a large manufacturing organization in his community; like a great many others, this firm had enlarged its facilities during the boom times, and the management could not reconcile itself to the fact that it could not indefinitely continue its boom-time volume of business. The president was particularly averse to acknowledging that a mistake had been made, because it was through his recommendations to the stockholders that the enlargement of the business had taken place. He had come to the presidency through his former success as sales manager; and believing that more and better selling was the cure for all business evils, he proceeded to put into effect a plan to restore dividends to their former proportions.

The company maintained branch offices in all important cities throughout the country, and on a certain date the managers of these offices were summoned to the headquarters city for a get-together conference. It was a conference de luxe, with an entire floor of a leading hotel given up to the branch managers, a banquet with professional entertainers, theater parties and automobile rides, all calculated to inspire a spirit of camaraderie and loyalty to the company. For two days the joy was unconfined; on the third day the branch managers were summoned together by the president for a brass-tacks talk. The transition from the status of honored guests to that of hired men was abrupt.

"The company needs more business," the president told them sternly, "and you men have got to produce it. I don't want to hear any arguments or alibis. I don't want to be told why business is quiet in any of the territories that you have in charge. There isn't any such thing as quiet business to a go-getter. Think of it as sales resistance only, and act accordingly!"

After this stimulating introduction the president proceeded to tell his branch managers what was expected of them.

"Our factory is turning out more machines than are being sold," he said. "There are more than twenty million families in the United States, and among this number you have got to create enough customers to buy our output. I have decided on the number of machines each of you men here must sell in his territory in order to use up the overstock we already have on hand. You are going to have precisely one week to do it. The man who doesn't produce the amount of business assigned to him during that week will have to produce his resignation!"

High-Pressure Salesmanship

CLERKS passed around envelopes to the branch managers, containing the figures in dollars and cents that each was expected to produce during the week of the big drive. A general cry of protest went up, for each branch manager's quota was fixed at a figure equal to the amount of business he had ever done in his best two months! The president would listen to no arguments.

"If any man here," he threatened, "doesn't like the work cut out for him he had better put up his hand right now. It's less trouble to take a resignation at this moment than to send a telegram of dismissal later on!"

Few men are in position to let go of a well-paying job at a moment's notice, and none of the branch managers held up his hand. Then the plan was unfolded in detail. Each of the branch managers was to go back to his post and talk to the salesmen under him in the same strain as the president had talked. The big week's drive was slated for a month later, during which time the salesmen were to visit the retail dealers and use any methods short of physical violence. If any dealer refused to buy the quota assigned to him the salesman was to threaten to take away his sales contract with the company and give it to a rival dealer. Only one concession was to be made to the retailers: In view of the fact that they were called on to make such extraordinary purchases at one time the company would agree to extend them twice the usual time for payment of their accounts. This was done, the president said, to give the dealers a chance to put the machines out on installment payments.

The program went through as planned, and from an immediate viewpoint very satisfactorily to the president. With a few exceptions the branch managers did as they were instructed and jazzed up the salesmen under them by fear of dismissal. On the fatal week the salesmen went after the dealers hammer and tongs. A few of the latter refused to buy in the quantities demanded, preferring to give up their sales contracts, but the majority yielded. These dealers put on extra people to call on the householders of their communities with instructions to force sales at any terms. If a householder could not pay cash down, then he was urged to buy on installments. If he had no money to pay the first installment he was urged to buy anyhow and start paying when convenient.

The week went over with a bang. The factory was cleared of its overstock of machines. Sales resistance had been overcome, the president said, by skillful sales strategy and vigorous attack.

Time to Retrench

BUT a single battle does not make a war, and the end was not yet. Later on, a number of the branch managers quit the company's service, not liking what they had been made to do, or the tone of the president's speech. Some of the individual salesmen quit for the same reasons. It was among the retail dealers, however, where most of the casualties occurred. The go-getter solicitors whom the retailers had turned loose on the people of their communities did their work only too well. They had created a host of enemies by their pushing, impudent tactics and their refusal to take no for an answer. Even in cases where people had been reluctantly talked into buying there were complications. It is one thing to enter into a contract under a go-getter's optimistic urging, but quite another thing to toe the line with the dollar-a-week payment for an interminable period. After a month or so the machines began to be thrown back on the dealers' hands. Many of the dealers were unable to meet their obligations to the factory. A few actually went into bankruptcy. Others threw up their contracts with the company. A year and a half after the big week the factory itself was taken over by its creditors, its business wrecked by the enemies made during its ill-starred attempt to force a market beyond legitimate bounds.

Another recent failure came about through somewhat similar circumstances, though worked by a different method. It was a manufacturing firm in a Western city whose management became so optimistic from the big volume of business given it by the Government during the war that it built a plant with several times the capacity of the original one. About the time the work was finished the production of the country began to catch up with demand, and the firm found itself with the big plant on its hands and not enough business to keep it going.

Then was the logical time for the management to take stock of its affairs and if necessary face the fact that it had made a mistake in its expansion, and write off the loss. But the management could not bear to do this, and instead entered on a campaign to force a demand for its product. Formerly it had employed a corps of twenty road salesmen; now it put more than sixty on its pay roll. Its original business had been confined to half a dozen states, which really constituted its legitimate territory; with its increased force it planned to cover twenty states. To speed up the selling each salesman was furnished an automobile so he could cover his territory more intensively.

These efforts produced more business, but not enough to cover the extra expense. The dealers who were visited every two weeks, instead of every two months, as formerly, merely bought smaller quantities each time. In the new territories far removed from the factory the business secured was at a loss because competing factories were more favorably located.

This situation continued for the better part of a year, the factory constantly losing money, but its management still unwilling to admit that it had made a mistake. At the end of the year, in fact, the mistake was bigger than ever, because to the cost of the overbuilt factory was added the larger human organization. Still bent on smashing sales resistance the management decided on more energetic methods. The new idea was to set up more people in the retail business in order that the factory might have new outlets for its products. As an added weapon for smashing sales resistance it was resolved to finance these new dealers in selling on the installment plan.

(Continued on Page 39)

Foods that delay digestion are often the root of fatigue, lack of energy, actual disease. Foods that digest quickly and easily give you immediately increased vitality and endurance.

These lines show a comparison of the approximate time required to digest the normal hearty meal —and the time taken to digest a dish of Grape-Nuts

Food can tire you out – or *keep you fresh and vigorous*

Why this delicious food makes such a difference in the way you feel

We are beginning to realize that our choice of food on any one day determines more or less the way we feel on that particular day.

But what we do not realize is that our choice of food day in and day out makes a profound and lasting difference to our health.

"The food we are eating today is at the root of some of the most dreaded diseases of our time," leading authorities now agree.

The almost universal fatigue, the nervousness of our daily lives—the lack of vigor that leads gradually to failure and ill-health—is due largely to:

Foods that place too great a burden on our digestive system. Foods that drain our nervous forces and fail to supply our bodies with the very nourishment they need.

Physical vigor and mental driving power, or weakness and inertia . . . you create them day by day with the food you eat.

Food in its most easily digested form

In Grape-Nuts you get the rich nourishment of whole wheat and barley in their most digestible forms. Your system absorbs it without strain and without delay.

Slow-baked for 22 hours, Grape-Nuts has been turned into a substance which the body most readily uses for strength and vigor.

There is no long process of digestion that taxes your nervous forces and wears down your body machinery.

On the contrary, Grape-Nuts actually hastens the digestion of various other foods—foods which, eaten alone, take much longer to turn into nourishment.

This is why Grape-Nuts gives you the physical endurance, the mental efficiency—the actual exhilaration—that comes from a body that is nourished without being clogged up.

Ideal for breakfast or lunch

Grape-Nuts is ideal for breakfast or lunch —because at these times your food must be easy to digest. Grape-Nuts puts no strain on your body when you need all your force and vitality for work—yet it supplies you with the utmost in nourishment to meet the tasks of the day.

FREE—*send coupon for sample packages—enough for 4 servings*

Make this experiment. Try substituting Grape-Nuts for the principal dish which you now eat at one or both of these meals—and notice the result!

If you have never tried Grape-Nuts you will find the taste deliciously different. Its crisp, crunchy kernels—its rich, full flavor—will stimulate your appetite and add a zest to the whole meal.

Two Added Reasons

why doctors and dentists recommend Grape-Nuts

The dentist tells you to "eat more crisp, hard foods" because they alone can keep your teeth and gums healthy.

The doctor tells you that these foods are vital because by chewing them you start digestion in the mouth, where it should start—and avoid countless digestive troubles.

The crisp, crunchy kernels of Grape-Nuts are not only delicious—but their very crispness fills a real need in your diet and helps to offset the disadvantages of the many soft foods we are eating today.

Four sample packages of Grape-Nuts together with booklet of 101 recipes are yours for the asking. Mail the coupon below. The Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. Makers of Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Flakes and Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes)

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc., Dept. S-26
Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me free trial packages and booklet.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State .

If you live in Canada address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, East Toronto Ont

Half of all we eat

should be made up of certain vital food elements called "carbohydrates" (starches and sugars), say the highest authorities today.

They tell us, however, that the ordinary granule of starch is encased in many layers, or sheaves, of indigestible material.

From carbohydrates in that form, we cannot get the vital nourishment we need.

In Grape-Nuts, by a special slow-baking process of 22 hours, this outer indigestible coating is broken down.

This is why Grape-Nuts gives you the vital carbohydrates in a form which is taken up and used by the body immediately.

Grape-Nuts at the same time retains the value of the whole wheat —vitamins, mineral salts, and proteins. Served with milk or cream it makes a balanced ration.

© P. C. Co., Inc., 1924

Baked 22 hours - your body quickly turns it into nourishment

Why drive a shabby car ?

Make sure of the finish before you buy!

IN buying cars many people only consider how long the mechanical parts will "stand up." They take the finish for granted. As a result, at the end of a few months, many of them are driving, to all appearances, old and shabby cars—cars they no longer can be proud of.

The thing to do is to *make sure* of the finish before you buy. If Valentine's Varnishes have been used, you are certain of good looks and long service. A very large proportion of the finest cars today use these varnishes as standard finish.

It is a matter of record that at every Show since automobiles were invented, most of the beautiful, gleaming models have been covered with Valentine's Automobile Varnishes. And it is a well known fact that such cars not only *retain* their beautiful lustre, but also have the highest resale value.

If you made the mistake of not making *sure* of the finish before you bought your car, go to the professional automobile painter near you and let him re-finish it with Valentine's Varnishes.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World — Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast

Postscript

If there is no professional automobile painter near you — or you wish to finish your own car, use Valspar-Enamels, of course. They are heat-proof, waterproof, weather-proof and easy to apply.

VALENTINE'S
Automobile
VARNISHES

(Continued from Page 36)

Accordingly the management advertised broadcast for ambitious men with a little capital to enter the easy and profitable retail field, promising not only to extend them liberal credit to supplement their own capital but also to give them a month's free instruction in storekeeping and to find suitable locations for their activities after they had finished the course of instruction. Inexperience, the advertisements stated, was no bar to success.

In reply to these cordial offers replies came in from a host of ambitious men, some with capital and some without, but all wishing to enter the easy and profitable retail field. The factory opened its school of retailing with more than a hundred paper hangers, street-car conductors, retired farmers and garage machinists as students. Meantime scouts had been sent throughout the country to find suitable locations where the students might open their stores after they should be finished with their thirty-day schooling and were become skillful merchants.

The arrangement with each of these ambitious business men was identical; each was to invest what capital he had in fitting up his store, and the factory supplied him with merchandise to be sold on installments and paid for as the merchant himself got in his payments. The new merchants were, in effect, employes of the factory except for the fact that they drew no salaries beyond what they could earn.

From a purely bookkeeping basis the plan started out well, because the new stores sold goods to the public on smaller payments than ordinary and the factory furnished them with attractively worded window signs such as, No Money Down; This is a Friendly Store—We Trust You; Why Pay a Dollar a Week When You Get the Same Thing Here for Fifty Cents a Week? Business was, in fact, almost too good, because certain elements in every community can always be tempted to buy if the payment is set into the remote future; the new merchants were writing to the factory for more goods before they sent any money to pay for the goods already shipped them. There was another hitch in the fact that the factory's old customers resented the new competition thus set up, and many showed their resentment by breaking off business relations.

An Epidemic of Collectors

AT THE end of the first year's campaign to break down sales resistance the factory management found itself in an embarrassing position. On paper it had made a great deal of money in spite of enormous expense, but unfortunately the profits were mainly in notes given by the graduate storekeepers and in open accounts standing on the books. Extra capital was needed to carry on, and a number of bankers in the home city were called in for a conference. These bankers showed an embarrassing desire to pry beneath the evidence shown by the books and to find out just how solid the profits were. All the accounts and notes were listed as being worth a hundred cents on the dollar and might have been regarded that way by the financiers except for one unfortunate exhibit. In going over the correspondence a letter came to light, written by a former paper hanger turned merchant, in response to a peremptory demand from the factory management that he should straighten out his long past-due account. The letter was written in pencil on a piece of wrapping paper and was as follows:

"It won't do you any good to sue me, because I haven't got anything and I can't collect what people owe me. Installment collectors are so thick around this town that they have to wear badges to keep from collecting off each other."

If the ex-paper hanger had taken a course in authorship instead of storekeeping he could not have written a more convincing manuscript; for on its evidence the financiers were convinced that they could not wisely advance the money to help the big factory continue its campaign to smash sales resistance. The company made an assignment a few weeks later, and its own creditors eventually got twenty cents on the dollar. With a few exceptions all the students of easy and profitable retailing followed their sponsor into bankruptcy.

The astonishing increase in the installment business can hardly fail to be noticed by anyone who takes the trouble to look in the shop windows of any main street in the country. Where a few years ago the person who wished to buy on time payments was limited mainly to articles of necessity, today the dollar-down-and-dollar-a-week method is urged on the public by purveyors of almost every luxury or semi-luxury, ranging all the way from imitation sealskin coats and fancy millinery to pocket flasks and platinum wedding rings.

With legitimate installment selling there can be no quarrel, because the purchaser of a useful article can often make his purchase pay for itself; in such a case it is merely a business investment. But the widest stretch of imagination can hardly conceive a near-sealskin coat or a wedding ring at a dollar a week a business proposition. Even from the seller's standpoint it is weak economics, because there is not only the element of risk, but at best only a temporary gain. The vender who puts out a thousand fur coats on installments this year is merely clogging up his next year's market. The public has only so much money to spend; if next year's income is mortgaged in advance there will be just that much less for next year's buying. Already there are signs that the clogging up is becoming acute. Recently on a walk of two blocks in a small Pennsylvania city I counted precisely eighteen places where luxuries and semi-luxuries were offered on easy terms. More significant was the fact that in the majority of these displays there was no hint of the total cost of any article; customers were solicited on the sole argument of extra long terms; more than half of the venders advertised that their goods could be had on the terms of no money down.

What the banker quoted at the beginning of this article called overselling is little practiced in European countries, where the lack of natural resources makes it necessary that business shall be conducted with a minimum of waste. Talking a few months ago to a French business man I commented on the fact that nowhere in his country had I ever seen a shopkeeper or a mail-order house advertising goods on weekly payments. At first he seemed not to understand and replied that it was easily possible for a responsible person to obtain credit anywhere in France. I explained that credit selling and installment selling are two different things; that the latter ordinarily carries with it an arrangement whereby the vender retains the title to the article sold and can take it back in case the buyer fails to make his promised payments. At last the Frenchman comprehended.

"It surely is a *drôle* arrangement," he commented, "that articles should be sold on credit to people of so little responsibility that one must have a mortgage on the article sold in order to protect himself. One thinks it should not be necessary to have such an arrangement if selling to a person of honorable intentions. And if the person does not possess such intentions he should not be entitled to the credit, *n'est-ce pas?*"

French law, I learned, takes precisely that attitude. The seller has to rely on the buyer's good faith; when an article of value changes hands the title goes with it; which possibly explains why in France there is so little of what we call overselling, and indirectly why the bankruptcy record is so low.

In England the policy of overselling has made as little headway as in France. At the recent British Empire Exhibition a number of English cement manufacturers combined to install a display of their wares and called in a London business expert for advice. The expert went out to the exhibition grounds to see what had been done. He found a remarkable display of cement fence posts, cement poultry houses, cement pigstys and other useful creations, all manufactured in thoroughgoing British style, located prominently in one of the main buildings, and with a frock-coated and spatted gentleman in sole charge. This gentleman, however, was there to play the part of gracious host and not to try to sell anything. A few days later the business expert got the manufacturers together for a meeting.

"You gentlemen have made a good start," the expert said, "but you haven't gone far enough. Do you realize that in your display there is no attempt to sell anything, or even any information that gives the public an idea where it may buy your articles? For instance, I myself might see one of your cement poultry houses and be seized with a desire to own one; but I would not know whether to apply to an ironmonger or an architect or a building contractor to get it for me. You ought to go after the public harder."

Victims of the Joining Habit

THERE was a scandalized silence before a response was made by the chairman of the cement manufacturers, a man whose plant had been running at a loss for more than three years.

"It is our business," he said, "to manufacture cement articles, not to force them on the public. To do what you suggest would be both undignified and uneconomic!"

Which was, to say the least, an ultra-conservative viewpoint hardly in keeping with modern ideas. But in it was the germ of the solid quality that has kept England a great business nation for some hundreds of years, and possibly the reason England has been able to weather the postwar period with few commercial failures. Divorced from natural British inarticulateness the chairman's meaning was that too hectic selling without regard for the public's ability to buy results in the long run only in trouble for the seller and the buyer alike.

At the beginning of this article I spoke of the surprising number of trade associations and other business organizations that have come into being during recent years in the United States. Primarily the business of a trade association or similar body is to see that those engaged in the trade it represents get a fair chance in competition with other trades. As such, it is a valuable ally of business, and economically sound. But such organizations can oversell themselves.

Only recently a surprising failure came to light in a Western city, a wholesale firm operated by two partners who had for years enjoyed a good clientele throughout their state. Various guesses were ventured by the astonished townspeople as explaining the failure; some believed the partners had suddenly become addicted to speculation; others felt sure secret drinking had been going on; one of the local bankers stated it was due to careless banking arrangements; a public accountant held that the failure had occurred because of poor bookkeeping. The hard-headed young man sent out by the New York creditors had still another solution, which was the true one.

Both the partners had fallen victims to the joining habit. One specialized in local organizations, belonging to a couple of business men's luncheon clubs, the better-business bureau, the boosters' association, and most of the local secret orders. The other partner went in more for strictly trade associations, being a member of the Southern counties, the state, the Trans-Mississippi, and the national associations of wholesale dealers in their line. Between them the two partners were paying dues in precisely twenty-six organizations. While the dues amounted to a sizable sum this alone would not have caused the disaster. The real trouble was that the partners were extra enthusiastic members, each wishing to shine in the organizations of his choice. Between them they held office as presidents, grand satraps, members of boards, secretaries, keepers of the keys, sergeants at arms, chairmen of entertainment committees. Besides attending local meetings they were regular attendants at state and national conventions. Engrossed in all these satisfying activities it was no wonder the business of the partners came to grief, for it had to get along the greater part of the time without their personal attention.

The Wrong Kind of Convention

AT NO distant future it may be that every business man in making out his statement for credit purposes will be required to set beside his assets and liabilities a detailed list of his organizations, together with an affidavit as to the number of conventions he has attended during the fiscal year and the offices he holds, if any.

Looking at the organization business in cold blood it would appear that the number already in existence, with their estimated five thousand conventions each year, should be sufficient for legitimate business purposes, but they increase with each month. The demand for organization secretaries exceeds the supply; already several schools exist to train young men for this new and lucrative profession.

There can be no criticism of the legitimate trade association, formed to further the reasonable interests of a particular line of business, but beyond a certain limit such organizations are an unnecessary load on the public. The inveterate joiner depends more and more on his association than on individual effort; as in the case of Federal laws enacted to control purely local conditions, the tendency is to pass responsibility on to headquarters. Mass responsibility and morality are never quite so good as the private brand, even though the former may be bolstered up by the most altruistic sentiments.

Recently I chanced to be present at the closing day's session of a statewide business organization's annual convention. It had been announced as a brass-tacks conference, but the livewire entertainment committee had managed to make things pleasant for the visiting delegates by a theater party at the vaudeville house, a banquet, and a tremendously funny initiation of new members wherein these unfortunates were dressed in chorus-girl clothes and paraded around the lobby of the convention hotel. The last afternoon session was slated to close at five o'clock to allow the visitors to catch the evening trains, but the session was delayed by some impromptu fun with the dressed-up initiates, so it was nearly half past five before a gentleman was allowed the privilege of the floor to present what he said was a very important matter and which would put money into the pockets of every man present if a Federal law could be enacted to put his idea into practice. In a few well-chosen words the gentleman sketched his proposition and demanded that the gathered business men should go on record as favoring it.

Not one man in ten probably had ever given it a thought before, but the hour was late and they did not want to miss their trains. Someone jumped on a chair and moved its unanimous adoption, supplemented by an order that the secretary should write to the state's senators and representatives in Washington demanding their support of the proposition. The motion went over with a whoop.

The delegates went home thinking of the pleasant time they had enjoyed at their convention. The senators and representatives, who later received their letters from the association secretary, could not know that the passing of the resolution had been mixed up with a funny initiation and a wild scramble for trains. The letters were written on the stationery of an important business body and bore the names of men influential in their home communities. To the lawgivers it was nothing less than an order to support an important matter that those who gave the order had treated with less consideration than any one of them would have accorded to the hiring or firing of an office boy.

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The Straight and Narrow Path

"You Owe Me Nothing, as I Told You Before. I've Cured You and You've Paid Me and I Never Take a Penny Beyond My Regular Charge"

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE officer could hardly be blamed for his suspicious attitude, and Jerry didn't blame him, so far as that went, but thought that he might have spoken more civilly. At the time, Jerry didn't look much like the son and heir of a belted earl—which he wasn't—nor did he even resemble the million dollars to which an acquaintance had quite recently likened him. You never can tell about the cloth that they put into the niftiest suits, even when you pay the price. They may say that it is shrunk before tailoring, and, moreover, shrunk by a special and highly scientific process that renders further shrinking impossible—but is it?

If you had taken a cursory slant at Jerry's attire on that sunny December afternoon you would hardly have noticed its fashionable fashioning, its silken buttonholes or its satin lining; the classy pattern, the squarely cut vest and pleated trousers would have been lost on you. You would have been most particularly impressed by the network of wrinkles wherever the fullness of Jerry's not too robust form did not render wrinkles absolutely impossible, and the pattern would have been obscured by the muddy stains of the pool beside the railroad track, into which Jerry had rolled or been whirled by force when he had so abruptly left the train. Then the collar that Jerry wore was not properly a collar, but a soiled string attached to a shirt equally soiled and held together in front by a derision that once had been a cravat to inspire admiration and envy. No, you couldn't blame the officer for his point of view, however much you might criticize his manner and mode of address.

"What's the big idear?" he demanded, almost ferociously. It is one of the many indications of intelligence and the inquiring and receptive mind in police officers that they are always seeking ideas, and of the colossal kind.

Jerry was not easily ruffled and he had a certain respect for the minions of the law if not for the law itself; but this particular minion, a raw-beefy person with a protruding neck, annoyed him excessively. Something in the man's personality grated. Nevertheless, Jerry answered him mildly, concealing his distaste with a smile that should have been winning.

"I fail to catch your exact meaning, officer," he answered, with his natural politeness. "I am a stranger in your beautiful little city, to which I was attracted by a sign at its limits that bade me welcome and ——"

"Cut th' comedy and git th' something outa here!" interrupted the officer with an imperative gesture. "Don't you believe in signs. You'll see another one, straight on about half a mile along this street. It says, 'Thank you! Come again!' But don't you believe it means you. Git that? On your way!"

He pointed with his truncheon, and then, to emphasize his direction, lowered that staff of authority and with it poked Jerry ungently in the ribs. Jerry at once forgot his natural politeness and even his normal discretion.

"You big slob!" he cried, and clenched his fists.

Murder for an instant looked out from his bright black eyes. It was a very foolish thing to say, and the threatening motion was equally injudicious, but Jerry was not entirely himself. An old saw has it that it is ill talking between a full man and a fasting, and while the guardian of the peace had a well-fed look, Jerry had fasted for nearly eighteen hours, during which other unpleasant things had happened whose cumulative effect resulted in a sort of brain storm. The officer may have been too dull witted to recognize this condition, but he had heard the opprobrious "slob" and his action was instant. One of his enormous hands shot out and gripped Jerry's collar inescapably.

"You sanguinary shrimp," he growled, "I'll take you in after all."

A vigorous shake and another poke in the ribs brought Jerry to his senses. There was no use struggling against fate. The big slob had him and it was probably the hoosegow for his. If the jay Simon at the desk said thumbs down and they sent the prints to New York—there was a New York label on the coat of the shrunken suit—there might be trouble. If anything had been pulled off within a hundred miles of this burg, they would hang it on him sure. Jerry believed firmly in his star, but it had been very much in the wrong conjunction of late and it looked as if the best he could hope for was thirty days making big uns into little uns. Consolation came in the thought that they would feed him, but a further thought of the quality of the food nauseated him.

"Easy with the gad, officer," he remonstrated. "I'll walk along quiet."

"You will," replied the officer grimly, "or you'll lay quiet until the ambulance comes and takes you to the hospital."

"And I want to apologize for what I said in the heat of the moment," Jerry continued wheedlingly. "I ought to have taken your advice and beat it. I will now, if you'll be a good guy and turn me loose."

There was gathered a fair-sized accompanying crowd by this time. In the street, close to the curb, a loaded truck slowed down and its driver gazed at the little procession with the keenest interest. Jerry realized that even if it had been possible to wriggle from that inexorable clutch on his collar the chance of a get-away was too remote to consider.

"Be a good guy and turn me loose," he pleaded.

"We'll turn you loose on the rock pile," replied the officer, thereby confirming Jerry's sad anticipation.

But deliverance comes at times when least expected. They turned a corner on a street with a steeply descending grade, along which came a flivver driven by an elderly woman who had a good share of the curiosity of her sex—and the other sex. The truck driver proceeded on his way but still slowly and with his head turned for one last lingering look. There came a dull sudden thud, a crash of wood, metal and glass, a shrill scream and an outburst of bass profanity. The woman half jumped, half fell from the wreckage and sat down in the road, whooping continuously, the truck driver tumbled on hands and knees beside her, and the policeman, relinquishing Jerry, ran to the victims of the disaster, followed by the crowd. As for Jerry, he had no curiosity. Finding himself deserted by the fickle mob he faded from the scene.

THANK YOU!
COME AGAIN!

It had taken something like half an hour to confront Jerry with this neat black-and-white sign, but he had made

(Continued on Page 43)

Some people have *funny ideas*

What do *you* think Carnation Milk is like?

Do you think it is "thick as molasses in January"? *It isn't.* Do you think it is syrupy sweet? *It isn't.* Do you think it makes food taste "different"? *It doesn't.* Do you think something is "put in" to make it keep? *There isn't.* Do you think some of the food value is taken out? *It isn't.*

Pure milk in a modern package—that's all

Carnation Milk is just pure, rich milk with part of the natural water content taken out by evaporation.

All the food value of full-cream milk is left in. No artificial sweetening or other preservative is added.

Each can is hermetically sealed and sterilized to keep its contents pure, sweet, and utterly safe.

This is the *insured* milk which experts recommend for all cooking, because its creamy richness imparts such uniformly fine flavor and texture to milk dishes.

It is the double-rich milk which many households enjoy in coffee and on fruits and cereals—at a fraction of the cost of cream.

Why not try it yourself and see? You *will?* Fine! Call up your grocer today and ask him to send you half a dozen cans of this rich, wholesome, convenient, economical milk. We know you will like it.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
132 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin
232 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash. · New York · Aylmer, Ont.

You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

© 1925, Carnation Milk Products Co

-It's Ripe Tobacco!

THAT'S WHY A BAYUK CIGAR IS SO GOOD

AS A SMOKER, you are entitled to Ripe Tobacco. It is tobacco at its best. It makes the finest cigars, the best smoking.

You wouldn't eat an over-ripe apple. Nor one that's under-ripe. You know that when an apple has just come to ripeness, its taste is delightful. So it is with tobacco.

The crop first must measure up to the very strict requirements of Bayuk. Then selection must be careful, when the tobacco is harvested. It is impossible for all leaves on any stalk to come to ripeness at the same time.

The top leaves, the last to grow, are under-ripe. Blackish green and rank, they would make heavy, bitter smoking. Bayuk discards them.

The bottom, or sand leaves, first to grow, are over-ripe. They never would cure properly and would make poor smoking. Bayuk discards them, too.

The middle leaves have been rightly placed twixt sun and earth. Ripe perfection, they are the leaves for Bayuk.

It's ripe tobacco only in Bayuk Cigars. Insist on cigars of ripe tobacco. Insist on Bayuk Cigars.

Practically every dealer can supply you with Bayuk Cigars. If he hasn't the brand you desire, write for Trial Package, but try your dealer first. Retailers desiring name of nearest wholesale distributor, please write us.

RIPENESS

"Gee, Dad, this apple certainly tastes great."

"Its ripeness makes it good, sonny, just as the ripe tobacco in my Bayuk Cigar makes it taste so good. You stick to ripe apples, just as I stick to ripe tobacco."

Havana Ribbon
An exclusive blend of domestic tobaccos with imported Sumatra Wrapper.
2 for 15c
Trial Package 10 for 75c

Bayuk Philadelphia Hand Made
Ripe domestic filler, Imported Sumatra wrapper, Mild, Smooth, Uniform. A friendly cigar.
10c
Trial Package 10 for $1.00

Mapacuba
Ripe Havana and domestic tobaccos, Sumatra wrapped. Fragrant but Mild.
2 for 25c. Also 15c and 10c sizes
Trial Box 10 for $1.25

Charles Thomson
Guaranteed Ripe Long Filler and Genuine Imported Sumatra Wrapper, Pre-War Quality.
5c
Trial Package 25 for $1.25

Prince Hamlet
The Guaranteed Full Havana Filler Cigar. Delightful Bouquet.
3 for 50c. Also 15c and 2 for 25c sizes
Trial Package 10 for $1.50

BAYUK CIGARS INC.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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a long detour to reach it and had prudently avoided any appearance of haste. He took time now to pause and contemplate this courteous acknowledgment of his visit to Higgboro.

"The pleasure's all yours," he murmured. "But if I do come there's going to be a headline in the paper.

" — I sought this glen
In peace, but when I come agen
I come with banner, brand and bow
As leader seeks his mortal foe."

It was little Miss Margaret Devine at the Macdougal Street Settlement who had put him wise to that dope. Besides giving him a taste for literature that had abided him through the years, she had mighty nigh ruined his career at its very outset. If she hadn't married that four-eyed guy and left the Settlement she might have put him, Jerry, permanently on the path that leadeth to the time clock and ultimately an income of maybe two thousand bucks per annum, steady, or some big money like that. Chee, it had sure been a narrow escape! But she was a peachy little lady, despite her finicky ideas, and Jerry had the copy of The Lady of the Lake that she had given him one Christmas in his room on Fourth Avenue at this minute.

He smiled wanly as he looked at the road before him. In a sense, it was a pleasant prospect—"deep waving fields and pastures green with gentle slopes and groves between," to quote the poet again. Only the fields were now stubble, golden in the wintry sunlight, and the green had departed from the pastures. The prospect of getting a full meal and any bed more agreeable than a haymow or the lee of a stack was decidedly slim. Then Jerry's tastes were urban. It would be a measly sort of a burg in which he could fail to obtain at least the necessities of life, if not its luxuries.

Even in this hamlet of Higgboro he could have picked up something, if that pediculous policeman had let him alone. He had counted on that. Whereas here were thirty weary miles of rotten road, dotted with the dwelling places of churlish, grasping, inhospitable hicks, between him and Wogan, the not inconsiderable city where Dumb-bell Dan awaited him. Good enough for him! He deserved it. As if li'l' old New York wasn't good enough for him, with occasional excursions into Westchester and Long Island any time he craved country quiet and profitable employment combined! What was Cleveland to him or he to Cleveland, granting that the Cleveland operation with Dan had been successful? He had had to get back, hadn't he? And to get back he had found it necessary to traverse leagues of solitude overgrown with vegetation between towns, on a train where an innocent young yegg had no protection against unscrupulous card sharps and strong-arm guys; trains that ran day and night through nothing but scenery, and bum scenery at that! No more of 'em for Jerry. A trip of an hour or such a matter out of the Grand Central or the Pennsy was all right; you knew your ground. But this mad itch for travel and exploration of the sticks, the wanderlust that had induced him to yield to the Dumb-bell's persuasion—never again! Cured! Old Doc X. P. Rience—pay as you go.

But his luck would carry him through. Only the luckiest of guys born under the luckiest kind of a star would have got so far. It had been luck that the lunger had let him go in the prelim. The Cleveland job had been pure bull-headed luck, carefully as Dan had planned it, and Dan's sobriquet of Dumb-bell was merely ironic. The dump had been wired for fair and there had been a couple of wagon-loads of bulls around it. But he and Dan had made the get-away clear and split the loot before they themselves split, to meet at Wogan.

Two grand per each, besides the bundle of papers—securities negotiable or otherwise among them—which Dan carried, and Dan wasn't dumb-bell enough to let any big-mitt push get any of his. A hot blush of shame suffused Jerry's cheek at this thought.

But Dan was a true pal and a square shooter. That was lucky. Luck would take him to Dan right side up and his troubles would be over. Too bad though! With that two grand, if it had been acquired within a reasonable distance of Broadway, he, Jerry, would have been on top of the world by this time, with common ordinary sports and spenders enviously watching him through field glasses. Nor would he have been alone on that proud eminence. Little Bessie would have been hooked onto his good left wing, maybe, sharing his splendor. But it was not to be not yet, that is.

He sighed. It was not hard to visualize the kid; he could shut his eyes and see her plainly any time. But not on this rotten road, without breaking a leg or something. Maybe he wouldn't have blown that two grand in the way that first suggested itself to him. He might have retired from his present profession and gone into a safe, honest grift that he could tell Bessie about without shame bootlegging, maybe. With ordinary luck, the luck that never failed him in the long run, the luck that those birds didn't crack his bean before they pushed him off the train, the luck that had provided the pool for him to fall into, the luck that had brought the flivver into collision with the dray and delivered him out of the hands of the oppressor—with all that luck, even on a shoe string, little Bessie might well have been the bootlegger's bride, if things hadn't gone wrong

"Well, it might have been worse, and it's all in a lifetime," he soliloquized. "I've always noticed that before it gets to the worst something is bound to happen for the best. Am I downhearted? No, a thousand times no! I'm glad, glad, glad! Pollyanna hadn't got not nothing on me."

Much to his credit, even if there was a large percentage of bluff in the statement. The might-have-been-worse philosophy is sound enough, but only so far as it goes. It could always be worse; but in Jerry's case misfortune seemed to have established a tolerably fair record during the two weeks past. It began when Gabe the Wop came to him in Hooly-Dooly's speak-easy and steered him onto the Moorcrest fiasco. They had one or two together, with a beef on rye, pleasant and friendly and sociable, Gabe particularly so. Gabe had expressed regret for the slight misunderstanding they had had at the Winter Garden the previous Friday night, when Jerry had spread his handsome Etruscan conk over on his cheek bones. He hadn't understood that the lady was with Jerry, but he hadn't meant no offense. What he meant, he didn't want Jerry to think that he meant what he said and he didn't blame Jerry. Did Jerry make him?

Jerry made him. After all, Gabe was a good little guy, for a wop, and didn't hold no grudge. And they said he was a wiz with a jimmy.

So they had another together, and then Gabe sprung this Moorcrest plant, just to show he had no hard feelings. It was a pipe, Gabe had told him. Nothing to it! Honest, it seemed a shame! Gabe drew it off on Dooly's sandwich card.

"Here's d' porch, see? It's screened an' dey lock it secure at nights with a hook, so's d' mosquitoes ain' got a chance in d' worl'. You unhook it an' walk around to d' window which has got a burglar-proof catch that you'll have to open with a case knife if you don' wanta break-a d' glass or spoil d' paint with a jimmy. Here's d' stairs, and here's d' room where dey keep it—under d' bed. Don' knock over d' bureau or fire off no cannons or you might wake d' ol' woman. She's deaf, but you don't want to take no chance, even if it ain' but one in a million. You can whistle a tune while you work if you like; dat won't hurt nut'n."

But Jerry, nevertheless, was somewhat leery

"What's the catch?" he asked. "Why don't you do it yourself if it's so good?"

"The Weather is Indeed Inclement, But You Have Yourself to Blame for Being Exposed to It"

"Ain' I tellin' you?" Gabe answered. "Dey're lookin' for me. Hooly jus' tipped me off. It's me for Pittsburgh until d' trile's over, an' dat may take a coupla mont'. I sure hate to pass it up, for it's d' slickest one-man proposition I ever seen. If you don' want any of it, I turn it over to Squatty Simms."

"It's my meat," declared Jerry. "Gimme that card."

So he had gone down to Moorcrest that night and found the place with no trouble at all, although it was darker than a stack of black cats. A wind straight from Medicine Hat blowing too, and now and then a flurry of snow. A dandy night! Just unpleasant enough to keep people indoors where they belonged. Jerry didn't realize how unpleasant it was until he left the car parked in a lane off the paved road and started to walk to the house without his overcoat. He found the door of the screened porch, according to directions, thrust a wire through the screen and unhooked it and was quietly raising the sash of the window when there came the click of a switch and he turned at the sudden illumination and looked at a little round black hole about the size of a dime with a wide-open blue eye squinting over its upper rim.

"You seem to be a man of quick perception and ready action," said a husky conversational voice. "Not at all necessary to tell you what to do with your hands, is it?"

"Not the least in the world," replied Jerry. "I hope I can size up a situation when I'm up against one as hard as I am now." He shifted his fascinated gaze from the muzzle of the automatic sufficiently to observe that the owner of the wide-open blue eye above it was a pale-faced gentleman, lying on a white-enameled hospital cot beside which stood a table holding a glass water pitcher and tumbler and some books. The light came from a reading lamp which was clamped to the back of the cot, and a cord with a call button dangled over the top rail to the pillows on which this person had propped himself. "I don't carry a gat myself, though," Jerry added. "I'm not bloodthirsty and I don't like to put anybody in an uncomfortable position."

"I'll relieve you in a moment," said the pallid gentleman. "Sit down in that chair there. That's right. Now you may lower your hands to your lap, keeping them clasped and bearing in mind that I can plug you ten times in two seconds and your most vital spots if you venture to unclasp them before I give you permission. There! That's better, isn't it? Now we're all cozy and comfortable."

"You may be," said Jerry, shivering. "I'm too cold for comfort though. If I had an eider down or two and a few blankets I'd be considerably cozier than I am this minute. I was just hoping that I should find your house steam-heated."

"Hot water," the gentleman on the cot informed him. "The weather is indeed inclement, but you have yourself to blame for being exposed to it. I infer, of course, that you are a burglar."

"I'm a boob," declared Jerry bitterly, thinking of Gabe the Wop.

"Oh, no!" said the gentleman on the cot politely. "I'm sure you do yourself injustice. Well, I'm sorry that I can't invite you into the house or offer you any cover. If I rang the bell my nurse would come and she would probably insist on calling the police, thereby depriving me of your society. Women are impulsive, and when they are nurses they are particularly opposed to a man's enjoying himself. I'm enjoying myself now."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Jerry sarcastically. "But if your house is heated, why ain't you in it?"

"Ah, there we come to the nub of the thing," the other responded with great animation. "I'm what is vulgarly called a lunger and I'm taking the open-air cure. I've been here on this porch ever since the blithesome little birds caroled welcome to the spring and —— No, there's nothing within your reach that you can throw and I'm still holding my—gat, did you call it?—under the quilt. Don't make any rash movements, I beg. I was going to say that I have gained twenty-five pounds and lost every corn I ever had, including one very painful bunion."

"Fine and dandy!" Jerry commented. "And now won't you please call for your nurse or the police or fire department? I'd prefer the fire department if they brought the engine along."

"All in good time," the invalid assured him. "All in good time. I want to talk to you first. I rarely get a chance to talk unless I indulge in soliloquy. You see, when the weather was fine through the summer my friends dropped in quite often and sat down and let me tell them all about my symptoms, but, like the leaves, in the fall they dropped off one by one, so that now I hardly see anybody but the doctor, and he hasn't time to listen to symptoms. Now this is all new to you and I know you'll be interested. You might have it yourself some day, you know. As nearly as I can see at this distance, you have the true consumptive's finger nails. They need manicuring, too, if you'll excuse me. Then you are rather flat-chested. I'd like to take your temperature."

"You'd find it about thirty degrees below zero," said Jerry.

"With me, it began in the apex of the right lung," said the invalid, with unction. "From there it spread rapidly until the whole organ was more or less involved. I developed a hacking cough and became so emaciated as to be a mere skeleton. I had a temperature of a hundred and three at one time. My life was despaired of."

"Then a friend advised you to try old Doc Dingo's double compound of wood alcohol, aniline, quinine and turpentine," Jerry suggested derisively. "You took two bottles and then took to your bed where you now are. Brother, I'm freezing. I'm glad if you're getting cured, if you think you are, but I'd take it as a favor if you'd write me a letter about it instead of telling me now. It's all of two o'clock in the morning and you ought to be asleep. I can't hardly hold my eyes open. I'll bet the doctor wouldn't approve of this a-tall."

"How Do You Make Your Money, Jerry?"

"Never mind about the doctor," said the other remorselessly. "I want to tell you what it was restored me to comparative health. Milk and eggs, olive oil and open air. I swallow six raw eggs and drink two quarts of milk and a quarter of a pint of olive oil every day between meals. If it hadn't been for that and the fresh air I'd have been dead long ago."

"There's no accounting for tastes," remarked Jerry with a shudder. "Personally, I'd sooner be dead than fill myself up with any such as that."

"You wouldn't," the invalid contradicted. "You'd get interested in your case, as I am. My temperature is now nearly normal and my pulse entirely so. I can sit in an armchair for an hour or two without undue fatigue and I am promised a little more exercise than the limits of this porch afford as I continue to improve. Now I want to tell you a little about the nature of this disease, which differs widely in various cases. The symptoms ——"

Jerry lost consciousness at this point. The drowsiness that comes upon unfortunates lost in a snowstorm, before they lay themselves down in a drift to sleep eternally, had seized him.

How long the blissful oblivion lasted Jerry could only guess by a faint light in the east that might have been the false dawn. He perceived that after the book hit him on the head.

"I believe you've been asleep for the last half hour," said the invalid reproachfully. "Now look here, if I let you go now will you give me your professional word of honor to return tomorrow night—or perhaps I should say tonight?"

"I will not," Jerry answered firmly. "Shoot if you will at my old gray head, but I'm no visiting nurses' association. Shoot! I'm going anyway."

He arose stiffly. His host made no attempt to stop him, but only stifled a yawn beside his automatic, and then tucked the weapon beneath his pillow.

"Sorry you can't stay longer," he said courteously. "Perhaps you'll change your mind though. Take care of the steps! I'll keep the light until you are safely down them. Good morning—and remember that you will always be welcome."

Jerry found something in the pocket of his overcoat that enabled him to drive the car home. He slept the clock around and got up after that refreshment to search for Gabe the Wop in his accustomed haunts. Without success, however, which was lucky for Gabe, for Jerry broke his rule and carried a gat with him on the hunt.

The sun was sinking behind a dark cloud bank in the west, Jerry was sorry to notice. It was time to think about supper and a lodging for the night. There was a house in sight over the rise of the next hill and smoke was proceeding from its chimney. Fire and food, that meant—for somebody. At the moment, Jerry was fairly warm with the exercise of walking. The comparative mildness of the past two days was only another instance of his luck, and the sun brightened things too; but with the sun down and perhaps another change in the weather, a cold drizzle or snow, the shelter of a jail might yet become a thing to be desired for a short stretch. It would have been a long one if they had nabbed him at Cleveland. A lucky get-away, Jerry called that. Sure was!

And with two grand in his kick! Boy, if only he had hung onto that roll! He had certainly been the prize come-on. Those big-mitt birds on the Pullman from Cleveland had looked like the real thing to him, and he had flattered himself that he looked like the real thing to them. They had had the drawing-room on his car and were just throwing dollar bills at the porter. A friendly little game with a fifty-cent limit at the start, and after that ——

It was the hooch that had made him put up the holler, and it was the hooch that kept him playing long after he had discovered that he was in a crooked game. If he had not pulled that bone, making them think they were due for trouble at the first stop, they wouldn't have followed him out on the platform of the observation car, where he had gone for a breath of cold air to cool his heated brow.

"It was just a joke, my dear feller," the big guy had said. "Of course we had no intention of keeping your money, had we, boys?"

And the next thing the arm that was across his shoulder in such a friendly way shifted to his throat and tightened in a strangle hold, while the two other guys frisked him and helped throw him off the car. But for that foolishness, he would have been at Wogan a couple of hours later with at least the four ten-case notes that had been tucked away in his vest pocket and his suitcase. Well, when he and Dan got that paper sorted out there might be another good-sized wad to split.

"Post-mortems never helped any guy much," Jerry muttered as he mended his pace. "There's nothing between me and Dan but a little time and distance, and somebody's liable to come along and give me a lift in his limousine. When I get back to li'l' old New York I won't have lost much but my kit of tools. I wonder what Bessie's doing."

He reluctantly dismissed Bessie from his mind ten minutes later to consider the house that he was approaching. It was trimmer, neater and newer than the common run of roadside farmhouses. It had evidently been painted within the past two or three years; the shingles of the roof were flat and even and stained green; one panel of the porch was latticed and interlaced by a now leafless vine; an earth-filled washtub, festooned with Wandering Jew and bristling with geranium stalks, had its staves painted alternately green and white and was balanced on a sawed stump in the center of a patch of yellowing lawn. It must

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BODY by FISHER

Fisher's recently-announced coach bodies are a powerful influence toward the fast-increasing popularity and dominance of the enclosed car. They not only demonstrate Fisher superiorities, but are priced at figures that make the closed-car temptation even harder to resist. Supplied on the chassis of seven different makes of cars.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

FISHER BODIES

(Continued from Page 44)

have looked pretty nifty before the frosts. Behind the house were the big red barn and the outbuildings and close to them a stack yard.

"Well fixed!" was Jerry's thought.

Standing before the gate of the picket fence, he could see no human being about the yard or barns, but a large mongrel dog lay on the porch, growling tentatively. Jerry didn't mind dogs as a general thing. He had a way with them that he had cultivated as a matter of business. He laid a hand on the gate and opened it, and the dog instantly sprang up and ran to meet him, barking ferociously. Jerry walked up the path without a sign of hesitation or so much as a glance at the beast, which, disconcerted by this indifference, fell in behind him, sniffing critically, but not even growling. The front door opened and a comfortably stout but hard-faced middle-aged woman appeared in the opening. She wore a clean gingham dress and a violently violet sweater and owlish horn spectacles, through which she surveyed Jerry with marked coldness. Jerry raised his hat with an air. His hat had escaped the pool and was quite a creditable sky piece.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said in his softest and most ingratiating tone. "Will you be kind enough to tell me if I am on the right road to Wogan?"

"Wogan!" answered the woman. "Huh! Well, I suppose you are, but the first place you'll come to is Pendleton. You can ask again there." She began to close the door.

"One thing more, ma'am, if you please," said Jerry quickly. "I notice that you've got a well at the back. Would there be any objection to my gettin' myself a drink? I don't think you'll miss what I take, although I certainly am dry." He smiled as he said this for fear that she might take him seriously.

"Go ahead and drink all you want," said the woman, but in no hospitable tone.

The door swung and closed with a snap. Jerry went back to the well, let down the iron-bound bucket and drew it up brim-dripping. A tin cup stood on the curbing and he filled it and drank with marked moderation and then filled a shallow earthen dish for the dog. As he did this, he became conscious of espial from the kitchen window and he carefully rinsed the cup and replaced it. He then went to the kitchen door and knocked. The same woman opened it.

"I couldn't leave without thanking you for that delicious drink," said Jerry, with his brightest smile. "I certainly needed it."

"You didn't drink much," said the woman.

"No," replied Jerry. "To tell you the honest truth, ma'am, I was more hungry than I was thirsty; but a person can stand going without food as long as he can get water to drink. Some of these fasters and hunger strikers stand it over a month without eating, and so far it hasn't been over twenty-four hours since I took nourishment. They say the first few days are the worst. Anyway, I guess I can go a while longer if I have to, now that I've had that drink, thanks to your kindness, ma'am."

He had been watching the woman's face closely for some sign of interest or relenting, but her expression remained grim as ever. Sighing pathetically, he bowed, and turning away, resumed his hat. It was a singularly sad departure, for through the half-open door he had seen a cookstove upon which was a pan of fried ham that mingled its own delectable odor with that of coffee freshly made. Jerry's mouth watered, but he had his own pride, and to beg for food outright, he was ashamed.

"Are you hungry enough to eat bread?" asked the woman.

Jerry's smile was radiant as he faced about.

"Honest, I'm hungry enough to eat your dog, ma'am," he replied.

"Then wait there for a minute," said the woman, and shut the door.

Jerry controlled an impulse to execute a double shuffle of delight. You never could tell about these dames. This one had a heart, but naturally she had to be careful about strangers, alone in the house. Some of these bums might come along with their coarse work at any time, and how was she to tell? Wasn't he the lucky guy! When things got to looking bad something always happened for the best before it got to the worst. Ham! Hot coffee! Boy!

The door opened.

"Here, take this, and don't stop to eat it here—not unless you want my husband to catch you. If he sees you, you'll have sore bones—and he'll be along any minute."

Jerry took the heel of stale bread that she thrust at him.

"Is your husband jealous of you?" he asked impudently. "I shouldn't think he would be."

"You "

She flounced about, her face scarlet and wrathful. Jerry had a sort of presentiment that he acted upon instantly. Even so, the missile, whatever it was, hurtled by his head not a yard away before he had turned the corner of the house. He was well on his way to Pendleton before the woman arrived at the gate, but he could hear her trying to induce the dog to take up the chase. Then the sounds died away.

"You're a gentleman—I don't think," Jerry told himself reproachfully. "You're a grateful guy—like heck you are, insulting a lady who had just given you food when you were hungry! She didn't have to give you anything, did she? Pity her husband didn't come along right then and beat you up!"

He was truly ashamed of himself. Still, the disappointment had been bitter. He looked at the bread. It was season-checked with deep cracks. He tried his thumb nail on its adamantine surface. Enough to make a guy sore! But that was no excuse for acting like a roughneck after accepting the lady's charity. And it was food, at that. He broke off a morsel and chewed it as he walked. It tasted surprisingly good as it crunched between his strong teeth. Had a real flavor. What do you know!

He had come to a bridge spanning a small stream and he descended the bank and found a comfortable place to recline, out of the wind that had sprung up with the going down of the sun. There he made his frugal repast, Fletcherizing by necessity.

"Why, bless her kind, womanly heart!" he ejaculated, apostrophizing Lady Bountiful. "This is all right—if there was only more of it. I've a notion to go right back and apologize. Well, maybe I'll meet up with her as she's shopping on Fifth Avenue sometime, and I'll square myself. 'Modom, pardon muh, but do you remember early last winter a tired and hungry wayfarer coming to your door and you feeding him with your own fair hands a chunk of your delicious bread? He may have seemed unappreciative at the time, but he's a guy that never forgets a favor. Yes, modom, I am that guy. I wasn't wearing diamonds that day, nor driving a car like this one here, but I'm him. How about stepping into the bus with muh and letting my shofer drive us to the Ritz for some food?'"

He gathered the last crumbs of the bread into his palm and licked them up. His hunger was far from appeased, but he felt better—until he tried to rise and realized the stiffness of fatigue that had seized upon his limbs. He made another effort and scrambled up the bank to the road. There the wind struck him, and it was no soft summer zephyr. The darkness was thickening and he could see no haven of rest before him.

"Got to get a wiggle on," he murmured. "This is no night for camping out without blankets." He thought of the lonely lunger beneath his eider down, snug and warm, if lonely, and he envied the poor devil. "Well, girlie, I'm getting nearer to you all the time—every step I take."

He whistled a march tune and forced his unwilling legs to keep time with it, but within less than a mile the whistle died out and his feet dragged in spite of him. He kept doggedly on, however, until he began to stumble over the most inconsiderable inequalities in the road, and then he dropped, exhausted, and rested until the chill of the wind started him off again. He repeated this disheartening procedure two or three times before he saw a light twinkling in the distance. Hah!

"'Come right in, friend! Why, certainly you can stay all night, and welcome. No money? Forget it! Why, you look frozen! Wife, get the spare room ready and see that there's plenty of cover for the bed. Draw up to the stove, friend, and warm yourself. How about a little hot coffee? Trouble? No trouble in the world. Had your supper? No? My goodness, that's too bad; but we'll have something for you in a pig's whisper. Don't talk about being obliged. We don't have company often and it's a treat to us!'"

A less optimistic forecast than this occurred to Jerry as he got nearer to the light. The woman who had given him the bread would have telephoned all the neighbors along the road, telling them about the insulting young tramp who was headed their way. That's what you get for forgetting you are a gentleman! Probably a shotgun standing in the door corner waiting for him, or wham! with a club before a guy got a chance to open his mouth.

"I guess I gotta take a chance though," Jerry told himself. "I'm—just—about—all—in."

He reached the house, although he had doubted his ability to get so far, and it *was* a house, the light coming through an uncurtained window through which Jerry peered at a brawny, ill-favored man smoking a corncob pipe and reading a newspaper. At the other side of the table, a lean, sallow woman rocked in her chair as she darned a remarkably large and particularly ugly sock. The furniture of the room was poor and scanty; the checked red tablecloth was worn through in many places and torn; the wick of the tall glass kerosene lamp was badly trimmed so that a thin streak of ascending flame smoked one side of the chimney. There was a stove, indeed, but it was dull and rusty and its pipe was battered. It was hard to imagine that it radiated heat. An uninviting interior, if not forbidding; and as for the people—mean mouths, both of them had; and, sure enough, there was a telephone on the farther wall.

"I'll try the barn," Jerry thought, edging stealthily away.

Pitch-dark in there, and Jerry's flash with the rest of his kit where he had left it in Cleveland beside the rifled safe! Not a match to his name and too risky to strike one if he had it! Strong ammoniac odors; chewing sounds, as of horses feeding; a stamping of a hoof and the rasp of a rope drawn through a manger. Jerry's outstretched hand explored cautiously and encountered a rough-surfaced plane of wood, another one like it, a foot above, and another a foot below. This would be the stairway leading to the haymow. Up Jerry went warily, and warily, for fear of gaps in the flooring, trod half the length of the barn before he came to what he sought—a heap, a mountain of fragrant hay; hay into which one could burrow like an eager terrier, sweet-smelling hay for mattress, pillow and coverlet, a soft, springy resting place for wearied limbs now luxuriously relaxed, while one could feel a grateful warmth stealing gradually through one's chilled body and the scent of clover and timothy creeping through the nostrils to the brain, drugging it to blissful forgetfulness of a hard, cruel world.

"I'm a lucky guy!" sighed Jerry, and was instantly asleep.

No dulcet sounds awakened the wayfarer when morning came; it took the hoarse roar of a human voice expressing anger in terms of fluent profanity to arouse him from his slumber. A few minutes before, the boards of the haymow had creaked and thudded under a heavy tread and the bright steel prongs of a two-tined fork had stabbed into the hay only a few feet from his legs, but he had slumbered on. Lucky for him that he was well covered and that his sleep was snoreless! The farmer was in a bad humor most of the time, but particularly so before breakfast.

"Stand over, you bling-dumoxed, dod-golloped old snock!" came the bellow from below. "Keep your gump-swithered tail still or I'll twist it off, you bliggered trumgullion!"

A momentary silence indicated that the remonstrance had been effectual. There followed a peculiar sound—spat-spat, spat-spat, spat-spat, as of liquid squirting into a tin receptacle. Jerry, sitting up, correctly guessed that the farmer was milking and instantly became conscious of an aching void within him. The milking proceeded steadily for some minutes; spud-spud, spud-spud, spud-spud; and then suddenly there came the sound of a commotion, a scuffle, and then the voice of the farmer.

"Bling-dummox your hide, take that, you grad-goshed wog-skimmer! Hannah! Oh, Hannah! Hanna-a-ah!"

"Well, what is it now?" The answer was shrill, if faint, the tone acid and impatient.

"That snup-zillooked calf has got untied. Come and tie him before I split his grad-blinged skull with the stool!"

"Tie him yourself," Hannah replied. "Bust his skull if you want to."

A crash, and then a bleat that seemed suddenly choked; an agitated mooing from the calf's mother; more scuffling. Jerry tiptoed to the stair opening and looked down. A cow in a stanchioned stall, a calf on its haunches with a protruding tongue and starting eyes being hauled by a rope around its neck to the barn door, the burly, ill-looking farmer looking worse than ever as he hauled on the rope. A violent jerk took the calf over the barn threshold, and the farmer threw the rope over his shoulder and bent powerfully to the tow.

"Where did he put that milk?" Jerry wondered, and at that moment he saw it at the foot of the stair. He could make remarkably quick motions, could Jerry, and he made some of them now. The last brought the milk pail to his lips. Warm and rich, with a creamy foam on the top, and the three-gallon pail two-thirds full! Turning so as to keep an eye on the approach to the barn, Jerry drank deeper than ever did Jamshid; then he drew breath and drank again. He was midway in his third draught, when he judged it well to set the pail down and scurry up the ladder, which he did with the agility and swiftness of a hard-pressed ape. Burrowed well back into the hay, he presently heard exclamations of surprise. Then, seemingly, the milking was resumed, but it was of short duration and soon he heard the highly embellished complaint of the agriculturist on his way to the house. Applying an eye to a knot hole in the door of the haymow, Jerry saw him enter the house, and after a minute or two come out again and rinse his hands and face in a perfunctory manner at a wash bench. Then he went into the house.

"Breakfast," Jerry surmised. "I've had mine, thanks, so here's where I duck."

Within three minutes he was walking briskly along the road to Pendleton.

It is a curious paradox that infinity itself is but a conception and confession of finite mind. Mull that over and see if it isn't so. All things within human ken have their metes and bounds, which, though constantly extending, nevertheless exist in the present. Courage, patience, cheerfulness are never infinite, and the philosophy that includes these qualities has its limit.

"There was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently."

And here's another thought for the speculative mind: How physical trifles can so prodigiously affect our mentality and consequently our moral nature, so influencing our

(Continued on Page 74)

NOW-

Paige-Jewett Engineers Offer New Smoothness—New Ability—New Comfort—New Silence—New Beauty—and

Permanent Perfected Performance

In a bare two weeks the motor-wise have learned that all this is true. These two cars—the New Paige and the New Jewett—possess a combination of qualities never before produced—*permanent* qualities.

New power results have been engineered without enlarging the motors. Yes, and without "speeding them up." New smoothness and silence have been created with costly balanced crankshafts and other engineering refinements.

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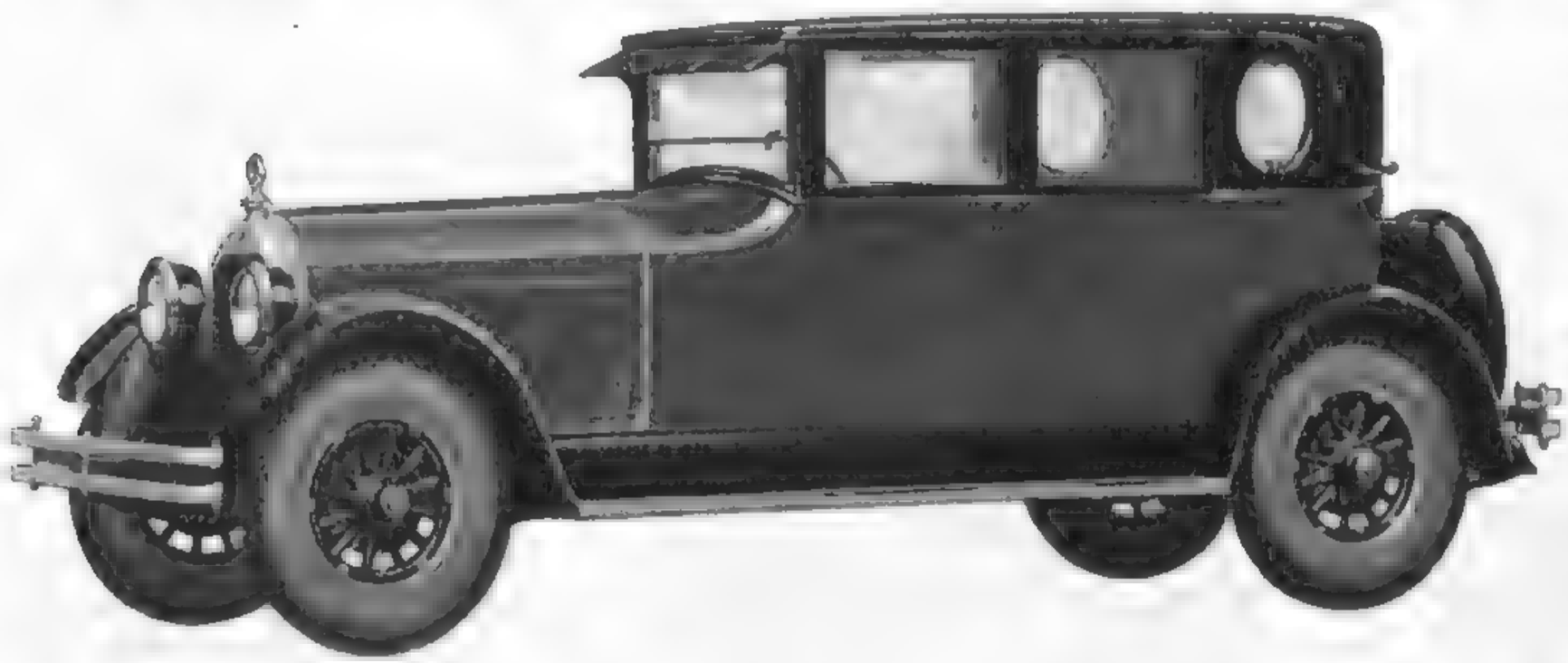
Permanent performance! Jewett gives it to you in a car of convenient size. Paige, in a bigger car—with the added advantage of greater size and power.

The new PAIGE



Improved 70 h. p. motor—3¾ x 5 inches
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Silent chain drive with automatic take-up
Wheelbase 131 inches
Rear springs over 5 feet long
New design springs for balloon tires
Snubbers at all four wheels
Five balloon tires 33 x 6.75
Perfected self-adjusting 4-wheel brakes (Lockheed hydraulic) at slight cost
New steering gear for balloon tires
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More beautiful bodies
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New complete equipment included at these prices

PHAETON (5 or 7), $2165—BROUGHAM (5), $2195
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The new JEWETT

New 55 horsepower motor—3¼ x 5 inches
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New double-bearing wrist-pin construction
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New larger size balloon tires 31 x 5.25 inches
New spring design for balloon tires
New steering gear for balloon tires
New deep crowned fenders—extra strong
New style running boards—2 inches lower
New body styles—Touring, Brougham, Sedan
New permanent satin lacquer finish in new colors
New instrument board and window trim
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New style interior effects and appointments
New handling ease and riding comfort
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STANDARD TOURING (5), $1175
DE LUXE TOURING, $1200—COUPE (3), $1310
STANDARD BROUGHAM (5), $1385
DE LUXE BROUGHAM, $1525
STANDARD SEDAN (5), $1565
DE LUXE SEDAN, $1745
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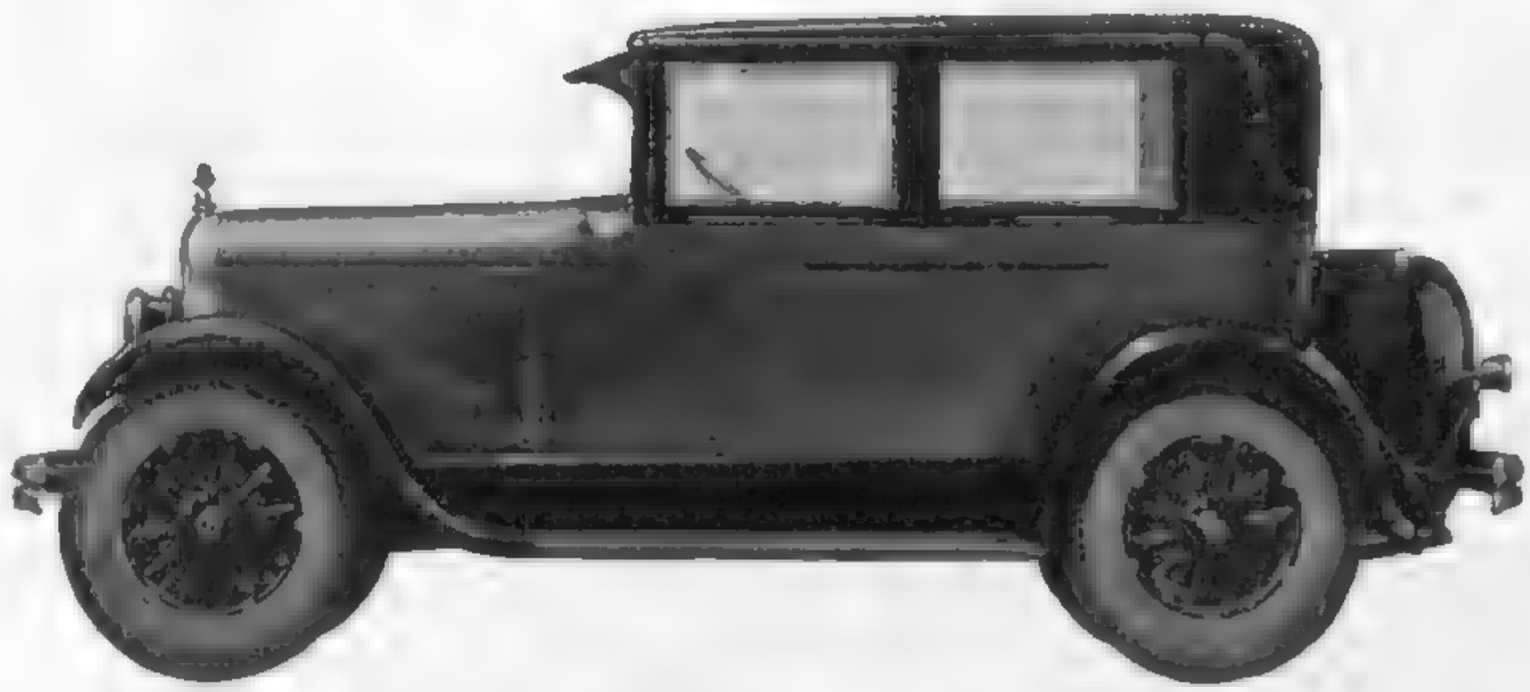

NEW MOTORS—4-WHEEL BRAKES—NEW BODIES—LARGER BALLOON TIRES

HOW I FOUND MYSELF

The Promoter—Reported by Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

THIS country has had a lot of good luck, the promoter began. Some of it, like the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, is visible. Other instances are not. For example, history fails to record that at one time I intended to be President of the United States. My first job, gentlemen, was that of statesman, a call from the people, which I modestly accepted not long after attaining my majority.

As a boy, I had been very much interested in the machinery over at my father's flour mill, so he decided to send me to a technical school. I was graduated as engineer. The course, though not unpleasant to me, was considerably less than thrilling. My enthusiasm during school days ran to athletics, fraternities, clubs and all that sort of thing. I liked all the boys and they quite naturally reciprocated the sentiment.

The First Time I Ever Saw Father Wink in That Manner I Thought There Was Something Wrong With His Eyelid and That It Fell Involuntarily

After graduating I returned to the small city in which we lived and waited for someone to come along and hire me to do engineering. No one did. You may have noticed how few jobs come to the man who waits, be it ever so patiently. The public is regrettably absent-minded.

Father was very proud of me and liberal with my allowance; I lived at home and took it for granted that in due time, in some miraculous manner, I should be employed to do engineering.

At my father's suggestion I joined the chamber of commerce and two or three fraternal organizations of which he was a member, and proceeded to be a good mixer. That was never difficult for me; in fact I enjoyed it very much. Still no commissions came. After five or six months I began weighing matters seriously and the thought occurred to me for the first time that there wasn't much engineering going on around that neighborhood. On the whole, it didn't seem probable that there ever would be any.

There was a small water-power site in the river about two miles above the town, but everyone knew about it, so apparently there was no need of my blowing the town fire whistle to spread the glad news. However, I wondered why some group of prominent citizens like the chamber of commerce didn't bestir itself. Father said that several proposals had been submitted by contracting firms, but none found favor. All of them called for a county bond issue and that promised political difficulties. Whichever faction favored a bond issue would find itself opposed by the rival faction. Bonds could be voted only by a two-thirds majority and would probably not carry at an election in the face of active opposition. If such a proposal did fail, the faction behind it would be defeated, in all probability, at the ensuing general election. That was not a very promising situation for a young engineer.

The Silent Route to Popularity

BEFORE I had been out of college a year I was asked to become a candidate for the state legislature. You would be astonished to know how many young men with just such qualifications as I then possessed are elected to state legislatures. All factions agreed that I would be an excellent lawmaker; or perhaps I should say a candidate certain of election. Anyway, on the advice of my father, I accepted the call and plunged into a political career. Frankly, I enjoyed the experience and very soon decided that I was cut out for just this sort of work—if it could be called work.

The general election was held in November; and, armed with a certificate of election, I went off to the state capital in the following January to attend my first session. Well, gentlemen, it was funny. I had not the remotest idea what I would do there, so I began by listening. I may say right here that I never did make a speech. Strange to relate, this counted enormously in my favor. I was continually granting my allotted time for speaking to others. They were almost ready to weep on my shoulder so great was their gratitude.

Let me describe a typical situation of the sort that would make me a lifelong friend. There would be in the capital a delegation of twenty or thirty or even a hundred citizens from one community. Perhaps they had come to see the Department of Education about a ruling affecting local schools. While in the capital they would visit the gallery of the House. Now if we were working under a rule limiting debate on a pending bill, it would usually happen that the legislator who represented our visitors had already consumed all his time. I would grant him my time and he was thus enabled to oblige with an oratorical exhibition while the home folks were looking on. He might or might not be an able speaker, but he always felt certain that he had made a good impression.

During the course of the session little cliques and clans formed, as they always do, and every group interpreted my neutrality as friendly. Very often I would be requested to poll the House on a pending measure. There are seldom more than two or three men who can make such a poll accurately. Most of the members are unavailable because of their partisanship. I don't mean to say that they deliberately report misinformation, but they can't get accurate statements from all of the members. It is necessary for such polls to be made in order to protect those members who have to be on the winning side for political reasons, or who will not vote in a minority because they are congenital moral cowards.

Well, I must not go into too much detail about my legislative labors, so-called, but I had to tell you a little about them in order that you might have a share in the astonishment I felt on learning that I was becoming one of the strongest men in the House. If I became interested in a bill, I could sometimes get influential men in several opposing camps to make speeches for it, thus ending all opposition. I knew about as well as anyone what was going on; and one day, to my utter astonishment, the governor sent for me to confer with him on the course of legislation. When we parted he said he would be glad to do anything he could for me within reason, and tried to draw me out on the subject of my personal political ambitions.

I walked out of his office through a thick haze which I have since analyzed. It was composed of three ingredients in equal parts—gratitude, delusions of grandeur and patriotism of the acutely sentimental variety. At the time, my ears were roaring, and a few minutes after departing I returned for my hat. I felt very humble—or thought I did—but as the haze cleared I could discern at a distance the glorious outlines of the Capitol dome in Washington. All the governor wanted was a harmless sort of person with a clean record to plug a gap in his ticket before the next primaries. One of the minor state officials had been careless with the cash in his keeping; they had hushed the matter successfully and intended to drop him overboard at the expiration of his term of election.

My success up to that time was largely due to the fact that I had avoided making speeches. I know this sounds revolutionary, but I am still of the opinion that the more speeches a politician delivers the sooner his career will end. The subject matter of political addresses is necessarily controversial, and those auditors who are displeased have longer memories than the others. Even if a man invariably spoke for the winning side, I believe he would eventually find himself with few enthusiastic friends. I resolved to continue working through other men, and the practice I obtained in that art later proved very valuable. Attending committee hearings regularly was an education in itself; I acquired a wide range of general information.

A man could scarcely have had a better political prospect than was mine at that time. The governor was slated for reëlection and I would ride in his band wagon. Numerous members of both Senate and House assured me of their support. My record on legislation was excellent. Even a few newspapers remarked that a new star was rising in the political firmament and that I would be gubernatorial timber even before I was old enough to qualify under the constitution—the youth limit was thirty-five years.

And now I must tell you how easily and quickly that dream faded. The debacle wasn't even dramatic.

When the Show-Down Came

AT THE second session of the legislature a small delegation of farmers from a remote corner of the state came to request a change in the laws affecting conservation of flood waters. They were irrigation farmers and had been experiencing difficulties with their local county authorities. The representative of their district brought them to me because I was a member of the committee that would eventually pass upon the legislation they wished to have introduced. They had brought the draft of a bill with them. It was prepared by an expert, they said; and later, when I examined the subject carefully, I was certain they had consulted a very practical and farsighted man. They had an excellent bill. The principal article in it took control of such projects as dams for irrigation out of the hands of county officials.

I found a member who would introduce their bill and several others agreed to make speeches after my committee had reported it with a favorable recommendation. All over the state friends of water conservation began to pick up interest. Informed, progressive men who had been studying this problem wrote letters. My enthusiasm was thoroughly aroused and I went to work determined to bring about the best piece of constructive legislation that had yet come to my attention.

At the end of two weeks it seemed evident that we had aroused a state-wide demand for the bill and that it could not fail of passage. I was being mentioned in the newspapers, although I still refrained from attempting a speech. Other men could do much better along that line.

Finally I sallied forth to make a poll of the House. I could scarcely credit my own arithmetic when I figured four to one against the bill. Nearly every member was quite frank in stating his regret and his reasons. He had to deal with the county officials back home, and in the

(Continued on Page 50)

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Examine the car carefully—ask owners about the unusual power and dependability of the 4-cylinder engine—and you will understand why it is everywhere spoken of as an exceptional investment.

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WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 48)

aggregate their political strength was far greater than his own. The county officials wouldn't stand for losing any of their power. In short, I had utterly ruined my political prospects in a little more than two weeks. After that I couldn't have been elected to any state office. I was through. In order to clear up any lingering doubt the governor withdrew his offer.

The pay of a legislator in my state, as in most others, was decidedly not a living wage. Our constitution framers evidently had not intended that young men just starting in life should make our laws. An allowance from my father had made possible my own valuable services, therefore I felt no desire to hang onto a badly crippled prospect for an indefinite period. However, taking stock of the situation, I decided that the credit side of the ledger was not entirely bare—I had made friends in a progressive group. I decided to quit politics and try to develop closer relations with that crowd. In it were possibilities for a young engineer.

Resigning from the legislature, I went home and called together five men to discuss our local water-power site. What I really wanted to do was to outline a comprehensive scheme for a whole string of dams extending one hundred miles up the river, but it seemed better to begin with one.

I found several men enthusiastic on the subject of our local site, and then I selected my leaders just as I had been doing in the legislature. I make it a rule never to step into the spotlight. What I had learned in politics I felt sure would apply to this situation in equal measure. Another thing I had learned was that the merits of a proposal have weight with only a few. When as many as ten men are working toward a common end, you may safely estimate that not more than three of them are affected solely by accurate knowledge of the subject matter; the seven others have different motives. Some wish association with one or more of the leaders; others love a speculation; others necessarily follow blindly after successful men because they have no confidence in their own judgment. All sorts of motives enter and your bellwethers must be chosen accordingly.

First Lessons in Promotion

NOW it is a strange thing, but true, that our town had never before thought of developing that water-power site with private capital. The total amount required was somewhat less than a million dollars, but this was long before the World War, and communities had not yet awakened to a realization of their wealth. No one had dreamed of a dam built by private capital—in our town. The Liberty Bond drives accomplished something not far short of the miraculous in disclosing to our small towns and cities just how much wealth they really had.

After I had assembled the right group and escaped into the background, the leaders kept going higher and higher with their estimates of how much they could afford to invest. There is such a thing as arousing men's pride of leadership so that they feel they dare not permit the project to fail. For a youngster without capital or prestige of his own, it is absolutely essential to bring out that sort of spirit. Necessarily then he must work through other men. If ever they see the promotion as belonging to the promoter, he is through. When the bellwether I selected had raised his own quota for the third time one of my uncles said, "Boy, it looks to me like you've got a citizen hitched up."

That is just about all there is to success in most promotions.

We couldn't quite pledge the whole cost of the dam in stock, but we raised enough to assure success with the aid of corporation bonds which the contracting company placed for us.

I shall leave out details about actual construction of the dam. I probably could have been named engineer, but felt that such a course was unwise in view of my lack of experience. I became a sort of liaison officer between the engineer and our board of directors. In that capacity I was able to do a great deal in the way of ironing out difficulties and explaining misunderstandings. At the same time I served in a like capacity between the contractor and our board. I declined all salary for these services, but obtained an agreement that after the dam was actually earning revenue I should receive a percentage contingent upon the measure of our success. This venture was, of course, an experiment. Frankly, I saw more cause for uneasiness as to the outcome than anyone else, and I didn't want profit from failure.

I have always—with one exception—made it a rule to arrange my plans for a promotion so that my fee or profit would be contingent upon success, or at least completion of the deal. Some very able and honest promoters work on a commission basis which allows them a profit regardless of the eventual outcome, but I prefer to work otherwise. I avoid such arrangements, not on ethical grounds but because of the danger that they may throw me into the limelight while my work is in progress. The promoter, I think, does best to arrange so that there will be an incidental or indirect profit accruing to him from profits of operation. Everyone wants him to be paid, but they don't like to face the clause providing for it every time they explain the proposition. Neither should a promoter ever work for thanks, or pretend that he is doing so. Demands upon the gratitude of others inevitably bring resentment. They also force the conviction that whoever makes such demands is a fool and a nuisance. In this promotion it was understood that if the dam earned revenue I was to have a percentage of it in return for managing the property. No one objected to that. Moreover, they felt that I was working for nothing during all of the preliminary operations. I was eventually placed in charge of the completed plant with the gratitude and good will of all concerned.

Now a dam equipped with machinery that generates power does not run itself. Neither do the buyers call for the commodity you sell. It must be offered to them at the place of consumption. We began with contracts for power, leaving the matter of lighting completely out in order to avoid conflicts with local public utilities. There was a gentlemen's agreement for a truce on the matter of street lighting for the remaining period of the local company's franchise, or three years. After that they would either buy their electricity from us or sell their plant to us, or we should be free to offer competition in the matter of a new franchise.

It was obvious within three months after I took charge of the plant that we would earn a good profit. Our investment was comparatively small, and on a plant of that type you mark off very little for depreciation. The work of selling power contracts was delightful. Heads of other public-service corporations began taking notice of me. They said I had performed a very remarkable feat in going through all the wilderness of potential opposition to a project of this sort and that I was handling the public-relations end of our business magnificently.

Most of these men were, of course, salaried experts under contract to their companies, and they told me about the possibilities in this field for men who could do business without having rows. I joined one of their associations and attended a state convention. There I saw just how important this business is and how perilous the path for men of sharp limitations who stand between the stockholders on one hand and the customers on the other. Nevertheless, I had confidence that I could handle just such situations. If I could there were, of course, positions awaiting me in much larger cities than the one I called home. Before me appeared a wonderful career in which my knowledge of engineering would again prove very useful. I was elated.

As the months wore on, however, my job grew steadily more tiresome. It was the same thing over and over again. I bought lubricating oil and then I bought some more lubricating oil. I arranged for the repair of storm damage and after the next storm I did the same thing. The revenue provided an ample salary and I couldn't think of resigning unless to accept a better position, but I was being bored to the point of exhaustion. It was necessary to find interests outside my work, so I began exploring other power sites farther upstream.

Prospects That are Hopeless

WELL, you can see where that would lead. I built another dam—that is to say, the president of the First National Bank of the nearest town built it with my advice and assistance. This time, however, I contracted for a percentage of the revenue up to a fixed amount, with the understanding that I would manage the property for only one year or until another person satisfactory to the board could be employed. We found such a person at the end of three months. Sitting in an office, waiting for my pay to trickle in through the cashier's window is not for me. I'm too nervous for that sort of life, even though so-called difficult people do not annoy me. Permit me at this point to digress for a few moments and discuss people, for they are the promoter's big problem.

The man who is not cut out for the profession of promoting, gentlemen, tells himself strange tales about difficult people. Men with marked peculiarities of personality and temperament are almost invariably the easiest sort to do business with if you are determined to succeed and will keep your own vanity out of the way. You will nearly always find that difficult men merely have strong biases, prejudices and vanity. You can handle them through one or all three of those weaknesses with much greater ease than you can handle a pleasant but less sturdy man. I mean to say that a gruff, grouchy, disagreeable person who has prejudices and biases so strong that you might doubt his sanity more often stays put when once you have got him. Persons of this type are prone to cultivate unpleasant characteristics because they fear they cannot win popularity and therefore pretend they do not desire it. The way some of them will flop under the sunshine of suavity is incredible. It isn't even necessary to agree with their pet theories—but listen, at least. Flattery they detect at once, and it invites abuse, because it places you in a defenseless position.

"Harry, I'll Tell You How We Can Make a Million Dollars"

Frankly, I have never found but one type of hopeless case. He is the man who verbally agrees with you more enthusiastically than you agree with yourself, but at heart isn't really interested—beyond a desire to be polite. I can give no recipe for discovering such men at first sight. You have to place the dotted line before them in order to know with certainty. Even these men will respond to emotional appeals such as civic pride or the mob spirit—"Everybody's in and you can't stay out." As I said before, the whole gamut of human reactions will be exhausted in the course of a promotion

But the promoter's job, in my opinion, is not that of spellbinder. He should have his attention on ultimate profitable success all the time. Let the bellwethers do business with the men they know in their own way. If you get the right men to lead, you win; and if you don't, you lose. The merits of your promotion count only for your

(Continued on Page 52)

Gabriel *first*~ to meet Balloon Tire Demands

Free play, and the *increasing* braking action which only Gabriel provides, are the points in which Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers are superior.

Control *is* necessary with balloon and low-pressure tires. Not only was Gabriel first to recognize that fact, but it was first to design a control especially for such tires.

Free play, as incorporated in Gabriel, is necessary to let the tires themselves absorb the small shocks without passing them on to the car springs.

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Best for All Tires Carrying Low Air Pressure

(Continued from Page 50)

own peace of mind and in convincing the men you start with. I am not saying this to be cynical. Business is necessarily done on that plan. Everybody hasn't time to examine everything. It is a truism that we do business on credit. Well, the term implies faith in others as well as banking connections. The most troublesome men to a promotion are not enemies but friends—enthusiasts who are not in a position to invest. They mean well, but they hurt. Men's words are weighed in business by the amount they have put in. That often appears to be a ridiculous basis of judgment, but I have never been able to change it.

You will observe, gentlemen, that I began promoting in a field with which I was familiar. A man ought always to remain in his own territory—and he can. If he knows just one line of business, that's enough. Among my acquaintances is a young man with genius for the retail drug business, but he is a born promoter. He can determine, by what appears to me a sixth sense, where a drug store will succeed. He has had lots of experience. His stores are always beautifully and practically arranged. He knows how to establish such stores, but remaining in one for a long period irks him. As soon as a store is doing well he sells it. He makes about thirty thousand dollars a year and operates only in small towns. He never owns more than five stores at a time and often only one.

I have operated with a great many different businesses in the capacity of promoter, but—with one exception—never until I understood them. I must tell you now about that exception.

After completing the second dam I overheard a conversation in which I was referred to as a successful promoter. The word sounded strange but interesting; perhaps I was a promoter. While I was still uncertain, two men came to me and announced with no hesitation that they were promoters. Since they were the first members of the tribe I had ever seen, I looked them over with great interest. They wished to interest me in promoting a new industry for the town in which I had just built the dam. They outlined their plan and showed me their prospectus. It was all very simple, businesslike and convincing, so I joined them. We sold stock and collected the usual percentage as our fee.

When the Oracle Spoke

They constituted as interesting a team as a man could hope to meet. One was a colossal figure, handsome, cultured and pleasant, though he said less while selling stock than any other man I have ever met. People simply looked him over and bought. His partner was a midget by comparison, but full of nervous energy. He had very little education, but had absorbed the superficialities from his partner, whom he admired inordinately. The little fellow's sales ran just about twice those of his partner simply because he moved around faster.

In the evenings—we three lived at the same hotel—our Adonis would drape his imposing form in a silk dressing gown, light his pipe and sprawl over a leather chair. The little fellow would fuss around him like a nervous housewife, offering matches, water and newspapers, all of which were accepted with barely perceptible nods for thanks.

When he was entirely comfortable the big fellow would say, "Harry, I'll tell you how we can make a million dollars." Harry would then look at me as though to say, "Don't miss a word of this. It's important." And in justice to Adonis, I must admit that he had a remarkable mind. He was a sort of business poet. The schemes were never impractical; some in fact were so remarkably feasible that I never forgot them. His one great obstacle was excessive fertility. Probably if he had not been so facile in invention he would have worked harder. Neither of these men had practical experience in any field in which they operated, though both were sincere and did their best. The big fellow had been principal of a country high school and the little fellow was a printer.

We sold our stock, equipped our factory and were supposed to move on; but I lingered to see how the venture would come out. One of the smaller items of raw material required was a certain kind of hardwood. According to our prospectus it would be very simple to use a substitute produced near the plant, but it turned out otherwise. They had to ship in those hardwood parts, and right there the profit disappeared. It was a most regrettable error and I resolved never to commit it again. Moreover, this experience convinced me that I was not a promoter. I was ashamed of my ill-earned fees and wanted to get away.

In that frame of mind it was easy to decide that the life of the pioneer was calling me; I would go West as my forefathers had done and develop new territory—there was the field for a young engineer. So I set out for the Southwest, exploring Oklahoma, Texas and finally Mexico.

I told myself at the time that I was looking for something that might interest an engineer, but what I was really looking for was something that would interest a promoter, as I can see now by checking up on my actions.

In Oklahoma I found a wonderful tract of land that promised large profit in return for development work requiring only simple engineering skill. I took an option on this land and returned to my own state to interest capital. Not until I was on the train did it occur to me that the profit, if any, would necessarily result from colonization, and this was a distinct business about which I knew nothing. We would have to employ men to do that part of the job, and I had just seen enough to know that there were all sorts of colonizers. To put it bluntly, some were honest and some were not. I didn't relish the idea of taking a chance. However, there was comfort in the thought that I might be able to interest men who understood such operations and could give competent advice.

The Biter Bitten

Among the bellwethers I selected for this promotion were three men well acquainted with Oklahoma lands and delighted with the price I had obtained in the option. They bought me out, lock, stock and barrel, without more ado, my profit being fourteen thousand dollars.

Well, I thought that was pretty good, so I went on another scouting expedition. Instead of being a pioneer, I was now liaison officer between the last frontier and the effete Middle West. I also began studying oil geology and making a few inspections—Oklahoma was said to be a very promising field. My first adventure in that exciting business was not without humor, and I might add that it furnished another warning against promoting something I didn't understand. I took an option on a large tract of land because I saw possibilities for agricultural development, but I had to acquire an oil well whether I wanted it or not. This well was being drilled and the owner would make no separate arrangement about it. I had to buy it. Although I didn't want it, the gamble rather excited me. Wells were being brought in elsewhere and I itched to take a chance.

This well, I was told, had been drilled to within a few hundred feet of the oil sands. Drilling would proceed under the contract already made without additional expense to me. So I took it. This was a larger deal than the preceding one; on my return I widened my acquaintance in the search for capital. We formed a syndicate of eleven men. I intended to manage the development work on that tract, and was eager to do so; but the other members of the syndicate got the oil fever and began buying one another out. Again I sold my interest at a profit

At the end of a month the driller reported that he had now gone to the depth called for by his contract and had found no oil. The two remaining owners out of the original eleven were so disappointed that they made another contract with him to drill deeper—quite a bit deeper, as I recall He resumed work and in a few days struck oil

I had returned to Oklahoma meanwhile, and went to see the well. On the day I arrived the man from whom I had purchased it committed suicide. The driller and I discussed this tragic event. Imagine my astonishment when the driller blandly informed me that the well had been drilled to the usual depth and declared a dry hole a week before I purchased it. The owner had paid this driller to go through the motions without actually drilling so that he could sell the property to me—which he certainly did, including a stiff price for the well. The driller merely kept his outfit on the location until he could report failure to the new purchasers and thus cover the fraud. For a few hundred dollars more than the former owner paid for this elaborate fake he could have contracted for enough real drilling to strike oil. Of course, he didn't know that, however. He thought he was selling a dry hole at a good profit. A stroke of fool's luck gave his victims an oil well and made the villain in the plot so mad at himself that he blew his brains out.

To the driller it was all in the day's work; it impressed him as mildly amusing. I thought it quite sufficient for a lifetime and never again touched oil. I continued my periodical trips to the Southwest, however, buying titles or options and selling them. My profits mounted with the growing proportions of these operations and I now launched into the most interesting work I ever did. Sometimes the tracts I bought comprised fifty thousand acres. The men to whom I sold rarely visited the properties in question. I came to them highly recommended and they depended upon my reports, which were descriptive as well as technical.

With a property I always sold a complete plan for its development and these were valued very highly, because preceding reports of mine were known to be in successful operation. Middle-aged or elderly business men, the sons of pioneers, would grow star-eyed at the very mention of forests, streams, new roads, boat landings and all the vocabulary of pioneering. They couldn't get away to experience the adventure in person, but it was great sport to look at the photographs, maps, plans and samples of rocks, wood, soil and native grasses. I didn't realize it, but I was also under the spell and wrote in the romantic style of an explorer. The winning of our last frontier, gentlemen, was glamorous.

I operated in Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, then Mexico—and finally I got tired. I had drawn all sorts of plans, but I had never personally put any of them into effect. Other men did that. I thought I wanted to wade in the actual streams, lay out ditches or see the timber cut down. I felt that I had been cheating myself. Before I realized it I had spent ten years interesting other people in my development schemes without ever having had charge of one. So I decided I would rest a year and then pick something a little larger, a little more exotic, perhaps more difficult than any I had yet encountered, and that one I would handle.

By this time I had a very wide acquaintance among men of affairs throughout the Middle West and to a slight extent in the East. I decided upon a year of very leisurely travel over the country, and by way of preparation set about obtaining letters of introduction to men in the various cities I intended to visit. As I said before, I like people and especially enjoy the atmosphere of a club. The more I thought about it, the more pleased I was with the prospect of just loafing away a year, meeting people and hearing them talk about different sorts of businesses and industries, especially those with which I had never come in contact.

A Coöperative Venture

I was playing bridge one rainy afternoon with a group of acquaintances in a club in Indianapolis. The three other players talked from time to time about a man whom they called Tom It seemed that several members of this club had financed a small fertilizer plant for Tom and that he knew a great deal about the production end of that business. The competition in the selling end, however, is very keen. He thought he had a superior product and was able to give expert advice about the use of it, but he had not been able to sell it.

One of the men present was a banker; and, as usual, he now had the abandoned plant on his hands. Up to that time I had done very little business with bankers. In order to cultivate his acquaintance I volunteered to make an investigation; it seemed to me that a man with the standing of the person they referred to as Tom probably was no fool, even if he had failed. I went to the truck-gardening territory for which the fertilizer was intended and talked to the men Tom had expected to buy it. Farmers, of course, resent the necessity for spending money on fertilizer, consequently they quarrel a great deal about the price and generally think the fertilizer dealers are robbing them. I knew that much about agriculture, and the situation struck me as offering a remarkable opportunity.

I brought about a meeting of eight men who would be able to consume on their own farms one-fifth of the total output of that little plant. They had large properties and many tenants. So I sold them the plant to be run on a cooperative basis; only stockholders could buy fertilizer, and the profits, if any, were to be distributed. They liked that.

It was easy to find a manager, because the formulas for mixing the stuff went with the plant. When I last heard of the enterprise it was still a success, though I have noticed that coöperatives often do not grow in proportion to their merits. The owners usually will not pay for salesmanship; consequently they don't get any.

This adventure definitely launched me as a promoter. My banker friend soon regarded me almost as a member of his organization. That was an era of consolidations. So is the present time an era of consolidations, but they were comparatively newer then. Bankers were having difficulty with customers whose principal weakness was that their industries were growing too fast for their small beginnings.

"I shouldn't think that would hurt them," the artist interrupted.

Outgrown Capital

Ah, but it does. Very few businesses can pyramid growth upon profits, and some men can't locate the trouble when they encounter difficulty in trying to do a quarter of a million dollars' worth of business on a capital of twenty-five thousand. Moreover, nearly every man visualizes his business up to certain proportions, but not beyond. If it outgrows his mental picture he may blow up. Very few business men have remarkable ability in more than one or two departments of their enterprises. Growth brings just as much strain as hard times. The man who is primarily a salesman often goes wild in the production or buying end when his business outgrows his mental picture. I've known them to increase their output and sales 100 per cent without increasing their net profits. A manufacturer whose heart is in the production end is prone to alternate between neglect of the selling department and orgies of extravagance. Periods of business expansion—not booms—during which national trade and industry achieve new proportions, or ideas of size, bring many failures.

The banks were struggling with precisely this problem. I brought about quite a number of consolidations and incorporations. It was very interesting. Sometimes a little nest of small plants all in the same industry were locked in a life-and-death struggle of fierce competition and being eaten up by the overhead. Such men were unfitted by temperament to work with one another, so the only remedy was for me to acquire two or three of the establishments and rearrange the personnel arbitrarily, at the same time giving them the benefit of operation on a larger scale. In these deals I was often granted enormous credit by the banks, out of all proportion to my assets.

These operations took me to ten or twelve cities. Work of this kind can be done by very few men, but the business problems are usually simple Bankers and real business men know exactly what is needed, but they don't always have a man available who can handle the tangle of human relations involved.

My basic asset was and is that I like all kinds of people. They don't seem to get on my nerves in the manner that I have heard other men describe after a grueling day. I mention this blessing with modesty, because it is a heritage. I cannot say that I developed it. However, it can be developed. Nearly every man I know who is pained by enforced contact with the genus homo classifies or tags individuals by their faults, frailties, oddities, and especially their deformities of body or mind. That is one of the most unfortunate habits a person could possibly fall into if he has to deal with a considerable number of persons. It is just as convenient to remember people by recalling the characteristics upon which you are going to depend. Why, for instance, should the name Smith suggest a nose like a tomato when you could just as easily

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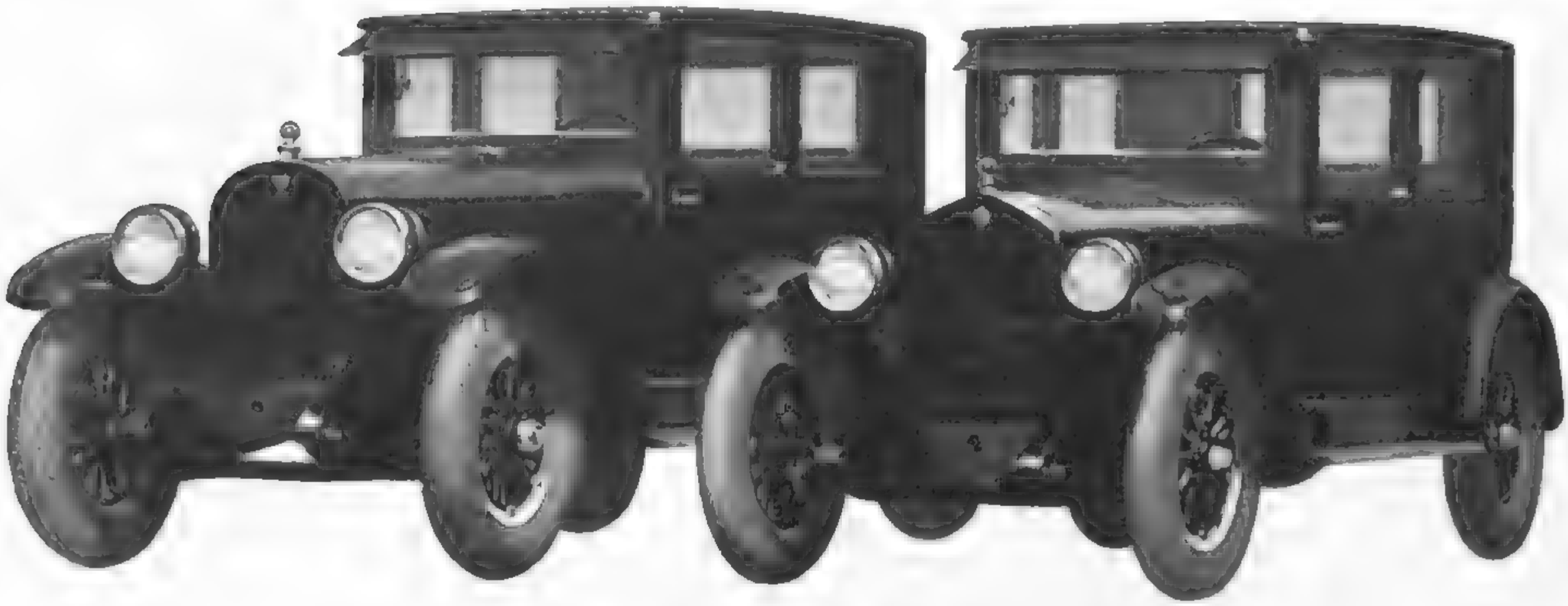

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Built on the Super-Six Principle

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Freight and Tax Extra

LARGEST SELLING 6-CYLINDER CLOSED CAR IN THE WORLD

THE HORSE MARINE

(Continued from Page 11)

ever meet up in France?" he asked with a puzzled frown. "I've seen you somewhere."

"He was in the Nuzière show," the sergeant replied. "Harry, here," he went on, turning to Laidlaw, "went over to the Germans then. They put him in a special cage in the Berlin zoo. 'S'matter, Harry?"

England had uttered a startled grunt and had pushed back his chair. He half rose, glaring at the stiff face of Laidlaw, and reseated himself slowly. Then he looked out of the window with expressionless eyes and replied blandly, "Nothing."

"Suppose," Laidlaw said desperately to the proprietor, "you show me where I'm to bunk."

"You can have my room tonight," England interposed smoothly, getting to his feet. "Bring along your saddlebags and I'll show you where it is."

A patch of sunlight brightened the bedroom's dusty carpet and England stood in it, his back against the door.

"I've seen you before," he said simply.

"I don't remember," Laidlaw lied, white lipped.

"I do," the other replied, running a finger over the scar on his scalp. "I remember real well."

From the porch below came the mutter of conversation, and then a laugh. Laidlaw cleared his throat.

"Well?" he asked.

"Oh," the other said, half to himself, "the things I was going to do to you if we ever met, you yellow, squealin' pig! And now—it ain't worth it. Only"—his eyes narrowed and his voice rang like metal—"you're going to get out of this outfit. It ain't the place for your sort. I'm going to take it out of you with my fists before you go. I've a train to catch or I'd start in now. Listen! If you're here when I get back I'm going to half kill you. Then you can resign and nobody'll know why. If you run out while I'm gone I'm going to see that the troop, and headquarters, and the folks in your home town knows. Understand?"

"Yes," Laidlaw replied mechanically.

He slept that night, the black slumber of the worry-sodden, and woke to find Delaney standing at the footboard, grinning at him.

"It's a nice morning for a war," the sergeant said. "Old Calamity Bill just woke me up to tell me I was going to be killed. Gaston's comin' down the river, kid, four days ahead of time. Better get up. It seems," Delaney went on while Laidlaw scrambled into his clothes and shaved sketchily, "that Gaston jumped the reservation when he heard his darlin' brother had been indicted. He argues: 'If 'Fonse and I aren't goin' to run Lewisville any longer, why, I'm just goin' to take it apart and throw it away.' So he gets a crew of roughnecks together, grabs off a tug and comes down the river. They're laying up over at the landing, Bill says. Probably by the time they get loaded, England will be back. Those lumberjacks have long thirsts and Harry had an idea something like this would happen, so he went in by train last night. He'll be back sometime around noon. Anyhow, you're goin' to see life, kid. There'll be a hundred big bozos for us to handle, all drunk and lovin' a fight."

"Nice prospect," Laidlaw said through the lather

"Ain't it?" Delaney agreed, ignoring the irony.

Some hours later their horses paced for perhaps the twentieth time to the river end of the main street. The troopers drew rein where the thoroughfare ended

An inclined runway slanted down to a long narrow pier. Along the pier, on the runway and at its street end, men stood, talking surreptitiously and looking out over the river

"Nothing doing yet," Delaney said to Laidlaw, after searching the hazy upper reaches of the stream. "Hello, chief!"

The commanding half of Lewisville's police department detached himself from the crowd and standing at the top of the incline wagged his whiskers sadly

"Trouble," he pronounced. "Nothing but trouble."

"Well," said Delaney cheerfully, "we can stand a lot of it. There's you and me and Trooper Laidlaw here and—where's the other half of your force?"

"Elmer," the chief replied spiritlessly, "has resigned. Come in this morning and quit. Says he's got a wife and kids to think of. An' don't count on me, neither. I'm goin' on my vacation."

He chewed the cud of misery and spat upon the planking. A mutter and sudden movement stirred the watchers. Men ran to the pier's edge and looked out across the water.

"Something," Laidlaw said, "is coming down the river."

"I'm goin' on my vacation right now," the chief of police announced, and departed

"It's the tug," Delaney said at last; "and it's got a gang aboard. Well, we're here to meet the guests, anyway."

The speck below the smudge of smoke gradually expanded and became indubitably a tug. Her outline was blurred by the men who clung to her like a bee swarm. Her pale blue stack was canted disreputably to one side by the weight of passengers on her shoreward deck. The more cautious spectators began to detach themselves from the group on the pier and drifted back up the incline, looking over their shoulders and laughing nervously. The troopers' mounts nodded their heads and champed on their bits.

White floss spun from the blue stack, and presently across the water came the hoot of a siren, followed by a distant howl of defiance.

Laidlaw, watching, wondered vaguely why he was neither frightened nor thrilled. England would return that afternoon. Meanwhile nothing else mattered.

"If anything starts," Delaney was muttering, "let me swing it. You're the reserves in this engagement, kid. If there's real trouble and you have to wade in, give Hannibal his head. He's worked in crowds before. They're making too much noise to be dangerous, right now."

The tug was bearing in toward the pierhead. Clamor boiled up from her deck, a confusion of voices, cut through now and again by high drunken howls. A man in a bright-green shirt clambered to the top of the pilot house and yelled something through funneled hands. A roar of laughter followed.

Tortured wood screeched as the tug slid along the pier's end. Her passengers scrambled ashore, apelike. For an instant they huddled at the end of the jetty and then came trooping along its narrow aisle, whooping and gesticulating. Calked boots growled on the timber. Up the incline they poured, brilliant shirts and mackinaws gleaming in the sun. Then the front rank halted an instant and hushed its noise.

Delaney grinned down at them from his nervous horse. The invaders hesitated while the man in the green shirt bawled at them from the pier below. A giant, whose red hair was partly concealed by a scarcely more vivid cap, shouldered through the reluctant crowd and swaggered out into the street, reaching for his hip as he came. The sergeant's eyes squinted and his right hand moved ever so slightly, but he gave no other sign. He relaxed again as the lumberjack hauled a flask from his rear pocket and drained it, teetering on his heels Then he threw back his head and howled, wolflike.

"Move on," said Delaney, gathering up his reins.

The lumberjack leaped in at him, flinging the empty flask as he charged. It flashed in the sun an instant. Delaney's gray felt hat flew off and he reeled over the saddle bow. As the man clutched at him the sergeant recovered and brought down his riot stick across the fiery head The man dropped sprawling amid the splintered glass on the cobbles.

Delaney wheeled his mount and turned a ghastly white and scarlet face toward the crowd. His hand was on his pistol butt.

"Anyone else?" he asked, brushing the blood from his eyes.

No one stirred at the incline's head Below, on the pier, green shirt was fighting his way through the jam, yelling madly. Delaney's assailant groped his way to his feet. The sergeant ranged his horse alongside and gripped his prisoner's collar.

"Take hold," he called to Laidlaw. With their captive between them they moved slowly away "We'll get a little peace now," Delaney muttered, "until they find there's only two of us in town."

The vacation-faring police chief had locked the door of the town jail before departing, but Laidlaw, with a mighty kick, burst the lock. He and Delaney dragged their prisoner inside. He collapsed when they relinquished their grips upon him, and sat on the floor, staring blankly while Laidlaw, at Delaney's direction, searched the office desk for cell keys. He found none, but came upon several pairs of handcuffs. The troopers hauled their prisoner to a cell and shackled him to the cot it contained.

"So far—so good," Daniel Delaney began. Then his knees gave way and he pitched to the floor. "Dizzy, that's all," he muttered as Laidlaw bent over him. "Be all right—one minute."

At length, when he made no effort to rise, Laidlaw carried him to the office and placed him in the chair, where he lay in a lax, scarecrow attitude while the trooper telephoned for a physician.

"Nonsense," Delaney whispered and, rising from the chair, swayed for an instant and then came down with a crash upon the desk. Dark drops spilled and spread on the blotter. The tethered prisoner, reviving, thrashed about, bellowing obscenely.

"Shut up," Laidlaw shouted, "or I'll beat your head off."

His voice quavered, but his words were convincing. The racket ceased. In the sunny silence outside, the troop horses stamped. A man came to the door of the house across the way and looked intently up the street.

Laidlaw's hands were wet and cold, his mouth dry and salty. This, something kept assuring him feverishly and vainly, was only another hideous dream. The spatter of water roused him. He went to the leaky tap, soaked his handkerchief and wiped the caking blood from Delaney's face. The sergeant's eyelids flickered.

"Ride herd—those roughnecks—be with you—few minutes," he whispered.

The jail door banged and Laidlaw jumped. A worn brown man with a worn brown bag entered, nodded to the trooper and went directly to Delaney's side. Laidlaw told him what had happened, gulping and stammering.

"You hurt, too?" the doctor asked, looking at him sharply.

"No," the trooper answered.

"H'm! Get some water."

He pulled open Delaney's eyelids, examined the gash on his forehead and ran exploratory fingers over the close-cropped head

"Concussion," he remarked. "Where's that water? We've got to get him out of here at once," the doctor continued briskly, pouring something into the glass Laidlaw brought and holding the cloudy mixture to Delaney's lips. "I just drove through that gang at the head of the street. They're about sure there are only two of you here, and they're going to storm the jail."

Laidlaw nodded and the physician took a roll of gauze from his grip. Shadow touched him and he and the trooper looked up. At the window someone peered in through cupped hands—a bleak, lawless face half hidden in the beard that reached down to a shirt of vivid green. He grinned as his eyes met Laidlaw's, and then vanished.

"LaBrie," said the physician, clipping adhesive tape. "They'll be coming, now they know who's here. We'll carry this chap out and I'll drive him off in my car. You can follow with the horses"

The far-off clamor of voices rose and swelled.

"Quick! Here they come!"

Laidlaw stepped forward and halted with a jerk.

"Ah-h-h! Ah-h-h!"

The hoarse sound rolled and rattled along the street, the lustful animal roar of the mob. This, then, was a dream. It must be. Laidlaw cringed and looked sharply about him like a trapped creature

"An-n-h!"

Delaney all at once pushed himself erect in the chair, though his head sagged and jerked with dizziness. Beneath the white turban of the bandage his face was a dead man's.

"Laidlaw," he said thickly, "get out! Break up that mob! Break it!"

"I—I—oh, God," Laidlaw stammered and wept, the knuckles of his fist pressed against his mouth.

"They'll kill you both," the doctor cried. "Catch hold here, you. Hurry!"

"Ah-h-h! Ah-h-h!"

Louder and nearer now. Where were the star shells and the earth-shaking guns? Laidlaw saw the troop horses at the curb look up the street and prick forward their ears. He took an uncertain step toward the door.

"Come here," the little physician screamed, slinging Delaney's arm over his own shoulder. Then he let go and stepped back, for the wounded man's hand had groped for a minute and now held a revolver.

"I'm staying here," Daniel Delaney half-whispered. "Keep your hands off me."

His head wavered drunkenly, but he rested his wrist on the desk edge and kept his gun hand steady.

"Ah-h-h!"

One must flee when men shouted so. At the doorstep the horses snorted.

"Laidlaw," Delaney cried huskily. Then his gun dropped to the floor and the doctor caught him as he fell forward. Trooper David Laidlaw had given an animal moan of terror and had run out into the street.

"Ah-h-h! Ah-h-h!"

They were not a hundred yards away. He saw the dust smoke upward as they caught sight of him and started to run toward him. His foot found a stirrup. He was in the saddle. One tug of the rein and he was safe.

One must run away when men howled so. He heard the roll of swift hoofs, felt the wind in his face. He was charging the advancing mob that filled the street from fence to fence.

Then someone dived out of his way and someone else fell and someone in a brilliant plaid jacket was knocked over by Hannibal. His scream as he went down was distinct and sharp, the only integral thing in a whirling world where faces and colors and sounds blurred and ran together.

Laidlaw was thrown against the pommel when his horse stumbled. As the animal recovered, hands reached for his bridle, leaped up, clawing, to drag Laidlaw from the saddle. Hannibal slewed his haunches about and kicked viciously; reared and struck out with his forehoofs. "Hannibal has worked in crowds before." Someone had told him that, long ago.

This man pack that gave tongue so terribly was, after all, mortal. You smote one of its members with a riot stick and he vanished. Your horse struck one of them and he screeched.

A stone hit his bridle arm, numbing it. Another banged against his ribs. His hat was blown away by an explosion of sparks, and a warm redness half blinded his left eye.

Hands, big frantically clutching hands, everywhere! Hands reaching for the reins! The riot stick. Hands scrabbling at his knee! The riot stick again.

Hannibal swung about, lurched and staggered, keeping his feet by a miracle. Laidlaw saw a house fly past with men and women staring aghast from its windows. Smash to the right with the riot stick; flail to the left. These were the things whose voices bred terror. Drive the horse into them! Strike them down! Kill, oh, kill!

They were running. He sat entirely alone for an instant upon his sobbing horse. Between his knees he could feel the great panting barrel rise and fall. He wiped his blood-blinded eye on a tattered coat sleeve. Then with a strange high scream he drove in the spurs.

There were no faces to strike at now; only hats and caps, with protecting arms raised above them. He continued to scream while he smote. Then, all at once, someone had him by the waist. Long green arms were about him, crushing his chest, pinning his right arm to his side, slowly wrenching him from the saddle. He lost a stirrup. Hannibal bucked and almost threw him. Others were hastening to aid green shirt. The trooper fumbled desperately with his numbed left hand. His fingers closed on the rough butt of his revolver. He brought the long barrel down across the mop of hair pressed against his stomach. Thrice he struck. Four times. He was free.

He clutched the pommel and pulled himself erect again. There was no longer a mob before him. Instead, frightened men scuttled away. Others sat on the sidewalk, their heads in their arms, and beside Hannibal, Gaston LaBrie lay where he had fallen.

Continued on Page 56

If you drive an automobile you need a Schrader Tire Gauge

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BE SURE IT'S A Schrader · · LOOK FOR THE NAME

(Continued from Page 54)

Laidlaw followed the fugitives. Rocking in the saddle, tattered, bloody and breathless, he drove them along the street to its end, and herded them down the incline to the pier.

He forbore to follow farther when Hannibal, feeling wood beneath his hoofs, backed away, snorting.

"Just as you please," the trooper said aloud, and rode slowly back toward the jail. Blood was welling from his scalp. He looked down and found that on the left side his gray uniform coat had been ripped away from collar to skirt. His arm and ribs ached intolerably. A chill gripped him suddenly and shook him.

He was vaguely conscious of guiding his mount through a crowd of men and women who shouted and stared at him strangely. He saw Harry England, dismounted, with one hand on the collar of a man in a green shirt, and passed on, unimpressed.

Delaney lay in the tonneau of the physician's car. The doctor stood beside it and stared at the scarecrow who staggered up the jail steps. He followed and guided Laidlaw to a chair. He was still at work with bandages and iodine when England entered, propelling LaBrie before him.

"No keys," said Laidlaw dully. "Handcuff him to a cot."

The doctor had departed when England returned from the cell. He was busy with a torn piece of gray cloth. Presently he detached something therefrom and held it on his palm. It was a little bar of ribbon, alternately striped with the scarlet of courage and the green of fame.

"Gaston," said Harry England, "was sittin' regardless in the middle of the street. He was holdin' his head with one hand and half your coat with the other."

"Listen," Laidlaw said doggedly through chattering teeth, "I want ——"

"I never saw you before yesterday," England interrupted. "You never saw me. After what you've just finished! You're a trooper, kid."

"Listen," Laidlaw persisted, "I wasn't going to charge that mob. I was going to beat it—at first."

"But you didn't."

"I got," the ex-marine said drearily "I got on Hannibal from the wrong side and he ran away with me again."

Solemnly, England laid the bright bar in Laidlaw's hand.

"You ought to have two of them," he said.

TEAMED UP WITH CHITA

(Continued from Page 34)

worked up a grouch against him myself. Why don't he have something to say to Mrs. Preble once in a while?

And the next I know, he's sayin' it. He has stopped right under the chandelier and is starin' up at it critical.

"Edith," says he, "the crystals are getting dusty."

Mrs. Preble gives sort of a shivery little start and looks up from her work. "Yes, Ames," says she. "I must attend to them tomorrow."

I didn't pay much attention at the time, but I'd no sooner finished breakfast next mornin' than Chita comes out to say that I'm to bring in the tall stepladder and report in the drawing-room after I've taken Mr. Preble to the mill.

"You don't mean that high thing?" I asks.

She says she does, and I lugs it in. It's a twenty-footer and looks mighty teetery when it's set up. "If I'm gonna climb that I'll need a life net," says I.

"You needn't worry, you're not," says Chita.

And when I gets back I finds all the inside help mustered in the big room, everybody sort of fidgety and on edge. Then Mrs. Preble comes downstairs wearin' a pair of new overalls and lookin' pale and worried.

"Is everything ready—the hot soap suds, the rinsing water, the cheesecloth?" she asks.

Chita tells her we're all set.

"Very well," says the little lady. "Gillan, I am going to ask you to hold the stepladder for me, and if—if I should become dizzy, you—you must try to catch me."

"Excuse me," says I, "but you ain't never goin' up that thing, are you?"

"Oh, yes," says she. "I—I must. Now just a moment while I pump up a little courage."

"But why not let me?" says I.

She shakes her head. "You wouldn't know how to take the crystals apart," says she. "No one does but myself. There! I am ready."

She stops bitin' her lip and starts climbin'. Up and up she goes, almost to the top. Then she steadies herself, reaches out for the upper end of one of the ropes and begins unhookin' it. Piece by piece she takes it apart, droppin' each one careful into a padded tray and workin' her way down, gradual. Then, while the maids are giving the things a bath and wipin' 'em off, up she goes for another string. Say, it most made me dizzy watchin' her sway around on the top of that spidery thing. Now and then she has to stop and grab the ladder with both hands while she gets her nerve back, but in a minute or so she's at it again. After the third trip, though, she comes down almost blue in the lips.

"I—I must rest, I think," says she.

"I'll say so," says I.

And it's while she's stretched out on a big couch that I gets more details from Chita.

"Listen here," says I. "She's gonna break her neck at that some of these times."

"I know," says Chita.

"Couldn't she train in some of the force to do the climbin'?" I asks.

"She won't let us try," says Chita. "Afraid we might not get the thing together right. Old Maggie used to do it. She learned when she first came here, years ago. The Italians who put it up showed her. But two years ago she was so crippled with rheumatism that she couldn't do it any more, so she taught Mrs. Preble, who's been doing it ever since."

"How often?" says I.

"Every spring and fall," says Chita.

"But doesn't Ames Preble know what a chance she's takin'?" says I.

"Him?" says Chita. "All he knows about Old Twinkly is that it's got to be cleaned. He never stays around to see it done. I wish he would. I'd like to send him up that stepladder once, with me somewhere near the bottom and nobody looking on."

And once more there's that glitter in her eyes.

"I believe you would give him a spill," says I. "Eh? Is that her callin'?"

It was. She's ready for another trip, and I'll say she's a plucky little thing. I don't know how many times she went up and down durin' the day, but it must have been near fifty, and it wasn't until almost dark that the job was finished and Old Twinkly was hooked together again, all sparkly and shiny.

Ames Preble hadn't come home for lunch as usual, and Chita tells me it's because he hates to see the chandelier dismantled. But that evenin' while I'm workin' the radio for him he parades up and down under it, struttier than ever. Mrs. Preble has gone to bed with a sick headache.

"Well!" says Chita, meetin' me as I'm released. "Now you know why it's a pest. I hope he enjoyed looking at it tonight."

"Seemed to," says I.

"The silly beast!" says she. "And next spring we'll have to go through all this again."

"She must kinda dread it," says I.

"Dread is the word," says Chita. "It's something that hangs over her. I believe she knows that sometime she's going to fall and break an arm or a leg—perhaps her neck. She worries about it. That's why she's so thin and nervous. But she knows how much pride he takes in the thing, and she thinks it's her duty to keep on. It's going to be the death of her, though, that Old Twinkly Pest."

"Might," says I. "Pity somebody couldn't smash it."

"What?" says she, grabbin' me by the arm

"It'd make a swell crash, eh?" I suggests

For nearly a minute she stands there starin' at me, her dark eyes widenin' at first and then growin' narrower and narrower. Then the next thing I know I'm bein' hugged and she has one of her soft cheeks against my chin.

"You're a good pal, Rusty," says she.

"How good?" says I, tryin' to complete the act.

But she turns her lips away. "I'll show you sometime," says she. "Perhaps tomorrow night."

It was something to look forward to, and sure enough, after dinner that next evenin' I gets the word.

"Would you do something for me, Rusty?" she asks.

"Would I?" says I. "Anything short of murder."

"Then wait until after eleven," she whispers. "Come up the back stairway in your stocking feet. I'll have the door unlocked and I'll meet you at the top of the stairs."

"Say, that listens risky," says I.

"Bah!" says she. "They'll all be asleep. And, Rusty! Bring a monkey wrench with you—a big one."

Well, I'd never gone courtin' with a monkey wrench before, but Chita gave me no chance to ask any more questions. Besides, I'd have come with a fire extinguisher or a basket of eggs if she'd said so. All I was thinkin' of about then was one of them long lingerin' tasty ones such as she'd given me before.

So at eleven I'm doin' the sleuthy ascent up the back stairs, my shoes in one hand and a number five pipe wrench in the other. She's waitin' at the top with a pocket flash light.

"You brought it, didn't you?" she whispers.

"Sure!" says I. "Who you want me to bean with it?"

"Come," says she. "Easy now. This way"

She tows me up another short flight to a sort of attic and then opens what looks like a closet door. Inside is an unfinished air space that I judge is over the main part of the house. It ain't even floored, but there's some boards laid over the timbers, and by stoopin' we could walk along.

"What the blazes?" says I, as she stops.

"Here!" says she, pointin'. "See if you can unscrew those nuts."

I didn't get it at first, but finally, after I saw this two-inch steel rod stickin' up through a beam, with a couple of nuts and some washers on the top, I caught the plot of the piece.

"But say, Chita!" I protests. "Them holds up the chandelier, you know."

"Well, what of it?" says she.

"Why—why, that would be serious," says I. "That thing's worth thousands, and if ——"

"Aw, Rusty!" says she, droppin' on her knees beside me and givin' me the close clinch. "You said you'd do anything for me. And this is for Mrs. Preble as well. Come now, you're a good old pal. Look at me. And if you'll just do this for me I'll ——"

Well, she did hand me a sample, right then. And gettin' kissed by Chita is a heady experience. Must have got me woozy. Anyhow, after she's broke loose and pushed the wrench into my hands, I finds myself goin' at them nuts. They didn't come easy, for the threads was well rusted, but finally I had 'em started. Even then I got cold feet and wanted to stop, but Chita is right there at my elbow eggin' me on. Off comes one.

"Quick!" says she. "The other."

I unscrewed that. The rod was so tight in the beam, though, that it still held.

"I'll fix the damned thing," says Chita.

With that she grabs the wrench, hits the top of the rod a smart tap, and we see it slide through the beam.

Cr-r-r-rash! Honest, I never heard such a roarin', smashin' noise in my life as came boomin' up and echoin' through that little coop we was in. For the heavy chandelier had struck the hardwood floor right under us after a clean drop of fifteen feet or more.

"There!" says Chita in my ear. "That ends Old Twinkly Pest."

"No doubt about it," says I. "What about us though?"

"How they going to know?" says she. "It just came down of itself, didn't it? There's old Maggie screaming her head off. She knows what's happened. The others will all be up in a minute, and they'll all rush down to the drawing-room to view the wreck. Wait here until they get there. Then you can slip down the stairs and out."

Well, that's the way we did it. In the midst of the hubbub I does a fade-away, only stoppin' for a second to listen to the shoutin' goin' on inside as different ones asked each other what was the matter. I might have sneaked up to my quarters and then after a bit strolled in and seen the wreck without bein' suspicioned. But somehow I didn't want to see it. Hearin' was enough. And I wasn't feelin' like sleep either. No.

To tell the truth, I was jumpy.

I walks down to the village and strolls into the fillin' station to see if any of the boys was still on hand. They was, five of 'em, just settlin' up after a stiff game of penny ante. Only one was a stranger. I asks Hen Baker who's the outsider.

"Why, you oughta know him," says Hen. "You got his job. Herm, meet Rusty."

Herman seems able to conceal his delight when he finds who I am. In fact, he's some grumpy over it.

"Don't lay it up against me," says I. "I had nothin' to do with gettin' you fired."

"You can't tell me anything about that," says he. "It was that little cat, Chita. She framed me, all right."

"I'll say she did," puts in Hen.

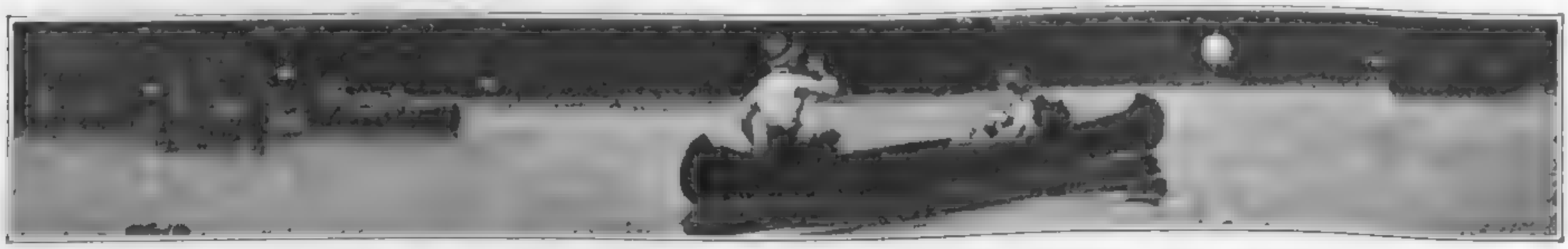
"Yes, and she'll frame you, too, some day when it suits her," says Herm. "Then you'll know she's got claws."

"Maybe I know it now," says I.

Uh-huh. I was almost sure of it. But it wasn't until I remembered she'd kept the pipe wrench that I was dead sure. With that found in the loft beside the loose nuts I'd have a fat chance of puttin' up an alibi, wouldn't I? Which is why I did some fast suitcase packin' at midnight and caught the southbound milk train at 4:20 A.M.

Oh, well! Some of 'em you love and leave, and some you just leave.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of stories by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early issue.



DURANT FOUR

THE ECONOMY OF QUALITY

ECONOMY in an automobile is not established by low initial cost alone. It is the faithful, year in, year out performance under all conditions—the built-in quality—that determines true economy.

The powerful Durant Motor has a reputation for exceptionally faithful performance, with low gasoline consumption, under all conditions. It has abundant power at low speed or high, on the level or on hills. Its well known elasticity minimizes gear shifting.

The exclusive Durant Tubular Backbone eliminates body twists and strains, and provides thorough muffling of the exhaust with minimum back pressure.

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5 PASSENGER SEDAN, $1190

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Special models in attractive colors, with Balloon Tires and 4 wheel Brakes, at slight additional cost

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Unparalleled Precision
what it means in Building the
LINCOLN

THE remarkably smooth operation of the eight cylinder, 60 degree Lincoln motor is to a large measure due to its precision workmanship.

Higher precision standards are maintained in building the Lincoln Motor Car than in any other manufactured product. So strong a statement can perhaps be better appreciated by a consideration of the following facts:

Five thousand operations are held to the 1/1000 of an inch—one-third the thickness of a human hair. Twelve hundred operations are held to 1/2000 of an inch. Three hundred operations are held to 1/4000 of an inch.

Such standards of precise workmanship had never before been considered practical, even by watchmakers. Yet they are the day-by-day rule in Lincoln manufacture. This is one of the vital reasons for the long continuation of fine performance.

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LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
Division of Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

LINCOLN

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

Queen, consulting her Blue Book. "Tomorrow we'll have to make two hundred and ninety."

"Why?" Alice asked.

"Don't be silly," said the Duchess. "So we can get to Ogdensburg, of course. Otherwise we couldn't make Griffin's Corners the following day."

"Evidently you haven't toured much," said the Red Queen loftily. "You don't understand the elementary rules of the game."

"But the scenery is so lovely," Alice protested.

"Mountains to me are mountains," said the Duchess. "If you've seen one you've seen 'em all."

"If you were to meet the White Mountains and the Adirondacks together in a room," said the Queen, "you couldn't tell them apart."

"That's a fact," said the Duchess. "Last year when we were in Switzerland my husband wanted to stay there a week. But I put my foot down. 'An Alp,' I said, 'is an Alp. What's the use of hanging around looking at a lot of different Alps?' So we bought a lot of postcards and went on to Paris."

"Still, I'd like to stop a while and look at the scenery," said Alice.

"You'll be able to buy postcards at the next stopping place," said the Duchess. "That ought to satisfy you. They have all the best views."

"There's no one loves nature more than I do," said the Queen, "in its proper place."

"Me too," said the Duchess. "But if you dawdle around over trees and brooks and things like that, how can you hope to make any distance?"

"And if you don't cover distance how can you get any of the broadening influence of travel? Look at the geography you learn, and arithmetic, and history."

"History?" said Alice.

"Certainly," said the Queen. "Haven't you seen those lovely signs along the road? What was the last one we passed?"

"'You are now entering the Village of Hickstown,'" quoted the Duchess. "'Near this spot, in 1755, Mary Gillespie built the first transatlantic liner ever seen in the colonies.' That's the sort of history you won't learn at school," said the Duchess.

The car swung sharply around a turn in the road, barely missing a procession of chickens crossing the road, and stopped suddenly before a quaint white building. A sign hanging from a post near the gate, brightly painted in the most modern manner, bore the words, Ye Olde Colonial Inn.

"It used to be called The Commercial House," the Red Queen explained to Alice while the Duchess went inside to register, "but when they fixed it up two years ago and put in plumbing and electric lights, they had to give it an up-to-date name, so they changed it to Ye Olde Colonial Inn."

The Duchess appeared on the porch. "Thirty dollars a night for the three of us in a room," she said, "or twenty-four without meals."

"We're leaving early tomorrow morning," said the Red Queen, "so we can have breakfast at Ye Olde Dixie Tea Shoppe down the road."

So that was settled

In the evening Alice went for a walk in the village. The Duchess remained at the inn to work on her sweater, and the Red Queen, who had met some acquaintances, stayed behind to play bridge.

"Don't forget to buy a pennant to hang on the car," said the Queen.

"And I wish you'd stop at the drug store and try to match this worsted," said the Duchess.

As Alice strolled through the brightly lighted streets of the thriving old New England village she was impressed by the signs of progress and development on all sides. She stopped at Ye Olde Gift Shoppe to purchase the pennants, and then continued on past Ye Olde New England Curio Shoppe, Ye Olde Dixie Tea Shoppe, Ye Olde Vermont Tea Shoppe with its sign, "Chicken and waffles served Southern Style," on past Ye Olde Colonial Moving Picture House, until she reached Ye Village Drugge Shoppe, where she purchased the worsted for the Duchess.

"It certainly is an up-to-date little town," she reflected.

"We'd better turn in," said the Duchess when Alice returned to the inn. "I've left a call for six-thirty. We have a lot of ground to cover tomorrow." —*Newman Levy.*

The Fable of the Flower and the Bee

A Rimed Editorial

ONE day a flower and a bee
Began an altercation
Concerning which was specially
More useful to creation—
A most unprofitable way
In which to spend a summer day.

"It's clear to an unbiased eye,"
The bee with ire contended,
"Mere pollen's all that you supply,
Quite worthless till it's blended
By my hard labor into honey.
You the more useful? Don't be funny!"

"And yet without," the flower replied,
"The pollen that you scoff at
Pray tell me, from your knowledge wide,
Just where would you get off at?
Without my valuable assistance
You soon would vanish from existence."

II

A passing workman chanced to hear
This quarrel agitative.
"The bee is right," he said, "that's clear.
It's labor that's creative.
All capitalists are bloated shirkers.
The real producers are we workers!"

"Tut, tut!" a passing banker fussed—
What magic trick enables
A character to pass in just
The nick of time in fables?—
"Without the aid of wealth, you booby,
There'd be no jobs; and where would you be?"

III

Loud rose their tones, swift flowed their speech
In eloquence torrential,
Both sides ignoring that to each
The other is essential.
Still, if they hadn't—here's the moral—
You'd not have had this editor'al.

—*Baron Ireland.*

The Life of a High-Priced Executive

(As Some Imagine It)

ALL day I sit and loll at ease,
Remote from life's uncertainties.
Far, far from me are busy clerks
And errand boys who run the works;
I smoke my scented cigarettes
As one who neither spins nor frets,
For when a problem runs amuck
I merely yawn—and pass the buck.

All men of pedigree and class
Have learned to use this forward pass;
My sub-sub-secretary takes
The blame for serious mistakes;
My sun shines on while he makes hay
And dreams of being raised some day;
The payroll bears his name as long
As I am right and he is wrong.

When callers come to rage or flout,
I'm "still in conference" or "out";
At night I seek, a devotee,
The shapely Muse, Terpsichore;
I know she loves to be admired
By business men who pass as tired;
Great Scott, it's all a beastly bore!

\- - - - - - - -

That's all there is; there is no more.

—*Elias Lieberman.*

A Further Note on the Juke Family

A Contribution to the Study of Eugenics

LITTLE Jamie Wigginbotham happened one day to observe a boy breaking milk bottles in front of the Wigginbotham garage.

"Who," said little Jamie politely, "are you?"

"Jimmy Juke," replied the other.

"One of the famous Juke family!" cried Jamie, clapping his hands gleefully. "One of the famous Juke family!"

"Wodja trine to pull?" inquired the second boy.

"You are famous!" repeated Jamie. "Several sociologists have published fascinating monographs on your family. From the original progenitor, born in 1720, six generations, numbering about 1200 persons, have been traced. I abridge the record; but I may note that 310 were professional paupers, who dwelt in almshouses a total of 2300 years; 130 were convicted criminals; only 20 learned a trade."

Jimmy Juke flushed.

"Those was Uncle Joe's folks that learned a trade. But we don't never associate with them no more." He expectorated in a horrid and contemptuous manner.

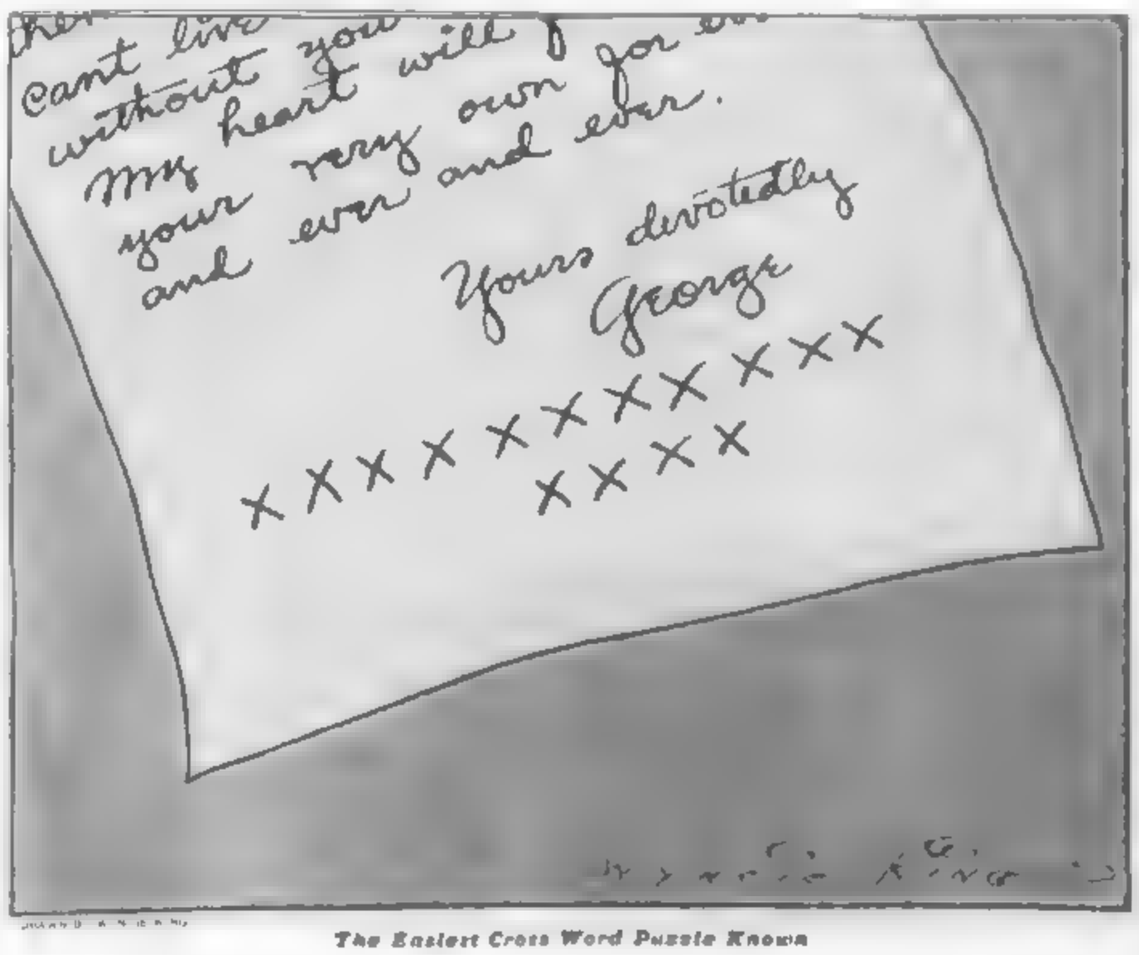
"Your family is used as the standard example of the transmission of undesirable characteristics. You, I have no doubt, show a markedly subnormal I Q on the Binet-Simon scale. By biological necessity you are feeble-minded, underdeveloped and uneducable. You are social waste products!"

"We get lots of fun," observed Jimmy, as he moved up closer to Jamie.

"The sociologists quote by way of contrast the record of the Wigginbotham family. It has numbered 22 senators, 45 university presidents, 432 divines though none of these last at the present moment – 3165 bond brokers, 944 polo players and 77 owners of private cars on railroads. It is to the native excellence of our stock, preserved through careful selection of mates, that we owe our mental, physical and psychical superiority."

Little Jimmy Juke then beat the tar out of little Jamie Wigginbotham.

—*Morris Bishop.*



The Easiest Cross Word Puzzle Known

A tobacco that never changes, deposes Mr. Bruce

And you'll say he ought to be a judge

Mr. Bruce doesn't know of the eternal vigilance that its makers exercise to keep "good old Edgeworth" unchanged in quality. But it is our conviction that a man buys the next tin of Edgeworth because he liked the one before it.

Therefore, it is up to us to see that he gets what he is trying to buy—"more of the same." We are glad to know that Edgeworth smokers realize the uniformity that we rather painstakingly maintain for them.

And Mr. Bruce is well qualified to testify on this point. He tells us that he averages better than half a tin a day, and he has been smoking Edgeworth for eight years.

Let's see—that's something like 1461 tins for Mr. Bruce, according to our office calculator. But Mr. Bruce's own letter will be more interesting than our comments. Here it is:

Savannah, Ga.

Messrs. Larus and Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I have been using Edgeworth since 1916 and think it is the best pipe tobacco on the market. The flavor and aroma are distinctive; the quality, being the very best, never changes; and as I have smoked nearly every brand of pipe tobacco made, I have never found its equal.

My pipe is in my mouth nearly every hour of the day, and I smoke continually, using a can in less than two days, but have never felt any bad effects from Edgeworth

I have the best smoking combination there is—a can of Edgeworth and a B B B curve stem—and these two friends, having been with me for eight years, are going to be with me as long as I live.

Wishing you and Edgeworth the best of success, I remain,

Yours very truly,
(signed) F K. Bruce.
705 East 39th St

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 11 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

Look for the CIRCLE A *trademark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

The Natural Elegance of Tiled Floors

YOU naturally associate floors having a tile or repeat block pattern with a certain formal dignity.

This entrance hall has a floor of Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Linoleum, laid with a border of plain black linoleum.

Linoleum is well adapted to the tile design, especially since the modern way of laying linoleum (cementing down over a lining of builders' deadening felt) permits a close joining at seams and edges and makes a watertight, permanent floor that does not bulge or buckle.

On this page are reproduced four other designs of Armstrong's Linoleum, which show how modern inlaid linoleum has brought the beauty and stateliness of the tile floor within the scope of the modest home.

A permanent floor

A fine linoleum floor, laid with cement over builders' deadening felt—not tacked down—requires only occasional waxing and polishing to keep it new-looking for years and years. Floors of linoleum do not soil easily. In fact, the linoleum floor is the easiest of all floors to keep clean. All dust is surface dust and wipes right up.

Regular waxing is the proper care, both for appearance and for wear.

The colors of linoleum—and you can have almost any color you need, to harmonize with your other furnishings—offer an opportunity for real distinction in a room. Your fine fabric rugs look better and brighter. Notice the blue rug, through the doorway in the picture. Your own sense of color will tell you how it "belongs" on that floor, and how it would suffer if the floor were yellowish wood.

Ask a good merchant in your city to show you the different designs in Armstrong's Linoleum. All genuine Armstrong's Linoleum can be identified by the Circle A trade-mark on the burlap back.

A book on home furnishing and decoration

By Agnes Foster Wright

This book tells how to use decorative color schemes for different rooms in the large or small home. Mrs. Wright is an authority on home decoration, a former president of the Interior Decorators' League of New York, and a contributor to House and Garden. A copy of her recent book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color," will be sent postpaid anywhere in the United States for 25c.

Our Bureau of Interior Decoration will give you individual advice on planning the color and decoration of any room or rooms you will describe. No charge.

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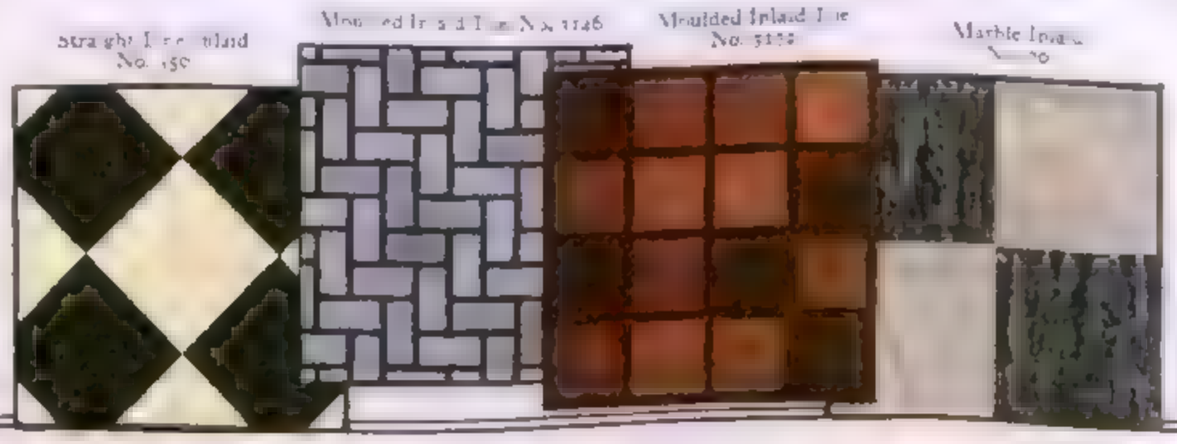


THE CELLINI PLAQUE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Rita," said Lucchesi, "you write her a note. Tell her there will be only the four of us. . . . Crickets!" Lucchesi's laughter boomed into space. "Rita, she will come. This octogenarian has intrigued her by doing the unexpected. But you, Bob, you tell her tomorrow night that she is beautiful, and break the suspense."

That night Ellison put out the lights and drew a chair to the window, and transferred Lisabetta's purse from one hand to the other many times, as he stared at the brilliant Florentine night. Betta—what a charming diminutive! To fill this purse with all manner of precious stones—or better still, with stars! A pleasant image: Lisabetta's purse filled with stars.

He was conscious of a colossal upheaval in his ordered affairs, but the true significance lay on the other side of the fog which bemused him.

He had temporarily forgotten all about the Cellini plaque; but Signor Poggioli had not. At this particular moment he was in an attic in the Via Maffia, an attic filled with queer odors, retorts and little furnaces; and he was exchanging banter with a man in a stained smock.

III

ELLISON entered the Piazza Vittorio at the appointed hour, cynically confident that Lisabetta Peruzzi would not appear. Why should she? Why put herself out for a stranger she had conversed with for perhaps ten minutes? A man wasn't given such luck outside of books. But when he saw the leghorn hat by the Savoy entrance, his cynicism flew out of him and never gained a decent foothold thereafter.

"I have not kept you waiting?"

"But one minute. Let us be getting on. You see, I never go anywhere—with men. We unmarried Italians never have any liberty, you know."

"But you are free."

"Am I?" she said, with an adorable shrug.

"Good heavens, don't tell me that you are engaged to be married and that you are afraid of running into your fiancé! Supposing he challenges me. Pistols and swords, and I a perfect rabbit!" A clever way of asking her if there was anybody else.

"I shall never marry. . . . Look at those scarlet oranges in that green cart!"

A buoyancy pervaded Ellison. She was unattached; and many a woman had sworn never to marry and had.

A sense of buoyancy pervaded her also. For a little while, freedom; the quality of freedom granted hunted things out of season. Even now she must proceed warily, to follow the beaten paths of tourists, for by doing so she was less likely to meet people she knew. She could not take this freedom with a man of her own race; he would not understand her mood and would annoy her with amorous sentiments. Even to be seen with an Italian would invite malicious comment. She knew her little Florentine world, and she held her place in it precariously only because she had never stepped from the appointed path. But to run about with an American would invite nothing more than shrugs. Americans were amorous only when they loved, and did not generally make a pastime of it, and were jolly and amusing companions. To run about town, doing mad things under the protection of a man who could be trusted. At this moment Ellison meant nothing more to her.

So together they started off for the house of Dante. And Poggioli, who had been observing them from a distance, stroked his blue-black chin. His discovery of them was only an accident; but as he reviewed the situation he was quite pleased with it. It would have to be an infinitely small thing for him not to wring a profit from it. Still, he must find out when and how they had met.

Her gayety drew Ellison's, which needed furbishing in the beginning; but by the time luncheon at Paoli's was over, he was her match in wit and happy recklessness. But he played a shrewd game. He studied Paoli's bill to see that there was no overcharge and gave the waiter the precise sum that an Italian would have given. In Lisabetta's eyes he was poor, and so he must remain.

That night at the Lucchesi villa, which was south of the Arno, on the Viale Michelangelo, Lisabetta wore a dinner gown, and even Ellison's untrained eye noted the age of it; and yet it seemed to him that her beauty was all the more astounding. There was no diminution to her gayety.

The home-going in the Lucchesi car was something he would remember; man-made and heaven-made stars and the perfume of roses

The Peruzzi villa was on the way to Fiesole; but in the night all the walls and gates looked alike to Ellison, who could not mark the villa for recollection. He jumped down and helped Lisabetta to alight and unlocked the grille for her.

"What about tomorrow?" he whispered.

"What have you to suggest?"

"Let us hunt singing crickets in the Cascine."

She laughed.

"After all, why not? It will have to be early, for I must be home to lunch."

"Shall I call for you at nine?"

"No; I shall meet you at the park gates at nine."

All that distance on foot, he thought. She would walk from one end of Florence to the other to hunt crickets with him. The pathos of that purse he carried in his pocket! Tragedy under all this gayety; tight-lipped penury. The daughter of a man who was gambling-mad, who would sell his flesh and blood for a gambling stake. He held out his hand, and after a moment's hesitation she placed hers within it.

"Do you think I am beautiful?" she shot at him.

"Are you?" was his immediate return.

Her laughter broke out.

"Good night, Mr. Ellison. We are going to be friends. Never compliment me. My face has made life somewhat difficult. Until tomorrow."

She closed the gate and sped up the path to the villa. An elderly female peasant—the one servant—opened the door for her. When the gate opened it rang a bell in the hall.

"Rosa, have you ten lire?" asked Lisabetta.

"*Si, Betta mia.*"

"I may never be able to pay you back."

"But he will pay me, *cara mia*, never fear. I wash, I cook, I clean, I am cheap; he cannot do without me. He will pay me. Do you want the money now?"

"In the morning."

"Did you have a good time?"

Rosa had varied privileges in this house and was permitted to ask questions of her superiors.

"Rosa, I'm afraid I did. Have you ever been mad?"

"*Si.* I am now."

"No, no; I mean the other kind that makes you do things you should not."

"Ah, I was young once! Youth does not loiter. Play while you have youth. Soon your bones will ache when you climb the stairs. But you will always be beautiful; I never was."

"What have you done to that girl?" Mrs. Lucchesi wanted to know as they rolled back to town. "I never saw her so gay."

"Reverse it, and ask what has she done to me. Frankly, I don't know. I'm bewildered. Is she a flirt?"

"Never!"

"Then why is she so agreeable to me?"

"You poor man, has no woman ever told you that you are attractive?"

"That isn't it. She lunches at Paoli's with me; tomorrow morning she is going into the Cascine to hunt singing crickets. You can't tell me it is because I'm attractive. She wants a good time, and I seem to be a safe old codger to have it with."

"You will never win any woman with that utter lack of vanity."

"Do I want to win her? I don't know."

"She is as beautiful in mind as in body. No matter what her father does, nor how he acts, Betta will always be what she is."

"I am ten years older, too."

"Giovanni is eight years older than I. If she were an American?"

"She would have married some duke long ago."

"What brought you to Florence this year?"

"Oh, a rumor about a Cellini plaque; and I don't care a hoot if I never see it," he added savagely.

"Roberto, that's a bad sign."

"Something's wrong with the world," he said; but he laughed afterward.

Ellison kept a diary: one of those bald unemotional affairs which scholars use to preserve their observations. There was not even an echo of sentiment in the book. It was the minute and precise history of his endeavors for a period covering twelve years. It was filled with the histories of artistic frauds and impostures, and he had been frank enough to jot down his own stumblings. Now came a strange interlude. Ellison began to write down his emotions, day by day. He was in love.

Ellison was not a poet, neither was he a novelist; he had no literary invention. He wrote well and informatively upon subjects he knew something about and was considered brilliant in research. But he knew nothing, or little more than nothing, about the manifestations of love. So no publisher will ever offer to print the emotional phase—in six parts—of his diary. It is probable that he will blot it out some day, when he rereads it coldly. Nevertheless, he suffered as greatly as any creative genius would suffer; perhaps more, for he was dumb, somewhat, and each creative genius has his peculiar vent and is able to minimize the agony by transcribing it in ink or paint or marble or music. Ellison had none of these gifts. He could only brood in silence.

IV

THE last night. In the Lucchesi garden there was an ancient marble bench, beside a huge Sicilian oil jar, that gleamed mistily in the dim light of the sickle moon. The perfume of roses and lemon verbena swam in the gently moving air. Ellison sat upon the bench, hunched, with his forearms upon his knees. Out into the night came Lisabetta's voice in song.

A vast fury laid hold of Ellison: fury at his weakness, his lack of courage to put it to the touch. During the war he had faced death calmly enough, yet he dared not tell Lisabetta that he loved her. And after tonight he might never see her again. Half a dozen times the words had been ready, and something she did or said had stifled them. She did not want to hear the words, and anticipated them—was that it?

There was steel in her. He had found that out in these six mad days. If she had set her mind against love and marriage Her clothes, her shoes, her purse which he still carried! If there was only some way by which he might give her money! Convention, pride; walls everywhere against a kindly deed.

Silence followed the song, but he was not aware of it, nor of its length.

"Lemon verbena—what an exquisite perfume! Dried, the scent lasts for ages, like lavender. Here is a sprig to remember me by."

It was Lisabetta. He had not heard her approach. There would always be associated with the recollection of this night a few blank spaces during which his mind registered nothing. Between the time he looked up at the sound of her voice and the time he took her into his arms there was mental emptiness. Nothing conscious had impelled him to the act. But finding her in his arms, he kissed her; how many times was another thing beyond remembrance. She took the kisses and the embrace passively.

"I could not help it," he said, letting her go. Was it a sob he heard? "I love you. Will you be my wife? I know now why I have gone all these years without a woman. I was waiting for you."

"No, no! I am sorry. I did not want it this way I take all the blame. I have been mad I am not an irresponsible young girl: I am a woman, and I had no right to forget A little fling - and now to pay the piper . . Wait! I like you better than any other man I have known You were gentle and merry; you never spoiled a scene by asking questions; there was never the look of the hunter in your eyes. I shall never marry any man—ever."

"Not if you loved him?"

"All the more thoroughly would I reject him—if I loved him."

"But why?"

"There are obstacles."

"Can't I ride over these obstacles?"

"No, dear comrade; only death can do that This is the end I return to my prison; but it will not be so bleak as it was yesterday"

"If there were no obstacles?"

"No, no! I have nothing to tell you except that I'm sorry if I have hurt you."

"Hurt me! You absolutely mean all this?"

"Absolutely. You have held me in your arms and kissed me. No other man has or ever shall. I tell you here, before God, that I shall never marry."

"Will you answer me one question?"

"I have answered that already. So good-by!"

"Am I never to see you again?"

"Never!" And she ran toward the house.

It was flight. She feared the sobs which struggled for utterance. She had thought to play only, and had come to this—love! Lisabetta Peruzzi, who was an outcast! Happiness, and she must not reach for it because she was honest!

Despair and numbness for him. He did not follow her. He knew that the most passionate pleading would not have bent the steel in her.

Even in this short time he had learned to know that she would not say a thing today and reverse it tomorrow. He had lost her, and unless he discovered what was behind her refusal she would always remain lost to him.

In one short week, the world—his world—upside down; and he knew that no labor, however furious and persistent, would ever turn the world right side up. Her father, or it might be something about her own history. If he but knew what! One could not surmount obstacles which eluded; one could not climb stairs made of fog. To go to her father would be folly; the act would serve only to reënforce the steel in Lisabetta.

Poggioli! Poggioli had the history of every Florentine of note at his tongue's end. He would know all about Sandro Peruzzi. And then ——

Next day, as he finished his luncheon and strolled into the lounge, a notion in his head to pack up and return to America, he saw Poggioli, who appeared to be excited.

"He is in town; arrived this morning. He will be at home between two and half after. Evidently his little trip to Monte Carlo was not prosperous. He was in a bit of temper."

"He gambles?"

"Yes; but he will not sell the plaque. Eh? They will gamble their souls away, but how they cling to heirlooms!"

"Who is the man?" asked Ellison, as he took up his hat and cane.

"His name is Sandro Peruzzi, and his villa is on the way to Fiesole."

"What's he do?" inquired Ellison quietly, though his ears hummed.

"A gentleman with a modest income. He had an ancestor who was a captain in the Vatican in the time of Clement VII. This captain was given the plaque originally."

"So? Well, let us be on our way."

To see Lisabetta; the plaque was nothing; Cellini was no longer, and never would be again, a subject of importance. Sandro Peruzzi! The desire, inexplicable, to laugh came into Ellison's throat.

"Remember," warned Poggioli, "don't offer him any sum for it. See what he would take for it if he ever decided to sell, and under no circumstance permit him to learn that you have wealth. Be interested in the plaque only as a writer."

"You can trust me. Is there anything peculiar about Peruzzi?"

"Peculiar? Nothing, except that he is a miser and a gambler. True, he eloped with his wife, who was a great Roman lady. Her family disowned her, and Peruzzi has ceased to exist in their minds. If you mean mystery or scandal, there is nothing"

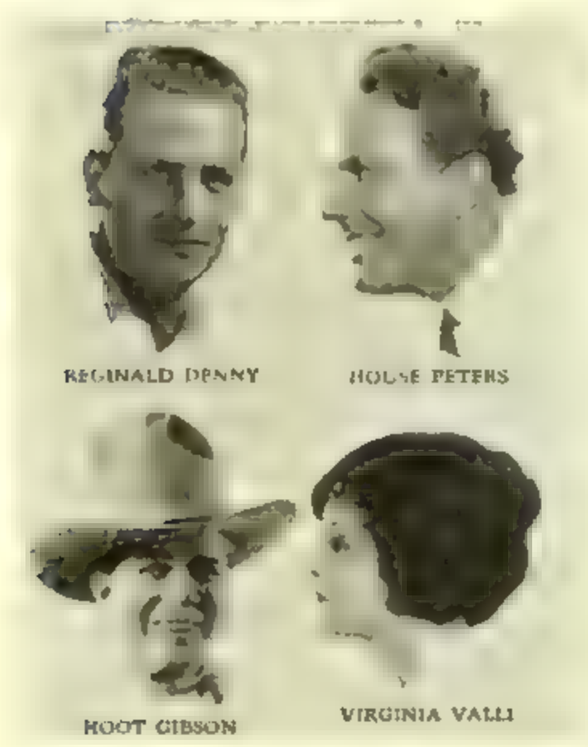
"Miser and gambler" Ellison laughed "That must be the most exquisite torture. He lives alone?"

"He has a daughter, and keeps her penned to the wall I suspect, but I don't know, that his daughter refuses to marry the rich men he parades before her So rumor has it that she has but one pair of shoes the year, and the girl fit to grace the house of a prince! I know these things because I've managed to get into the confidence of the housekeeper Never any quarrels. Peruzzi is always suave and gentle and the girl is always cold and quiet Two rapiers, feeling out each other in the dark Eh?"

"Peruzzi and the Roman woman were married?"

"Certainly Florence accepted her She lived but two years"

Watch This Column



I have noticed with satisfaction the growing disposition of American audiences to applaud moving-picture plays, where formerly they were received in silence. Why not? Applause is a spontaneous expression of personal appreciation and pleasure, not merely an attempt to flatter the actors, as frequently happens in the speaking theatres. Picture-plays go to far greater length to please than the most pretentious stage-play, and often the whole company travels hundreds of miles to get the best and most appropriate of Nature's settings. So, that, applause is logical, it seems to me. What do you think? Do you applaud good picture-plays? If not, why not?

HOOT GIBSON has done a very creditable bit of work in ***"Let 'er Buck,"*** a Western drama of the type nearly everybody enjoys. It was taken during the Pendleton (Ore.) roundup of 1924 and shows exclusive scenes of what is generally recognized as the greatest rodeo in the world. HOOT is assisted by Marian Nixon, Josie Sedgwick and G. Raymond Nye. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

"I'll Show You the Town," —a refreshing story that is different, starring REGINALD DENNY. Adapted from the novel by Elmer Davis. Directed by Erle Kenton.

"Don Dare-Devil," starring JACK HOXIE, assisted by Cathleen Calhoun, William Steele, Cesare Gravina and Duke Lee. Story by William Gittens. Directed by Clifford Smith.

"Red Clay," starring WILLIAM DESMOND, assisted by Marceline Day, Billy Sullivan, Lola Todd and Albert J. Smith. Story by Sarah Saddoris. Directed by Ernst Laemmle.

Incidentally I want to thank "Penelope," of Bowling Green, Ky., for her wonderful praise of ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."***

Watch this column for early news of Universal's masterpiece, ***"The Phantom of the Opera."***

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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Then where was the obstacle? What was it that made it impossible for Lisabetta Peruzzi ever to marry?

V

ELLISON was astonished to find the Peruzzi salon admirably appointed. The walls were marked by excellent copies of Botticelli, Lippo Lippi, Del Sarto, Holbein and Dürer. A handsome Samarkand partly covered the old red tiles of the floor. The few pieces of furniture were gems. Ellison possessed the first quality of observation; a glance told him whether a room was right or wrong. This room was about perfect.

An old woman had answered the bell and had conducted them to the salon, where they sat down upon a little lounge, awaiting the entrance of the master. Was Lisabetta in the house? Ellison's heart shook at the thought of meeting her again. Last night he had held her in his arms and kissed her.

Peruzzi entered and closed the door behind him. He was a handsome, dapper old man, with white hair and white mustaches and benign of countenance, the last person to whom one might apply the sinister titles of miser and gambler. Ellison scrutinized the face keenly; not a line anywhere to suggest cruelty. He recollected Lisabetta's shoes; and he knew at once that Peruzzi's benignity would never deceive him. It might be, though, that Peruzzi was brutal only when the fury of the gambler seized him.

"Signor Ellison, the American authority on Cellini," announced Poggioli, bowing.

Peruzzi nodded coldly and consulted his watch.

"You wish to see the plaque?"

"If it will be agreeable to you."

"On condition that you will make no mention of it in your next edition."

"I can't promise that."

"Then what you do not see you cannot vouch for," said Peruzzi.

"You will not show it?"

"Only on the condition I have made. I do not want the commissioners entering my house."

"But they would not confiscate it."

"There is always the possibility. My ancestor states that he received the plaque from Clement VII. But there is no proof that he did not steal it. That leaves a wide opening for the government."

"I agree to the condition."

The hunter took precedence over the lover, and Ellison felt that he must see the plaque.

"Poggioli, this is the last time."

"But, signor, this gentleman ——"

"Come into my study," interrupted Peruzzi. "Time flies, and I have only a quarter of an hour."

Ellison entered behind Poggioli, his ears strained in vain to catch the sound of footsteps above. Silence reigned there.

For this reason, when her father had guests, Lisabetta invariably remained upstairs, and nothing could lure her down except the closing of the garden grille, which, when opened or shut, tinkled a bell in the hall. She had heard the first bell and had flown to her room, bolting the door.

From a battered safe Peruzzi drew a magnifying glass and two books which had the appearance of ledgers, very old. He laid the three objects upon the reading table and opened one of the books, indicating that he wished his visitor to read.

"A beautiful old book," said Ellison, warming. "What is it?"

"My ancestor's diary. He was something of a scribbler. What I wish you to read, with the glass, is the page I have indicated."

Ellison scrutinized the page thoroughly and surreptitiously compared the adjoining page. The ink had faded to a faint blond and the old Italian was rather difficult to decipher. Search as he might, he could find no interpolations, no indications that the page had been tampered with. Here was the brief history of how the Cellini plaque had come into the possession of Captain Peruzzi. Ellison, tolerably familiar with old paper and ink, knew that the history was genuine. His old enthusiasms awoke; his skepticism vanished. He even forgot that Peruzzi was Lisabetta's father.

"And the plaque itself?" he said.

Reluctantly Peruzzi opened the second book. It was a false book, built to hold the plaque against a background of white velvet. Ellison stepped forward, thrilled. Never had he seen anything more exquisite Green as the pulp of a grape; the blank center was dulled, the carving highly polished, representing a mythological hunting scene, rather licentious, the usual Cellini inspiration.

"Extraordinary!" cried Ellison. "May I carry it over to the light?"

"Certainly."

Ellison inspected the plaque under the glass. If this was not Cellini, he silently argued, then it was by Cellini's equal. He noted but one flaw, in the heel of one of the hunters. But he had no notion to comment upon this flaw. Here was Cellini. He was sure of it. Only a great artist could have produced this plaque. Never in this world would the Italian Government permit this gem to reside outside a museum, did they know that it existed. Cellini in chrysoprase, and he had given his promise not to make a record of what he saw! He saw some justice in Peruzzi's attitude. Ellison returned the plaque to the table.

"It is the most beautiful bit I've ever laid eyes on. It is far more beautiful than the Viennese saltcellar. Is there a price on it?"

Peruzzi laughed softly.

"I will give you thirty thousand for it!" cried Ellison, now fully in the grip of the collector's passion. "Thirty thousand dollars—now!"

"It is not for sale," Peruzzi reiterated. "When I die the plaque goes to the Crown. You want it? Why shouldn't I? In all the world I have but two treasures, and this is one of them."

Ellison knew what the other was, and grew cold—Lisabetta! And for a while he had forgotten her!

"I thank you, signor, for this pleasure," he said. "I have given my word to make no public mention of what I have seen. But if ever you should be tempted to sell ——"

"When I die the plaque becomes the world's." Again Peruzzi consulted his watch.

"Well?" said Poggioli, as he and Ellison entered the tram.

"Thanks, Poggioli. You have given me a great pleasure. I would have crossed the Atlantic ten times to see a thing like that. Cellini in chrysoprase! It is unbelievable; yet the plaque and the document would pass in any court."

"You believe that writing to be genuine?" asked the agent.

"Yes; you can't reproduce that kind of paper. We have what we call deckle edge; but that does not darken with age like the old stuff, which ages all over the same. Even without the documentary evidence, the plaque is enough for me. Where is the man alive to do such work?"

"But you—to offer him thirty thousand that way!" said Poggioli reproachfully. "Now, if ever he wishes to sell, the price will be sixty"

"I couldn't help it. Good Lord, Poggioli, I must have that plaque! Honorably, of course; honorably. What will his thoughts be about the plaque when he needs gambling money? There's the one hope. I hope he goes broke. The sheer beauty of it, and the incomparable cutting!"

"I knew you would be pleased. He asked me to the villa one day to consult me about a canvas. I told him that it was only so-so; and before I left he showed me the plaque and the record."

"I am pleased; and we shall stop at the American Express. I am going to cash a small draft in your favor. Thirty thousand stands. Not because I believe the plaque worth that, but because I want it. Would he accept my check?"

"If he were permitted to cable your bankers for your rating. Certainly he would have to protect himself. But would he dare cash your check? No. He would have to have cash—keep himself clear—what you would call an alibi."

Ellison knew that his conscience was sound; but what would happen if the plaque came to his hand? There was no denying the truth, he would smother his conscience and leg it for the first ship out. He knew conscience to be a fallow thing until the test. The unutterable beauty of that plaque—and the beauty of Lisabetta!

Once in his room, he sat down and wrote Lisabetta a love letter, full of stumblings and paradoxes and mixed metaphors, and yet a beautiful love letter. Lisabetta had to open it to learn who had sent it. Dry-eyed, she held it to her heart for a space, then returned it without comment. Six other letters followed; but she knew now, and sent them back unopened.

For three afternoons and evenings Ellison hung about the villa. But he never saw her, for she feared that he might be nigh and never went abroad.

In a burst of anger Ellison decided to return to America. He had offered her the highest honor a man can bestow upon a woman—love and marriage. She would have none of him. So be it. He booked to sail the following Saturday. On Wednesday night he packed. As he slammed the lid of his steamer trunk and locked it, someone knocked on the door.

You know what lover's hope is. He ran to the door, hoping—and discovered Poggioli.

VI

POGGIOLI entered, closed the door and laid a finger against his lips. He was visibly excited. Under one arm was a package.

"Well?" said Ellison.

"We've hooked him!" said Poggioli in a jubilant whisper.

"What? Who?"

"Peruzzi." Poggioli exhibited the package. "Here's the Cellini plaque. But I must carry back your draft this very night, and you must leave Florence in the morning."

Ellison was no simpleton. He trusted no agent fully. All of them would turn thieves if the rewards were large enough.

"Then he'll take my draft without consulting my bankers?"

Poggioli smiled, laid his package on the dresser and took from his wallet a letter addressed to himself. Ellison read that his bankers would honor his drafts for any amount up to five hundred thousand dollars. Poggioli had sent for this information in 1919, when he had purchased the Carlo Dolci for Ellison. Ellison tossed back the letter, uttering no comment. Poggioli had been within his rights.

"I showed him that letter and he was satisfied."

"When did you close this deal?" asked Ellison, still cold.

"About an hour ago."

"And he trusted you with the plaque before he saw my check? Don't like the looks of it, Poggioli."

"He does not want you to be known in the deal. If the Italian Government should learn and were able to approach you, Peruzzi would face a good deal of trouble. I told him that you would give thirty thousand. At first he began to curse me for disturbing him. Suddenly he surrendered. From outside sources I have learned that he was badly hit at Monte Carlo and that he has mortgaged his next year's income. He had to sell something to live."

Ellison thought of Lisabetta's shoes. The mind, touched with love, is never a keen mind, and is not fit to sit in judgment upon anything. Two treasures, he mused bitterly. Well, if he could not have the chief, he would take the secondary. Or was Lisabetta the chief treasure? All the better if the plaque were first.

"Let me see the plaque. If it is genuine, I'll buy it."

So Poggioli uncovered the package and revealed the Cellini plaque in its odd setting. Ellison remembered the flaw in the heel of the hunter, sought for and found it.

"Where is the evidence from the diary?"

Poggioli immediately surrendered it. Ellison studied the page word for word. It was the page he had seen. He knew this because he was able to identify three broken words and a spatter of ink from an upward stroke of the quill.

Ellison drew a chair to the bed and fell to studying the plaque from all angles. Suddenly he knew that he was going to buy it. For years his soul had craved for what had seemed an impossibility—a bit of the old scoundrel's art. Here it lay, a thing of incredible beauty. The flowing tresses of the hunters, the expression of masculine activity, the foliage—perfection. He rose.

"I'll buy it," he said.

"Make the draft payable to me. He cannot touch a check; he must have the cash. I take the check to him tonight, and tomorrow I deposit it. When it is paid, I turn the money over to him."

"His risk, not mine," said Ellison. Ordinarily he would have objected to this procedure; but he disliked Peruzzi. "If he trusts you, I suppose I must."

Poggioli shrugged.

"You will receive at your bank a note from Peruzzi, saying, 'Thank you.'"

Ellison wrote the draft and Poggioli inspected it thoroughly. The man suddenly expanded; he smiled; he executed a wide gesture.

"All my life I have lived from hand to mouth. Now I shall live like a prince. I stole

(Continued on Page 64)

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In design and finish there is new beauty; steering mechanism, fenders and body lines especially designed for full size balloon tires; automatic spark control; lighting switch at your finger tips on the steering wheel; genuine Spanish leather upholstery; new ease of operation; velvet clutch action; plus fittings of the finest quality.

You read newspapers to keep up with events. See the new Studebaker Duplex-Phaeton to keep pace with motor car developments. Because it will give you an entirely new idea of motoring convenience—and motor car value. *The Studebaker Corporation of America, South Bend, Ind.*

STANDARD SIX 113-in. W. B. 50 H. P.		SPECIAL SIX 120-in. W. B. 65 H. P.		BIG SIX 127-in. W. B. 75 H. P.	
5-Pass. Duplex-Phaeton	$1145	5-Pass. Duplex-Phaeton	$1495	7-Pass. Duplex-Phaeton	$1875
3-Pass. Duplex-Roadster	1125	3-Pass. Duplex Roadster	1450	5-Pass. Coupe	2650
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5-Pass. Coupe	1495	5-Pass. Sedan	2150	7-Pass. Berline	2860
5-Pass. Sedan	1595	5-Pass. Berline	2225		
5-Pass. Berline	1650				
4-wheel brakes, 4 disc wheels, $60 extra		*4-wheel brakes, 5 disc wheels, $75 extra*		*4-wheel brakes, 5 disc wheels, $75 extra*	

(All prices f. o. b. factories, and subject to change without notice)

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

STUDEBAKER *Duplex*

(Continued from Page 62)

the plaque and the document. Every man for himself in this wicked world."

Astounded to the point of speechlessness, Ellison stared at the man.

Finally he said, "You—what?"

"Stole it." Poggioli bowed amiably. "And if you make any trouble, you will find yourself accessory to the theft. Peruzzi will remember that you called with me and wanted the plaque, and offered thirty thousand."

"You damned scoundrel!" And Ellison flew at him, pinning the rogue to the wall. "The plaque and the document go back to Peruzzi this night. Give me that check or I'll throttle you!"

Suddenly his hands relaxed. A stupendous notion had popped into his head. To return the plaque and the document in the autumn, upon condition that Peruzzi should permit his daughter to marry where she chose and that he would never come begging to her, that he would drop out of her life completely. Here was a notion worth ten times thirty thousand. Lisabetta was within reach.

"I'll keep the plaque; but clear out before I change my mind."

Poggioli readjusted his collar, sent Ellison a calculating glance, and departed, chuckling inaudibly.

VII

ON A BRIGHT afternoon in November, Ellison sat in the reading room of his club and gave up trying to read. Lisabetta was too strongly in his thoughts. She was wherever he was; and so long as he lived this condition would exist. He had written. How many letters had he written? He had lost count. But none of these letters had come back, there having been no return address. Yet she could have remedied that by putting a query to the Lucchesis, who know his several American addresses. Had she read and destroyed the letters, or was she keeping them unopened against the day of his probable return to Florence? Well, Saturday would see him on the way to Naples.

The thought that tortured him more than any other was this: Had she married secretly, been disillusioned, and was the man still living? This was persistent because it was the only logical deduction.

When he kissed her that night in the Lucchesi garden, she had not repulsed him. She was Italian; she would have been furious if she had not cared. So that is why the love of her did not die out for lack of something to feed upon, but grew and grew, until he knew that he must see her or lose all interest in life.

A hand fell upon his shoulder and he looked up.

"Hello, George! Sit down; glad to see you. When did you get back from abroad?"

"Last week. Can't stop but a moment," said Atteridge, an amateur collector of porcelains and jade snuff bottles. "How long since were you in Florence?"

Ellison sat up alertly.

"Last spring."

"Well," said Atteridge, smiling, "if I know anything about you, you're going to sail for Italy in a jiffy."

"Go on."

"Well, you're a Cellini bug. I'm going to tell you that in October I saw a Cellini that will fairly crack your eyeballs when you see it."

"Ah, yes. Where is this precious thing?"

"In Florence. But the old bird won't sell."

"A cup?" asked Ellison, with lips suddenly gone dry.

"No; a plaque in chrysoprase, of extraordinary beauty."

"What's the subject?"

"A mythological hunting scene."

"Proofs?"

"The old bird had the documents. Oh, the thing is genuine; but kept under cover so the government won't know."

Ellison burst into laughter.

"You don't believe me?" said Atteridge reproachfully.

Ellison rose.

"Of course I do. I'm the most grateful man you ever saw. What's the old bird's name?"

"Peruzzi."

"How did you find out about the plaque?"

"Through a chap named Poggioli. Somebody said he knew where I could find some old Sèvres. I was interested in the plaque only on your account. But the thing is not for sale."

"George, everything is for sale. Love, even, when you buy it with love. I'm going out for a walk. I'm stuffed with tobacco smoke."

Ellison left the club for the Avenue, deliriously happy. Everything; he had the whole story. As a bolt of lightning reveals the spokes in a wheel at night, so had this bolt revealed Lisabetta's reason. Atteridge, the one chance in the wide world! From no other channel could the truth have come. Atteridge, hunting for Sèvres and falling upon a chrysoprase plaque! A conspiracy as clever and impregnable as human ingenuity could devise, gone to pot on a mere fluke! He understood. Why, Lisabetta had been utterly lost to him!

Rooked, beautifully rooked! If the world heard about it, his Cellini prestige would become something to laugh at. Pretended robbery, to keep the victim forever away from the Peruzzi villa! And yet there was the plaque; the quality of its beauty remained unimpaired; it was still an object of glory. No machinery had brought out those lovely bodies; nothing other than the tools of a master carver. Peruzzi and Poggioli in the hollow of his hand! For five years Poggioli had been ripening him for this! To how many dupes had Poggioli taken a stolen plaque? Peruzzi the victim! Ellison laughed. Had he not been in love with Lisabetta, Poggioli would never have carried away that check. He at least would not have been duped. Yes, he was greedy; but never to the point of dishonesty.

So that was it! Lisabetta, loyalty and pride; a hell on earth for her who was as honest as the sun! Lisabetta could not marry because she knew her father to be a clever blackleg; because she herself was honest. Trapped, for she could not go to the police without inviting dishonor and perhaps imprisonment. Knowing that this business was going on, she would be in law an accessory.

Was it chrysoprase? He would find out by tapping the source. He had the whip hand; and he would lay it about with a will, remembering Lisabetta's shoes.

Peruzzi pretended not to recognize his visitor; but inwardly he was amused. Accusations which could not be proved; threats which would not be fulfilled. Even if the contest became serious, Lisabetta would change that. How had he found out? No matter; being found out happened to everybody. Which would be the stronger, his pride or his love? However, the end would be what he, Peruzzi, decided it should be.

Now Ellison's mind was glowing; but the lust for vengeance was something to try out rather than to thrust home.

The rogue was Lisabetta's father, to a certain extent inviolable. For Lisabetta's sake he would play a little comedy, then hurl the thunder bolt, for truly he had one for Signor Peruzzi.

"I have not the pleasure ——" began Peruzzi.

Ellison interrupted him with a laugh.

"Oh, yes, you have. Don't you remember? I came with Poggioli to see the Cellini plaque. It was in May."

"The plaque? Oh—ah! And you wish to see it again?" Peruzzi smiled. "I still refuse to sell it."

"You have it still?"

"*Per Bacco!* But last spring the replica was stolen."

"You had a replica?" said Ellison, pretending to be astonished. "Do you mean to tell me that a thing like that can be reproduced?"

"A matter of chemistry. A steel die, transfusion of certain crystals, artificially stained by an impregnation of green salt of nickel, some cutting, and you have a replica of the Cellini plaque."

Ellison caught hold of the word "replica."

"You mean copy."

"I mean replica," replied Peruzzi, easily.

The old fellow was baiting him. Only Cellini—and Cellini was dead—could produce a replica. To bait a man suggested reserve forces on the part of the baiter. Presently he, Ellison, would bring these reserves to the surface.

"But the record was not stolen?"

"Fortunately, no."

"Would you mind showing me the two again?"

Peruzzi sent his visitor a shrewd glance. The young wolf was baiting the old tiger? All the more amusing.

"Come with me."

"But supposing the record page had been also stolen?" suggested Ellison.

"I could easily remedy that. A camera, an old sheet of paper of like age and quality, a retracing with a specially prepared ink. . . . The ingenuity of dishonest men is past belief, signor"—gravely.

"But always somewhere along the crooked road they stumble." He had to admire the old rogue.

As Peruzzi went into the safe for the plaque and the record, his thoughts were shifting rapidly. Whatever else happened, there would be no police hereabouts. For the first time in his life he saw Lisabetta as a buffer instead of a future source of income. Accusations and threats, but not particularly harsh, because the fool was in love with Lisabetta. And what was more, Lisabetta was in love with the fool. For one day he had attempted to open one of Ellison's letters, and Lisabetta had sprung upon him with the rage of a tigress.

Ellison leisurely inspected the plaque and the record. Both were identical with those he possessed. Somewhere in Florence was a great artist. Not even chrysoprase, yet fit to be set among crown jewels.

"Suppose we drop the camouflage?" he said.

"Perfectly agreeable to me. How did you find out?" Peruzzi sat down.

"A man named Atteridge saw this plaque and reported it to me."

"And you want your thirty thousand?"

"I want Lisabetta."

"Lisabetta is worth a million."

"Who did this work?"

"I, Cellini? Bah! What did he ever turn out more beautiful than that plaque? But if I had brought it into the world as mine, how much would I have got for it? Perhaps a hundred American dollars. But as Cellini I get thirty thousand. Experience is a series of eliminations; little by little it takes the born fool out of us. This experience will be good for you. Oh, once I had beautiful dreams. But in the end I grew to hate humanity. Humanity threw failure into my face, so I struck back."

"You're a great humorist, too."

"If you see the humor of it, there's hope. Sheepheads!"

"Thanks."

"Oh, but you are a lamb yet." Peruzzi laughed. "*Per Bacco!* What dullards honest men are! What a comedy, what a series of comedies, with these learned fools who know so much! I have rooked you. What are you going to do about it? Each of you hiding your plaque for fear of getting me into trouble with the authorities! Haven't you too done something dishonorable?" You took the plaque from Poggioli, though he claimed he had stolen it. Wolf eat wolf. I have never rooked the innocent, only the greedy."

"Haven't you rooked Lisabetta out of her right to happiness?"

"She will come into her own. You say that the rooker stumbles. Where have I stumbled?"

"In misjudging me. I am not afraid of ridicule."

Peruzzi pucked his brows.

"Meaning?"

"That I do not fear publicity."

"If you expose me, there is my daughter, Lisabetta. Do you believe you ran about with her without my knowledge? She was the lure."

"That is a lie." The words were spoken calmly.

The men turned their heads to behold Lisabetta in the doorway, pale but composed. To Ellison her beauty had become ethereal. The shock of seeing her over, he ran to her; but she repelled him with a palm.

"God knows I'm sorry!" he said.

"This hour had to come," she replied wearily. "It would have come before had I known you were to be the victim. Lure I was not."

"My child, you were; but you did not know it. Association with you means love," said Peruzzi.

"Except yours."

"Ah, but you don't understand. I am a creator. When something of mine is complete, I lose all interest in it. Ask any sculptor, painter or novelist." Peruzzi leaned back in his chair, pyramiding his fingers. "If chrysoprase had been a popular stone, I could have made a fortune with my amalgamation devices. But chrysoprase is a stone almost unknown. I studied art and chemistry at the same time. I was considered brilliant. Well, young man, it looks as if the family skeleton is to remain in the closet."

"No. For her sake you shall have only your vanity pricked. There is still some born fool in you. You are going to agree to certain conditions, or this skeleton shall rattle all over Europe."

"In spite of my daughter?"

"For her sake alone. Do you love me?" Ellison turned to Lisabetta.

"Yes," said Lisabetta. "But I give you up utterly. I refuse to marry you and have my father bleed you."

"If I can tame him?"

Lisabetta leaned against the wall and closed her eyes. To look upon the man would be to weaken.

"How am I to be tamed?" asked Peruzzi. This was a scene after his heart's desire—the rooker and the rooked.

"I shall advertise in all the Continental newspapers, warning those who have purchased a Cellini plaque of you that they have been imposed upon, that the plaque is a fraud."

"But, nevertheless, wonderful," said Peruzzi. "But I had not thought of publicity from that angle. We have to risk something, of course. You spoke of conditions, I believe."

He took out a cheroot, broke it carefully in two and adjusted one half to a holder. He lit the object of this tender consideration and blew a billow of smoke into the air. Millions in the family, and had not that been the main object? Here was Lisabetta come to heel without realizing it, for she would not have the strength to resist. And this love-lorn fool would only threaten; he would not act. A comfortable harbor, after all these years of labor and excitement, and Monte Carlo yearly.

"The conditions are ——"

But Lisabetta interrupted, "Not for my sake!"

"She inherits that from me," said Peruzzi. "We never bend. But we must have those conditions."

Turning swiftly, Ellison brought his fist down upon the plaque, shattering it. Then he cast the old book with the record into the fire. Next he ransacked the safe, bringing out wax and steel dies. The wax went into the fire and he beat the steel die with the poker.

"You are an energetic animal," was Peruzzi's comment; "and wasteful. The true die is still behind my forehead."

"Attend me!" said Ellison, somewhat out of breath. "On the first of January and on the first of July you will receive each year you live five thousand dollars. On the day you step foot in America, or send an emissary, or write to your daughter, I shall broadcast the whole story, with a photograph of my plaque, and end all future payments." To Lisabetta he said, "He is your father. To hold him will be enough. To ruin him utterly would not be safe."

"There is gray matter under that skull of yours. It only amused me to rook fools; but if I took up rooking seriously ——" In a little while, he mused, this fool would soften; and there would be additional checks. Besides, Lisabetta, with her high regard for morality, the beaten paths of life, bored him. "*Ebbène, figlia mia*, what do you say? Ten thousand a year will make me a virtuous and penitent man."

Lisabetta's glance traveled from her father's face, now illumined by a sardonic smile, to Ellison's, tense with appeal. To face life alone again, amid these lawless adventures! Ellison offered her happiness, the supreme happiness of loving and being loved. But she knew her father and his restless mentality; she knew that at this very moment he was planning some coup by which to impose upon Ellison's generosity.

Happiness within reach and not daring to touch it! How could she marry him and some day bring shame into his house! She turned her cheek to the wall.

Ellison went to her, led her out of the study and closed the door. What he said to her, who shall ask? Whatever it was, it was conqueror's talk; for in the end she went into his arms.

"Oh, how weak I am," she whispered, "when I should be strong! Didn't you follow me that day to the Cascine?"

"Of course I did! Do you now believe in the luck of singing crickets?"

"You know I do."

He pressed her head to his shoulder, and so they stood for a long time.

There was a sound. The shade of Cellini stood in the doorway, his eyes sparkling with mockery.

"What do you want?" demanded Ellison roughly.

The amiable old scoundrel flourished his dead cheroot.

"A match."

Will Your Hair Stand Close Inspection?

Is it soft and silky, bright and fresh looking—full of life and lustre

YOUR hair, more than anything else, makes or spoils your whole appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

Wear your hair becomingly; always have it beautifully clean and well kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and through-out the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children—fine for men.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

THE BUCCANEERS OF THE BAHAMAS

(Continued from Page 19

the major and her today. I met Mrs. Gardiner. She's coming with them."

"Mamie Gardiner—Mrs. Mannering? Young man, how long have you been in Washington?"

"Since morning," Jimmie answered modestly.

"You Westerners are tornadoes."

"Oh no," said deprecating Jimmie, clearing his throat. He had, so to speak, got his background into the foreground. He now led up to his mission by an inquiry as to Miss Vallander's welfare and health, and was glad to hear that she was well. He began to hope that he had made a good impression on this keen-eyed old lady. She certainly studied him hard; but then, any mother would do that. He could not know that she was thinking of him not as a suitor but as a solver of riddles. He sought for the exact phrase he had thought out, but he had no chance definitely to ask for the hand of Roderica.

"My girl reports you as doing interesting things, Mr. Duane. What things? You took her and her friends, she says, in a yacht which you navigated yourself. Is the sea your hobby?"

Jimmie, prepared for probings into character, into possessions, was little disposed to waste time on incidentals. He had a master mariner's certificate, he said concisely, gained in vacations and after college. It seemed to him that this answer was weighed in mental scales much too large.

"A master mariner," she repeated after a silence perplexing to him. "And Miss Vallander says that you love greasy overalls and grimy probings into engines."

"We had a motor launch," he answered almost impatiently, "and I had to overhaul it."

"Then you really know about engines—marine and all?"

"Yes," answered the bewildered youth, almost sure that this extraordinary inquisitor went a trifle pale over his answer.

"Business?" she asked. "What do you know about large affairs?"

"I have helped my father in his many enterprises."

"What does that mean exactly? Real experience? How old are you?"

"Twenty-four. In business, an amateur, perhaps. I've never been on my own account."

"But Miss Vallander says that at your first meeting with her she happened to say that she would like to see Hawaii. She says that you arranged the trip next day, bought a lovely schooner, put in extra rooms and baths, loaded it with clean sweet-smelling lumber—her words—gave her a trip to heaven—her words again—and paid all the cost out of the cargo and the sale of the vessel afterward. Don't you call that business on your own initiative?"

"That," said Jimmie, beaming, "was pleasure on Miss Vallander's initiative."

But Mrs. Vallander did not hear. She was so deeply absorbed in thought that Jimmie was nettled. What had she learned from him to think about? He was not applying for any position but that of son-in-law. He did not know that he had interpreted the answer of the oracle, and that Mrs. Vallander's head was whirling. She seemed to wake from a dream and she bent eyes of fierce intensity on him.

"I understand from Miss Vallander," she said, "that your father is a very rich and successful business man. She did not meet him, I think. Tell me of him."

"He cares only for business and me," Jimmie said. "He has salmon canneries, a gold mine, a business in Nome, steamships and other interests. He was born in California and has never been east of the Rockies. He likes the life out there. He's a human steam engine, a wonder."

"Why do people smile when his name is mentioned?"

Jimmie's artificial frown became real. He looked his surprise into the keen eyes of this persistent questioner.

"Don't be annoyed," she said. "Miss Vallander did not tell me that. I made some inquiries from Western members and senators. They all smiled."

"Then you know why," Jimmie answered curtly. "They must have told you."

"One said that he was one of the boys. What did he mean?"

"That my father is a real mixer. That he acts up to the belief that all men are equal."

"Another said that when James Duane hollered in Seattle they heard it in Nome."

"His power is felt all over the Coast."

"Self-made, I hear."

"Entirely."

"And indifferent to many things that I, for instance, might think important?"

"He got his own education in his own way. It was a rough one. He is prejudiced against social graces."

"Then how," asked Mrs. Vallander, "does he tolerate you?"

"Because he knows that I understand him and respect him," answered Jimmie angrily.

But Mrs. Vallander perceived no shades of manner in him. Again it seemed that he was forgotten; again there was a long silence.

"I should like to see him," Mrs. Vallander said at length.

"Here?" asked the startled young man.

She smiled as she nodded, seeming to realize that she had been abrupt.

"Why?" he demanded sharply.

Mrs. Vallander had made her great decision and recovered from its effects, so she answered with a laugh. "To arrange," she said, "as parents should, the affairs of their children."

"He would agree to anything I said or did—anything."

"Such matters are for the elders."

"His business interests ——"

"He needs a vacation."

"His dislike, his intense prejudice, if you like ——"

"We shall teach him not to be unfair. He must come. Do you mean he wouldn't come if your happiness depended on it? If you want my girl you must learn to put up with her mother. Will you send for him?"

Jimmie countered with an astounding suggestion. He faltered out an invitation to Mrs. Vallander and Miss Vallander to be his guests on a trip to the Coast—a private car, a diner, everything they could want. The answer was a burst of not unkindly laughter and a denial that mountains any longer crossed continents to meet prophets.

"I'll send for him." The declaration was explosive. Jimmie, forgetting again his rôle of studied worldling, made it apparent that he thought the demand was unreasonable, but his attitude did not seem to worry Mrs. Vallander in the least.

"Until he comes," she said, "nothing can be settled. Nothing may ever be settled. No engagement exists. Mr. Duane, you are on honor. Don't pay Miss Vallander any attention that will excite comment. Is it understood?"

"You make it all very clear," he answered dryly.

"Will you come to dinner with us at seven?"

Jimmie had a bright thought. "You forget, Mrs. Vallander—Mrs. Mannering. Would you, why shouldn't you and Miss Vallander come to dinner with me?"

Mrs. Vallander gazed at him with a dazed and dreamy expression, far indeed from her usual direct scrutiny. She fought a definite conviction that she was growing old; that the coming generation had more than knocked at the door; it had crossed the threshold. It had broken down her defenses and exposed her pitiful pose of maternity. She had not believed it a pose, but Roderica had ruthlessly dragged the youthful cloak from her shoulders. The girl had been well brought up, of long generations of gentlefolk. This amazing idea of hers was then the outcome of this practical and cynical new time, not personal, not exceptional. Mrs. Vallander could not understand, could not approve, but she could acquiesce. The advantages were too obvious.

She felt power dropping from her, she grasped at the shadow. She was stern as she at long last focused the bewildered Jimmie. She told him quite truthfully that she and Miss Vallander had separate engagements for the evening. She conveyed pleasantly that Vallanders were not people who could be snapped up at the eleventh hour, but that under the exceptional circumstances they would come to him. She rose as she graciously accepted the invitation.

"But can't I see her?" Jimmie burst out.

"Be patient, Mr. Duane. I pledge you to remember until your father and I have met, you are a friend who was very kind to Miss Vallander in California—no more than that."

"I am not to see her alone until he comes?"

"You would not wish her talked about, would you? Miss Vallander is a target, Mr. Duane. You must protect her against herself. Until dinner—good-by."

Jimmie turned and fled. "Protect her against herself?" What did that mean? Was she so much in love with him that her mother trusted him and not her? He liked that reading. What other could there be?

Mrs. Vallander stood frowning before the portrait for a full minute before she rang and asked for her daughter. Roddy came in a tea gown of flame, radiant, exquisite. She glanced about, shot an angry glance.

"We dine with him," said the mother, avoiding her daughter's eye, "and he will have things to do. You would have kept him too long."

"Dine? Then ——" An enchanting smile slowly curved her lips, and her bent brow straightened. She sank into a corner of the sofa with a profound sigh of relief.

"He has not the elegance of your father at his age, nor the debonair air of the youth of my time," the mother said, "but he is well enough for these days; wonderful, considering his origin."

"Thanks for that much. I hope you were nice, mother."

"At my best." She delivered a pungent summary of Jimmie's personality and detailed his social achievement of a day. "I like him," she ended by saying, "but I must know him better. No engagement yet; no marked attentions. He is on honor. Nothing must be done until his father comes."

"His father? His father?" In her intense surprise Roderica leaped to her feet and stood over her mother almost menacing.

"Hard business is for hard business men, Roderica."

The girl glanced slantwise at her mother from narrowed lids. "I have heard Jimmie called a polished chip off the old block."

Mrs. Vallander raised a white blue-veined hand. Roderica knew the finality of that gesture and the futility of further protest. "My monument," said her mother dryly, "to the dead ideals of a dead past must be of rough granite."

"Are you ashamed of me, mother?"

"You and I must keep up with the times."

"I had to pay a price for your consent."

"At your age I learned at the feet of my mother. But you, you teach me."

"We live in a difficult time, mother."

"You have proved that, Roddy. But for you I might have died without realizing it. I have accepted your price."

IV

JIMMIE DUANE scowled as he looked about at the background he had so eagerly built up that day. The softly lighted reception room, with its evidences everywhere of a woman's individual good taste, suggested pink teas and chatter. He felt himself unsuitably, effeminately framed; a redwood tree in a hothouse was Jimmie's version of himself. Such was the effect on him of meeting Mrs. Vallander and not meeting Roderica. If he had not been a fool he might at that moment have been going to Mrs. Vallander's to dinner and he must inevitably have had Roderica to himself for a few minutes at least. He called himself a snob and other low-down names.

Then Williams, the perfect butler, summoned him to the telephone. Jimmie flew. He heard the voice of Roderica; thanks for his lovely roses; she was going to wear them of course; and the white dress too—the Honolulu dress; and he must be very, very careful and think of his guests and not be specially attentive to anyone—no, not to anyone—unless it was mother; and now she must run, for mother was already in the auto.

The world changed for him. Reëntering the reception room, he was struck by its beauty and charm. It suited her, all right, anyhow, and that was the only thing that counted. He fell into happy reverie. He knew now where he stood. She had not picked up the threads where she had left them down. She had gone back to that moonlight night in which the scent of the tropics had been wafted from the shore and the silence had been so deep that he had heard her heart beating. Then, only then, only once, had he held her in his arms.

"Yes, yes, Williams, a bottle apiece."

"You forget, sir, with ladies present consumption usually falls to three-eighths of a quart per head of guests."

"Of course," Jimmie agreed, hastily waking up. "What was it? What did you ask, Williams?"

"I asked did you wish to limit the champagne, sir?"

"No, of course not. What they want."

"Very well, sir. Covers are laid for eight. Is that the number?"

"Yes."

"And did you wish cocktails before the last cover arrives, or will you wait until the table is complete?"

"As you please, Williams."

"Our rule is to serve in the drawing-room, pretty prompt. Cook dishes up with fifteen minutes' allowance."

"That'll do all right, Williams."

And then the Mannerings and Mrs. Gardiner arrived, to be impressed anew by the intense vitality and joyous vigor of this pleasant-mannered Westerner.

Jimmie concentrated on his job; he had to make good; Roderica would be a generous observer, noting half unconsciously how he fitted into her surroundings; her mother would be a harsh and antagonistic critic on the lookout for gaucheries which her great-grandfather could not possibly have perpetrated. He pasted on his frown, subdued his exuberance, and watched the door. And at last the Vallanders were announced. The mother glittered with diamonds and sequins; Roderica wore no jewels and her white dress was, in Mrs. Mannering's opinion, a little too simple. Her handclasp was that of cheerful camaraderie and her eyes sent no hidden message. Thus she escaped Jimmie's response, sure to be overdone, and thus she steadied him in his rôle of host. When the chance came for a murmured exchange of words he said between shut lips, "I love you. I love you."

Her answer was "Are you taking mother in? Is she on your right?"

"Well, what do you think? And I've got to give you to Bassett, and I can't even sit next to you."

"Bassett?"

"A college mate I met today. Here he is now."

The party complete, there came jingling of glasses and the high exhilaration of law-breaking. The conversation was all of prohibition. "Violation of personal liberty"—"Invasion of private rights"—"Tyranny"—"Never can be enforced"—"I'll say this is no homemade gin"—"Where did he get it?"—"Any heeltaps, Williams?"—"Here's how!"—were phrases that rippled up above the smooth conversational surface.

As Billy Bassett afterward said, "That dinner began with pep and was zippy all through, even though Mrs. Vallander was there." Mrs. Mannering told her husband that she felt perfectly safe now about her knickknacks. Mamie Gardiner was disappointed. She had not caught one glance exchanged which told her the future of Roderica Vallander. It would have been a triumph to announce to an incredulous Washington that the princess of the Cave Dwellers had been captured by a Western stranger to Washington who had no grandfather. As for Mrs. Vallander, she asked Jimmie bluntly where he had learned to do things so well.

"It's Williams, not me," he answered. "I am a marionette dangling by a string. He pulls and I dance."

Mrs. Vallander shook her head, smiling. She had eaten with gusto, for she loved good food. She had been perfectly served, and that pleased her. The only person at the table who was not there by right of birth was her youthful host, and that gave her confidence in his social judgment; and he had behaved very well. Having an inherited conviction that it takes three generations to make a gentleman she said to herself that he was an extraordinarily good imitation; he had evidently learned much at Harvard and in the houses of the friends he had made there.

An acute observer might have noted a slight change in Mrs. Vallander that night, might have sensed a touch of unaccustomed benevolent friendliness, the result of freedom from money worries. She already felt herself once more rich, independent and free from any obligation of gratitude. She glanced from time to time

(Continued on Page 68

Dame Partington *and her* Mop Again

You remember the energetic Dame Partington who endeavored to sop up the ocean with her mop? Well, there are still a few Dame Partingtons trying vainly to stem the tide of Chrysler success. They have entirely missed the full significance of that success. They do not yet realize that the Chrysler represents a complete over-turning of previous precedents which has taken the public by storm. They see but cannot believe—that engineering practice, motor measurements, utilization of space, weight, height and balance, standards of power, speed and acceleration, compactness and artistry of body design must change to conform to the Chrysler conquest of public opinion. Confronted with an entirely new expression of motor car practice and performance which is striding across the country in seven league boots, and making an equally profound impression across the sea—they strive to console themselves by the timid suggestion that the Chrysler 'may be a one year car.' Even that consolation is denied them. Chrysler engineers began the revolutionary processes which resulted in the Chrysler Six four years ago. Untrammeled by prohibitive investment in shop-equipment which would have forced them to follow old practice, these engineers had full sway to go far beyond the furthest and finest point anyone had dared or was able to go in the past. For two years Chrysler cars, unknown to the public, traveled tens of thousands of miles, proving the soundness of their conclusions. The first cars 'off the line' were ready to do, and did do, all that the pioneer cars accomplished before them. At this writing, more than 32,000 Chrysler cars are verifying the engineering soundness of Chrysler design—proving unparalleled speed and power, unequalled acceleration, phenomenal climbing ability, superb riding quality. The more than $50,000,000 already invested by the public in the Chrysler Sixes is only the beginning of Chrysler success—the tide of popular approval will continue to rise indefinitely, because nothing can stop the onward sweep of any achievement which contributes to the economic progress of the race.

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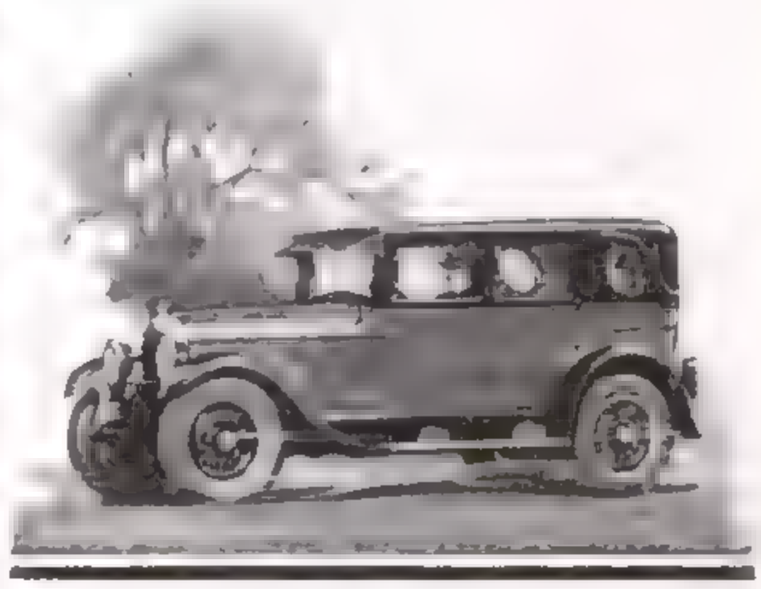

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(Continued from Page 66)

at her brilliant daughter with a curious questioning and a sense of humility. "The new generation!" Thus as millions of other mothers have done she explained her abdication of an autocrat's throne.

In the sitting room after dinner it took fifteen minutes of joint maneuvering before Roderica and Jimmie could place the room's length between the party and themselves.

"At last!" he murmured. "You are more beautiful than ever. Your eyes shine like stars."

She flashed a glance that made him catch his breath. "You're a wonder of the West, Jimmie," she said. "You've captured mother and Washington all in one day." She smiled at his look and added what he asked for—"and me. But that was already done. Please give me a cigarette. We must look casual, mustn't we? Mother's orders. And that will help."

"Do you remember ——" he murmured as he held the match.

"I do not," she broke in, so vehemently that she extinguished the light. "If you and I begin that, we are lost. Mamie Gardiner can see through the back of her head, and Mrs. Mannering can look around a corner."

She got a light from the second match and leaned back, puffing luxuriously.

"That Honolulu dress ——"

"Stop it." She tinkled light laughter. "The first and last time until now I smoked in mother's presence," she said, "there were six or eight people in the room. She asked for a cigar—a cigar, Jimmie. A man gave her one—I'll never forget his face—and lighted it for her. I put down my poor little cigarette. She put down her cigar. They all smiled, though they tried not to. Jimmie, she would have gone on if I had, and they would have had to take her to the hospital."

"Let me ring for the ambulance," he said, scowling, as he glanced across the room. He saw that Roderica, though visible to the rest, was hidden from her mother, by the piano and a great bowl of roses on it. The little incident jarred, as did this pitiful pretense at a tête-à-tête. "Of course, she's your mother."

"I have proof that she is, but say on."

"I had some plans, didn't I?" he asked hotly. "And hopes and beliefs, didn't I? And we—but she never asked about them. You and I, we talked about ideals, didn't we?"

"We certainly did, Jimmie. I loved it, but you could hardly talk the same way to mother, could you?" Her half jesting mood annoyed him, but he had to smile. That was in response to the caress in her voice.

"Not a question about my real self. My pleasures, my amusements—was I a sailorman, did I understand engines?"

Roderica flushed and dropped her eyes.

"And then she said almost in words that my dad was a wild Westerner and must be looked over to see if she could stand him."

"No," Roderica vigorously denied.

"Then what does she want him for?"

"Just her feudal ideas, Jimmie. She is not mercenary, she just wants to see me safe, she says. And she's no such offensive snob as you hint. I knew you'd have a bad quarter of an hour, but if she is brusque and unreasonable you mustn't be unjust."

"Oh, I could stand all that." Jimmie at last confessed his real trouble. "But I've had to give the dad four days' worry. He wouldn't come for anything less than the code word."

"But you softened, explained?"

Jimmie shook his head. "He might not come. He's just got to believe I am in awful trouble."

"So you are—me"

To argue this was a chance at lovemaking to be promptly seized, and the anxieties of the father were speedily forgotten. Roderica managed him with a dexterous unseen hand. When he looked the eager lover she checked him. When he lingered unduly in Hawaiian harbors she blew him off coast with gentlest of zephyrs. When he sulked under her cool control she murmured "Tomorrow," and her eyes made unmeasured promises. When he told her, in response to her query about the impression she made on her own ground, that any ground she stood on was hers and he worshiped it, she laughed gayly, and said that was against orders.

"What are orders? What do they mean?" he asked. "I'm not going on like this."

"We can telephone to each other," she said, smiling provocation at him. "Don't glare. We want them to think we're friends, don't we?"

"I'll go meet my father," he announced curtly. "I can save him two days' worry and myself four days' misery."

Her indignant glance quickly softened as she saw that he meant what he said. "And me?" she murmured reproachfully, bending forward until he could catch the perfume of her hair. "What about me?" Her eyes pleaded in this first little struggle against his father's influence. "After all these weeks, just to see you this once."

He thrilled to her appeal, but said that to see her like this was maddening. His father ——

"Do you think me a peach?" she broke in.

Surprised, he admitted that he did.

"That's some years out of date, isn't it?" she asked.

"But you're not."

"Never mind me. Did you ever hear of the bloom on the peach?"

"I seem to have read about it—or was it grapes?"

"Either will do. Now you get mother—the bloom on the fruit. That's me. That's the way they talked when mother's mother was a little girl; the dew on the petal, and so on. How can you make anybody understand who thinks I'm a petal? So, well, we won't try, shall we? We'll just do as we like, and let the bloom and the dew do as they like. The Whistler Nocturnes at the Freer Gallery; if I went there at eleven tomorrow, Jimmie?"

"I'll be groveling on the doorstep at nine," cried the delighted Jimmie.

"Darling!"

The whispered word fluttered to him as Roderica rose and crossed to Major Mannering. In happy reverie he took the half hidden seat which she had vacated and dreamed of her until Williams came with a telegram. It contained the word he knew it would—"Pole"—nothing else. He had wired, "Totem"; that meant that he was in great trouble and that his father must come immediately. He could not leave his father an unnecessary hour in anxiety; he went straight over to Mrs. Vallander and told her that he was off in the morning to meet his father at Chicago. He pleaded pardon to Roderica with his eyes, and the tiny sudden flush in her cheeks was the only sign of battle she gave.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Mother and I had planned to show you Washington." She turned to Mrs. Mannering. "Mr. Duane gave me such a wonderful time in California," she explained, "and now he robs us of a chance to be good to him."

"A pleasure deferred only a few days," Jimmie faltered, and after that Roderica was pensive and thoughtful.

Jimmie, conscious of cruelty, could hardly respond properly to the flattering thanks of departing guests and accepted mechanically the note of introduction which Roderica scribbled off to a friend in Chicago.

"You may stay overnight there," she said, "and I do hope you can see Mabel. She is charming." She went away with downcast lids and a gentle friendly hand pressure.

In the taxi mother and daughter exchanged none of those affectionate confidences usual under such conditions. Mrs. Vallander praised Jimmie in studied phrases and it was Roderica, not she, who said he was a good son. "I like his meeting his father," she said.

In the house the mother ran to the great roaring wood fire and held out her hands to the blaze.

"Next winter, perhaps this," Roderica said gayly, "you can have your limousine back, and electric heaters, and—and—everything you want. You ——" But the sound of the telephone bell cut her short.

She came back with dancing eyes. "Jimmie," she said. "He's changed his mind. He is telegraphing to his father and will stay here. I asked him to dinner tomorrow night, quietly, just us."

"Quite right, my dear." Mrs. Vallander, quietly watching her daughter, rightly guessed that Roderica's note had been addressed not to Mabel in Chicago but to Jimmie Duane in Washington. She was beginning to understand that she had not understood this daughter of hers at all; and the next words she heard further accented this view.

"I am meeting him at the Whistler pictures at eleven," Roderica said indifferently, flinging herself into a chair.

Her mother flared. "You shall not! I ——"

"It seems to me I have to fight everybody," Roderica broke in plaintively. "I give you the chance of your life, mother, and you fuss about trifles and risk everything."

"I will not have you discussed by everybody, Roderica. There is not even an understanding, much less an engagement. And ——"

"There will be an engagement," she interrupted. "I like him a lot, such a lot that I fight for him. In your day you would have sat still and let him go, and pined, I suppose, and all that; but that's not the way today. I don't want to pretend to meet him secretly tomorrow; he won't like that. He's awfully straight, you know, mother, and it's nothing nowadays for a girl to go about in reason with a man, and so do be sensible and let us come and take you out to lunch. We'll be here at one, and I know you'll be ready. And, mother, while we're on the subject, you know I know a lot about his father."

She rose and went over and looked down at her bolt-upright mother, who stared at her as though almost in fear.

"Don't you ever forget for a minute, mother," she said, forcefully deliberate in her utterance, "that he will never come East if he can help it, and you can put up with a lot in somebody who's always three thousand miles away, can't you? You brought him into it. You were right. It's better like that. But it's up to you to make good. Don't you spoil everything by being superior. He'll never stand that. He loves business. He eats propositions, Jimmie says, and can digest them in a minute if they're big enough. Cold Business—that's what they call it. Talk business. Don't waste a word. And, mother ——"

"Oh, go on," flamed the startled lady. "I am listening."

"Well, mother, he loves rye whisky and he can't get it good, and it's no longer a mere social attention to offer old rye, Jimmie says. It's a solemn sacrifice to propitiate the gods, and it does propitiate, mother. And you have it in the cellar, and there's some of the old sherry, too, and if you had a glass of that ——"

"Stop!" The angry command was explosively uttered. "It is shameful of you to have discussed with him how I am to manage his father."

"I have not," Roderica denied. "I never have. We talked of his father often in California, and this is just a summing up. I talked to others too. One man called him a pungent personality, I remember. Another said he thought in millions; another, that he had no scruples but stuck by his friends and his word was always good. So now you have it, mother."

Roderica put her hands behind her back and walked up and down the room, eying her silent mother, who was staring into the fire.

She went over, parted the curtains and gazed out over the lovely moon-silvered garden.

"Look, mother. Come here, please. In the middle of Washington, yours—the only one—and I have shown you how to hold on to it and get all the money you need to keep it up splendidly. I know what that means to you, and yet you are ashamed of me; but I, I am proud."

She put an arm round her mother's waist and led her back to a seat. "I have never talked business with you, have I? You can say that truthfully. What you do will only amuse Jimmie. What I do is a different matter." She dropped on her knees as she had once before that afternoon and caught her mother's two hands. "All this is your plan, mother. I won't even guess what you are going to talk to Mr. Duane about. He's sure to have your ideas about girls. He'll think it wonderful of you to have thought it all out. He would hate it—hate me, very likely—if he knew I had done it. Come to bed, dear, you look so tired."

The mother followed the daughter across the room and put a detaining hand on her arm. "Roderica," she said, almost timorously, "do you love him?"

"Yes, mother." They were looking each other straight in the eyes now.

"You are sure?"

"Yes, mother."

"And if everything goes as you hope, you will not jilt him?"

"Mother!" The girl straightened defiantly. "If I love him enough to think out a plan which buys your consent, is that a proof that I do not love him?"

"Buy—buy! Yes, you are right, I have accepted your price; but it will make you, too, independently rich."

Roderica laughed and patted her mother's arm. "I do not see that that is a disadvantage," she said. "Come."

V

JIMMIE touched the button, then seated himself in a soft black old pigskin chair and glanced about Major Mannering's library. Portraits in oil of hunting horses, hackneys, polo ponies; books about horses, veterinary volumes, Jorrocks, the novels of Whyte-Melville, of Hawley Smart and Nat Gould; a well-worn saddle on a frame; hunting crops hanging; brier pipes in racks; a man's room, but an English room transplanted to Washington. How would it strike his father, who was one hundred per cent American? Was it too foreign? But it was the one room not crammed with art trifles, old chairs and knickknacks, and it opened on the roof garden.

"Yes, Mr. Duane," said Williams, entering.

"Mr. Jimmie after this, so long as my father is in Washington."

"Yes, Mr. Jimmie." He held up two glasses. "An exact match, and quite 'armless"

"You have a good eye for color, Williams. It is a custom in the West to drink glass for glass with any guest, and Mr. Duane will expect it from me."

"I quite understand, sir, and I will serve you the root beer."

"You are sure the rye is undoctored?"

"As sure as anyone can be, sir. One hundred proof, and direct from the Bahamas at one hundred and fifty dollars the case. I beg your pardon, sir, but the beer is going that thin the missus is complaining awful. You know English cooks have got to have their beer or they can't cook."

"Have you tried other brews?"

"Yes, sir; tried 'em all. If I can't better it we'll have to give notice, and go back to England, never minding that me and my father and his father before him have served the Mannering family."

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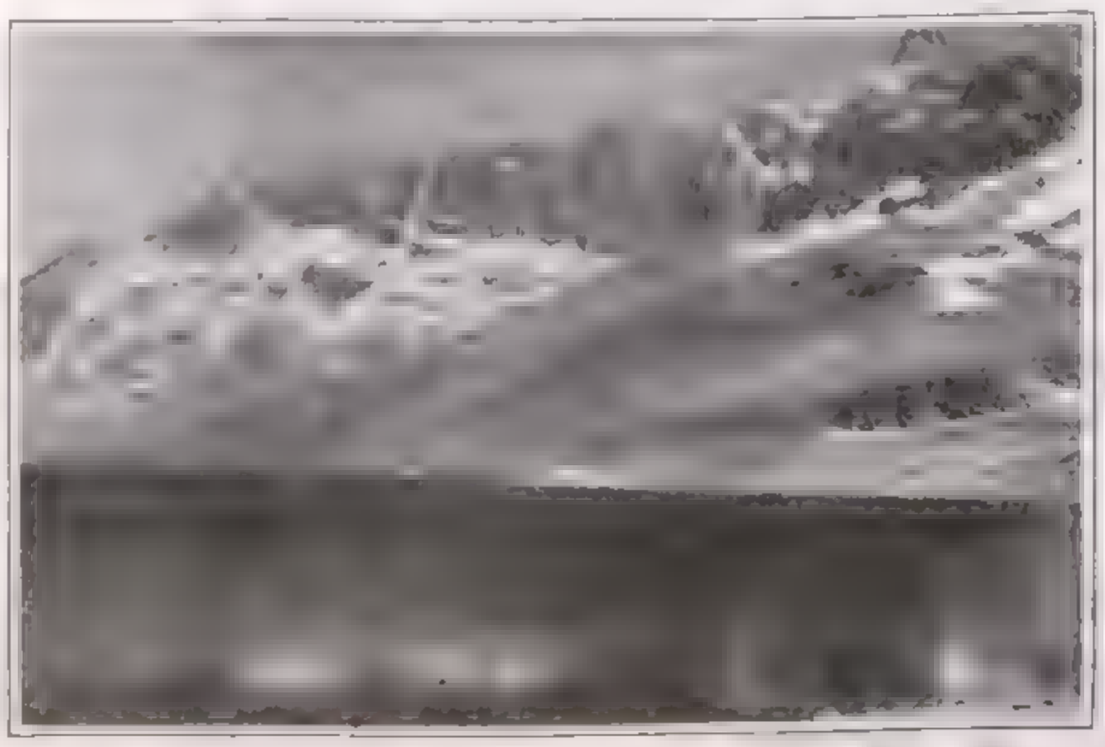

Goose Lake, on the Grasshopper Glacier Trail, Beartooth National Forest, Montana

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 68)

"The major told me of this possible difficulty, Williams. He said you and Mrs. Williams would be quite contented as long as the beer was 'arf decent. Is this a month's notice?"

"Just preparing for it, sir. I'll run over to Philadelphia, if you'll kindly give me a day off, and see what I can find there."

"By all means," Jimmie agreed with the grave dignity befitting so urgent a matter.

"The cigars, sir; quite green, as you wished, maduro." He held out the box of long black Havanas, eying them as he had the rye, with wondering aversion. "Don't squeeze it too hard, Mr. Jimmie, or you'll press a drop of nicotine out." This was almost a sneer.

Jimmie fixed the butler with an impressive glance. "Every country has its tastes, Williams," he said, "and if the English prefer a cigar that is dry enough to crackle, we don't criticize. I expect you to carry out any order from Mr. Duane or from me without a hint that you don't do things that way in London."

"I am international, Mr. Jimmie." This was intended and accepted as an apology and a promise.

"Thank you. That will do, Williams."

Jimmie went in the auto which he had bought, to meet his father. He had had five days of tantalizing charm with Roderica and was more hotly in love with her than ever. Hence he was in high spirits and confident in the conviction that his father would understand and forgive five days' anxiety. A ticklish business this, to be leading a pink-tea life and yet to convince his father that he was as much of a wild free Westerner as ever. Jimmie laughed and took his stand by the gate, eagerly expectant. When it opened his father was among the first.

"Hello, dad."

"Old son, how?"

Jimmie's lean brown hand was too firm to be doubled up in the powerful clutch, nor did he mind that the father's voice carried to the edge of the little crowd. Their mutual inspection was candid and open.

They were of the same good height and had the same fine profile, but the father cumbrously carried a hundred pounds more weight than the son, and his face was cut by lines of hard work and harder play.

"Fine ole trip, Jimmie. And say, there wasn't a city nor a town between Seattle and this little village that I couldn't get a drink, and me a stranger too. I didn't know. I thought there might be something in it this side the Rockies." He lowered his not unpleasant carrying voice. "Here I am. You sent, I came."

"I knew you would." Jimmie passed an arm affectionately through his father's as the latter looked with silent admiration about the hall of the station. Outside he lifted his hat to the Capitol.

A fellow passenger from Chicago, observing this, patted him genially on the back. "Friend," said this train companion, "if you knew as much as I do about that structure there, you'd keep your hat on."

"If fellas like you kep' away from it we'd be prouder of it." The intruder turned from the blunt words and the accusing eye, but Duane caught his lapel and held him. "The shadow of that dome reaches to the Pacific and to Alaska," said Duane, pointing, "and some of you peanuts that see it every week don't get its size."

"Hot air!" the victim retorted, shaking himself loose. "Talk less and mind the laws better. You had a bottle all the way from Chicago."

Duane turned to his son. "Prohibitionist," he said in genuine horror. He dusted the hand which had held the lapel and stepped into the waiting limousine.

"Up Pennsylvania Avenue, and slow," Jimmie ordered, and he pointed out each historic memorial and public building in affectionate sympathy with his father's reverent enthusiasm.

Jimmie Duane the elder, native son of the Golden West, had never before been east of the Rocky Mountains. By the time he could afford to think of a trip he had lost the habit of holidays and had become a personage in Seattle and Alaska. He loved the homage of inferiors, hated to go where he was unknown, was hardened in his practice of avoiding what he called flummery, hence made no advance in culture as his wealth and position grew. As he never willingly went where he felt uncomfortable he never learned to feel comfortable among those who had had early advantages. He was happiest when setting 'em up to a crowd in a barroom and loved the genial slap on the shoulder; hence furious indignation against a Constitutional amendment which had never cost him a drink but had deprived him of a kingdom. He had moments of humility; he worshiped before any snowcapped mountain, before his vision of Alaska's future, and at the shrine of his son.

When the automobile stopped before the seven-story structure at the top of which was Jimmie's flat, he glanced at the façade with approval and then at the limousine.

"Yours?"

Jimmie nodded.

"That's right. Nothing's too good for us."

Shot to the roof, he stepped onto an arched porch, then out to a small forest of evergreens in tubs. "A select place, Jimmie." He stepped to the coping wall and looked down over the beautiful city, a setting in browns on this October day. "Washington," he said reverently, "is a permanent camp."

They passed into the apartment. Accustomed to the splendor of gilded hotels in the West, Duane was troubled by the subdued luxury of this, to him, effeminate home. In the library he sat silent in a great worn pigskin-covered armchair. The effete East had got Jimmie; he had feared it with an awful fear. He tried to smooth out his frown as he watched his son touch the button.

"Rye, Williams, straight," Jimmie ordered. "Chasers with ice."

"Yes, Mr. Jimmie."

The father's face cleared. Jimmie was not too far gone to be saved if he could still drink straight rye.

"Prewar, dad, a hundred per cent proof."

"Fine." Duane turned to Williams, who entered as with tiny sleigh bells, so musical was the tinkling of the ice.

"Four fingers," he said.

"Same here, please."

"Yes, Mr. Jimmie."

Greatly relieved that his son was still a man, he said with hearty affection, "Here's how!" He drained his glass, smacked his lips, ignored the chaser. With profound admiration he saw that Jimmie did the same, but he furtively scanned the boy. Only a wrought-iron stomach, a cast-iron head, and habit, could train a man to four fingers straight without flinching. Jimmie's long lean face, clean eyes and hardened muscles denied the habit. "He's my son, all right," thought the happy father. "I must be careful; he'll stay right with me all through, and he can't carry my load. Take the bottle, Williams," he commanded gruffly. He did not know just how to handle obsequious English butlers, and besides he deeply despised the class, so his tone was peremptory. But Williams had disappeared, lest the small bottle of root beer under his arm be discovered.

Duane helped himself to a cigar, eying it with approval; and he watched Jimmie light up. The boy was all right!

"I never gave you any canned stuff, Jimmie," he said, settling back.

"Never a word, dad," Jimmie agreed.

"I said when you'd got in wrong, send for dad, heigh?" The big fist came down on the table with a bang that made the glasses jump an inch. "I'm here. Open up. If you've shot somebody up I'll buy you off. If you've been railroaded in for felony I'll get you off. If it's a girl I'll square her. I'm here to make good."

"It's a girl, dad. It's her mother you have to square."

"Wedding bells?" the father said in a shaky voice, his face paling. "I said it couldn't be that; I said you'd just marry her and telegraph and bring her along and get the glad welcome. I could face it, Jimmie, you understand, if it was done. But I'd got my mind off that. Easterner?"

"Yes, dad."

"High stepper, family, and all that?"

"Yes, dad."

Jimmie sat, bending forward, his elbows on his knees, his eyes looking straight into his father's. His cigar, having proved him by one draw a capable Westerner and no lounge lizard cigarette smoker, had gone out. His guarded lips fiercely repressed speech.

His father flung back his chair and it rolled two yards across the deep piled carpet. He thrust his hands in his pockets and walked heavily up and down. "Jimmie," he said, "years ago you said college—an Eastern college. I asked what was the matter with our institootions on the Slope, didn't I? I refused you. Do you know why?" Jimmie knew, but was wisely silent. "You ran away, seaman on a bum little schooner for Tahiti. You came back in four months, captain drunk in his berth all the time, mate sick with fever; you navigating officer, executive officer; cook, too, I guess. You were seventeen years old. I says, go to Harvard. Do you know why I changed my mind?"

"I had made good, I suppose."

"Naw!" the old man thundered. He looked about at the ordered elegance, resumed his seat, and spoke with steely quiet. "I'll tell you. I've never said it before. I'd thought it all out. I wasn't going to breed a dude son that would be ashamed of his father. Do you see? Well, you'd et dirt. By your own choice. You'd seen the rough side. 'Let him go,' I says. And every vacation you came back, and nothing was too rough for you in boats or ships or engine rooms. And we understood each other—you and me—always, didn't we? And you never tried to sidetrack the old roughneck that supplied the money; no, by the holy Fuji-yama, not once. Shake, son."

They rose and clasped hands, and resumed their seats.

"I felt safe, all right; and when you wanted to come East again and see the big burgs and your capital city, what did I say? Why, 'Go ahead,' I says. Jimmie, are you set? Have you got to have her?"

"Yes, dad. I met her in San Francisco."

Jimmie's fingers clasped the gold cigarette case in his pocket, but he withdrew his hand. His father had had a thousand evidences that his son had this effeminate habit, but Jimmie at this interview was suppressing all proofs of Eastern degeneracy.

"Oh, she's seen the Coast, then." The father spoke more hopefully. "Then what's the trouble? Where do I come in if you haven't gotta be saved from her?"

"You have to get her for me, dad."

The father poured out four fingers more, then placed the bottle at arm's length, lest Jimmie should follow suit. He tossed off the liquor, savored it, smiled.

"Can't get her yourself? This ain't like you, Jimmie."

"She's all right. It isn't her. It's her mother. Things are different here. Mothers have a lot to say. Mrs. Vallander insisted on seeing you."

"How much will I stand for, I s'pose. Jimmie, you knew I'd make good. Why not have fixed it up and wired the total?"

"I offered. I asked her out to the Coast. Nothing doing. She must see you, must see you here."

"Toplofty dame, heigh? All outside frills and nothing inside."

"No," Jimmie denied. "Very clever."

"And the girl, Jimmie?"

Jimmie shut his lips to check an outburst of praise. "You'll like her, dad."

The father gloomily pondered. He had known it must come some day and had steeled himself to share his son, but marriage with an Eastern society girl was not to share, but to lose. He knew that his raw sensitiveness to the opinion of those better educated than himself was almost a disease; but he allowed it to ravage unchecked except where Jimmie was concerned. He was panic-stricken at thought of meeting this girl and her mother and of their judgment of him, but he gave no sign of his devastating fear. He was in terror of his lonely future, for he foresaw that she would keep continents, perhaps oceans, between him and his son; but he let no hint of this escape him. He lifted his head and looked with yearning into Jimmie's eyes.

He made one last appeal, but all he said was: "You're sure? You've gotta have her?"

"Yes, dad."

"Does she want you?"

"I—I hope so. Yes. I'm sure."

"Not your money?"

"No, dad."

"And I've gotta see her mother?"

"Yes, dad."

He looked at the bottle, but refrained; not that another drink would have affected his brain, but it might have made his legs wabble a little. He smoothed his forehead, nodded and said, "Congratulations, son. I hope you'll find her as good a wife to you as your mother was to me."

"I hope so, dad, but it's too soon for congratulations."

"No. It's finished. When your dad starts, things happen."

Jimmie had some faint inkling of what his father had been thinking, and his

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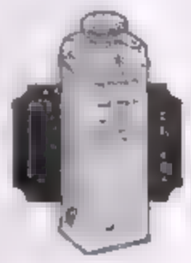

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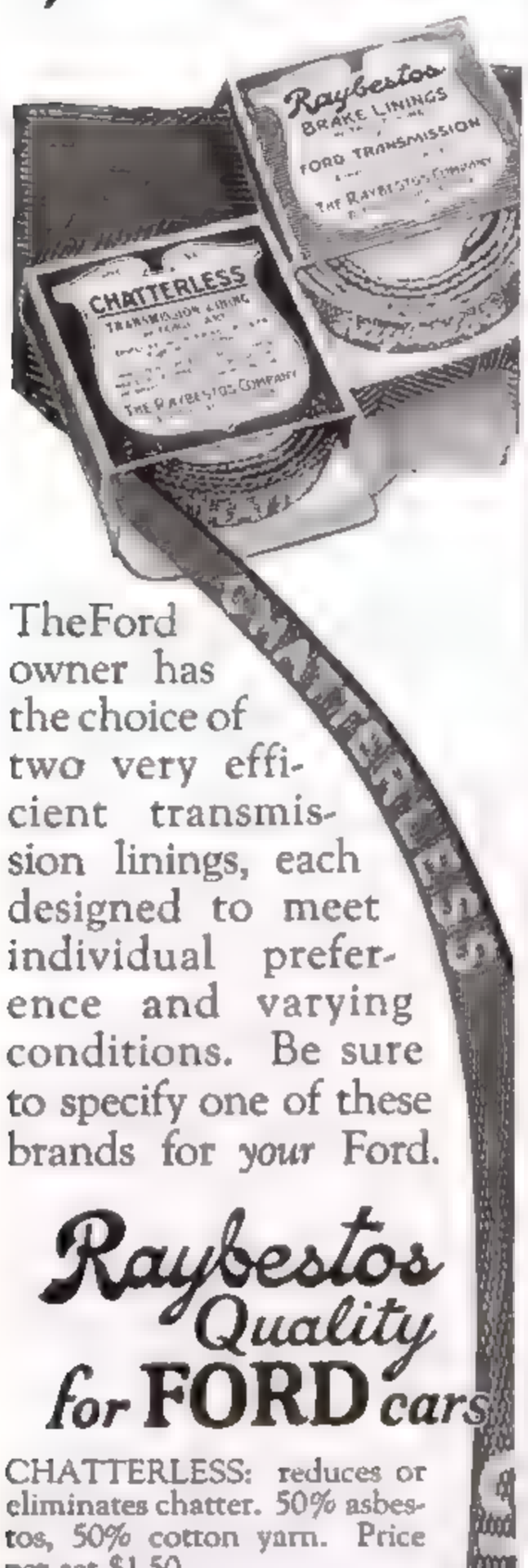

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gratitude was proportionate. "You're a sport, dad; a dead game sport," he said.

"Sport? Why, Jimmie, there's nothing to seeing an old dame and playing her game her way. Where does she live?"

He wrote the address in a bulgy notebook. "I'll look her up," he said, rising.

"Oh no, dad, not tonight. It's nearly seven. She doesn't receive after six. I better get an appointment."

"I'll take a chance." The father seized his hat and coat and rushed out. He was afraid to postpone the interview. He feared that his courage would ooze.

In the taxi he prepared himself to accept condescension, a thing he had never patiently done before. He marshaled his will, his ideas and his plans. These last were no more than to give the lady whatever she wanted in the way she wanted it. If Jimmie had to have the girl it was not a deal to haggle over. He was taken in direct to the waiting Mrs. Vallander.

"Your son has just telephoned," she said, crossing to him and extending a hand. "You are prompt, as he is. I like it. Thank you for coming. Please sit down."

"I've gotta move quick, madam, when Jimmie wants anything, and he wants your daughter mighty bad." He had Jimmie's frank glad smile and it was genuine. This dame with her diamonds and her evening dress and her sharp eyes met him as man to man. At her next surprising words an entente was firmly established. All she said, pointing, was "Please help yourself."

Duane looked at the bottle on the little table by his side.

"Paducah!" he exclaimed in reverent surprise.

"Oh, you know it?" Mrs. Vallander exclaimed, evidently pleased.

"Lady, I can't say I drank it instead of milk as a baby. It was too costly for my folks then. But afterward! Madam, that's the finest rye that was ever distilled, and I didn't s'pose there was a bottle left on earth." He poured out two fingers, being thus modest in the presence of a lady, and was delighted when Mrs. Vallander picked up a wineglass.

"I'll join you in some of my grandfather's old brown sherry," she said. "Welcome to Washington."

"Your very good health, madam." He sipped, set down the glass and said solemnly:

"By the holy Popocatepetl."

Mrs. Vallander laughed "Pardon, madam," he explained, a little confused. "When my boy was six he once let out a string of swear words that he'd heard me say. So I had to drop it. But in Alaska you gotta have something, so I took to swearing by peaks, volcanic or snowcapped."

"Ingenious, Mr. Duane. I'll recommend it to some of our Washington young ladies. My brother distilled that whisky."

"Madam, he did good to mankind."

"And he left plenty of it on earth, Mr. Duane."

"In bond and likely to stay there; but touching our affair ——"

"In bond, yes," interrupted Mrs. Vallander, "but in the Bahamas. There are five thousand barrels there, Mr. Duane. He got them out of this country on the twentieth day of January, 1920. He died in June of that year."

"I'm very sorry, madam; but appertaining to my son ——"

"The barrels," broke in Mrs. Vallander, "were full. By this time they will average between forty and forty-five gallons, one hundred and ten proof; say, thirteen reputed quarts, one hundred proof, to each three gallons; that's in excess of eighty thousand cases, worth at Nassau nearly two and one-half million dollars; worth off the coast of New York over four million dollars."

Astonished by this terse exact business statement and surprised by the size of the figures, Duane began to perceive that there was some meaning in this lady's method. He consciously followed the rules of a business deal. He became apparently dense and looked it.

"That's a pile of money, madam," he said respectfully; "but referring to your daughter ——"

"My brother," Mrs. Vallander cut in, "never married."

"Yes madam?" He looked blank and uninterested, but he began to see.

"His property came to me and to my girl. It is, Mr. Duane, just like leaving us a million acres in the moon."

He understood everything now, and he wished to explode in a burst of gusty laughter. These aristocrats were not such fools, after all. This was fine work, all right; he would say that. But he did not say it. "As how, madam?" was what he uttered.

"I'm a beggar," she cried, "looking at bars of gold through steel railings. I can't even touch them."

"Why not sell, madam?"

"For one-twentieth of the value? That's the highest bid I have had, and that was not all money payment. I have asked my lawyers, my friends, to find the right man to manage this business. I have had all kinds of offers—partnerships, percentages, everything. But this is a business on honor, and what chance has a lonely old woman to protect her interests?"

"And the friends you could trust," he said, eying her, smiling, "too kid-gloved, I s'pose?"

She nodded, returning his full gaze.

"And I am not, I s'pose?"

"That's what I asked you to Washington to find out," was the frank answer.

He leaned over and put his hand on the great lady's knee with the confidential pressure which he was accustomed to give to a brother financier when a complete understanding is reached. "I like you, Mrs. Vallander," he said with that slow deadly earnestness reached only in momentous business climaxes. "What's your proposition?"

"Look these over." She pointed to a bundle of papers.

He examined them with the celerity of a man knowing precisely what to look for. Letters of administration and statements showed that she and her daughter owned the liquor. Receipts from the Nassau customs proved that it was in bonded warehouse there. Reports of rectifiers showed its high proof.

"If I buy it," he said, "I can't lock up that much capital. I should ask you to take payment as marketed."

"Where will you sell it?" she asked.

"Now you're going ahead fast, lady."

Mrs. Vallander smiled.

"Why give it away down there," she asked, "when you can get double price over the rail?"

He had to think what she meant; but her meaning was easy enough to guess. And now he did laugh, and he brought his fist down with the familiar decisive thump. "By the jumping Mount McKinley," he ejaculated, "I'll handle it any old way you say!"

Mrs. Vallander bowed graciously.

"I suggest a partnership, Mr. Duane," she said, "with an equal division of profits. That will make me independent, and my daughter too. I should ask no settlement on her marriage to your son."

"Madam," he said with a high admiration, "you're the swiftest mover ever I had the pleasure of meeting in business. It's settled. My share'll go to Jimmie. They'll be a well-fixed couple, Mrs. Vallander." He broke again into a roar of laughter. "By the untrodden peak of Everest," he cried out—"and that's the highest spot on earth—you're a wonder, lady! Mothers fix their daughters well, sometimes, when they marry. But you—you fix her, and yourself, and the young man too."

"Don't forget to include yourself, Mr. Duane." Mrs. Vallander smiled cheerfully and picked up her glass. He filled three fingers of rye and they touched rims. "Here's every happiness to them, and success to you," she said.

"Ah!" This was his exclamation of pleasure after the liquor had trickled down his throat. "I've helped a friend or two across Puget Sound with their stuff," he said, "and I know something about the business and have heard something about Nassau. I've fixed up things in the West so as to spare a couple of months. I can jump right into it."

"Thank you, Mr. Duane," she said, rising in gracious dismissal. "If you can come in tomorrow at eleven we can arrange details."

"Pardon, madam," he said, "but I want to see the girl. You find my boy all right, and now, I ——" He stopped, seeing her flash of anger. He looked at her from steady eyes. "Turn about is fair play. I'm frank to admit that us Pacific Coasters like our own women best. Can I see her alone, please?"

The deal hung by a thread. Mrs. Vallander touched the button with the intention of showing him to the door, but when the colored maid entered she asked that Miss Vallander come. "You are quite right, Mr. Duane," she said in a stifled voice. "It is only that our dinner is an hour late." That was the one shot she gave him in the course of the whole interview.

Roderica came, flushed, eager, in a golden-yellow dress hanging low from light shoulder straps, not the dress she would have chosen for the meeting. Her mother murmured an introduction and excused herself almost abruptly. The girl, acutely conscious that she must look too sophisticated, tried to be simple, direct.

"Jimmie's father," she breathed, and held out her two hands. He held them, looking almost sternly into her eyes. "You were good to come," she said. "Jimmie said you would."

"He knew. He talked a lot perhaps about the old dad up there in the wilds?"

She drew her hands away and sat down close to him. "I do not feel that you are a stranger," she said, smiling.

"You are to me," he answered. "And that ain't right, is it? Jimmie's going to correct it. He wants your mother and you and me to be his guests for a few weeks down at Nassau."

He did not appear to be watching her, but he saw her uncontrollable start, saw that her lids drooped as though to hide her thoughts.

"That would be wonderful," she murmured. Her voice trembled a little. "What does my mother say?"

"Would you like it?" he asked.

"It would be lovely. I am a little startled. Would mother give up her winter engagements?"

It seemed to him that she knew about this Nassau whisky. He thought that she was feeling about, trying to find out what had passed between her mother and himself, trying to learn what to say; and he was precisely right. He fenced further, but Roderica parried with a clever stroke.

"I have often heard of Nassau," she said, "a land of sun and warmth and brilliant color. My Uncle Jason used to go there sometimes. I think he had some business there—owned land perhaps. I've heard him speak of it."

Duane found her beautiful and charming, if she were sincere; but she eluded him. When Mrs. Vallander reëntered the room he was still uncertain what the girl knew. He went away finally with almost an understanding that the four should go South together for a few weeks.

In the taxi his thoughts ran thus: "If the girl knows, maybe she's all right, just the same; and then maybe she's only working Jimmie and me for a million or two of her own money. The mother knew me inside out, understood how to work me. How did she learn? Only from the girl. How else?"

From which it will appear that Mrs. Vallander had done her part too well.

He set his face to a smile as Jimmie opened the door at the sound of the lift. "Put it there, son. She's everything you say, and cleverer than you think. As smart as her mother, and the old dame is smarter than a painted wagon."

They shook solemnly. Jimmie, scanning his father's face, laughed hilariously. Everything had gone well. "Come on, dad," he cried. "Dinner's waiting and Williams is almost cross."

At dinner they toasted Roderica in 1911 Cliquot, cuvée réservée. "Do you know anything of her affairs?" asked the father.

"No. What does it matter?"

"Ever hear of Uncle Jason?"

"Never."

"Have you talked a lot about me to Miss Vallander—to Roderica?"

"You have not been forgotten," Jimmie said, laughing.

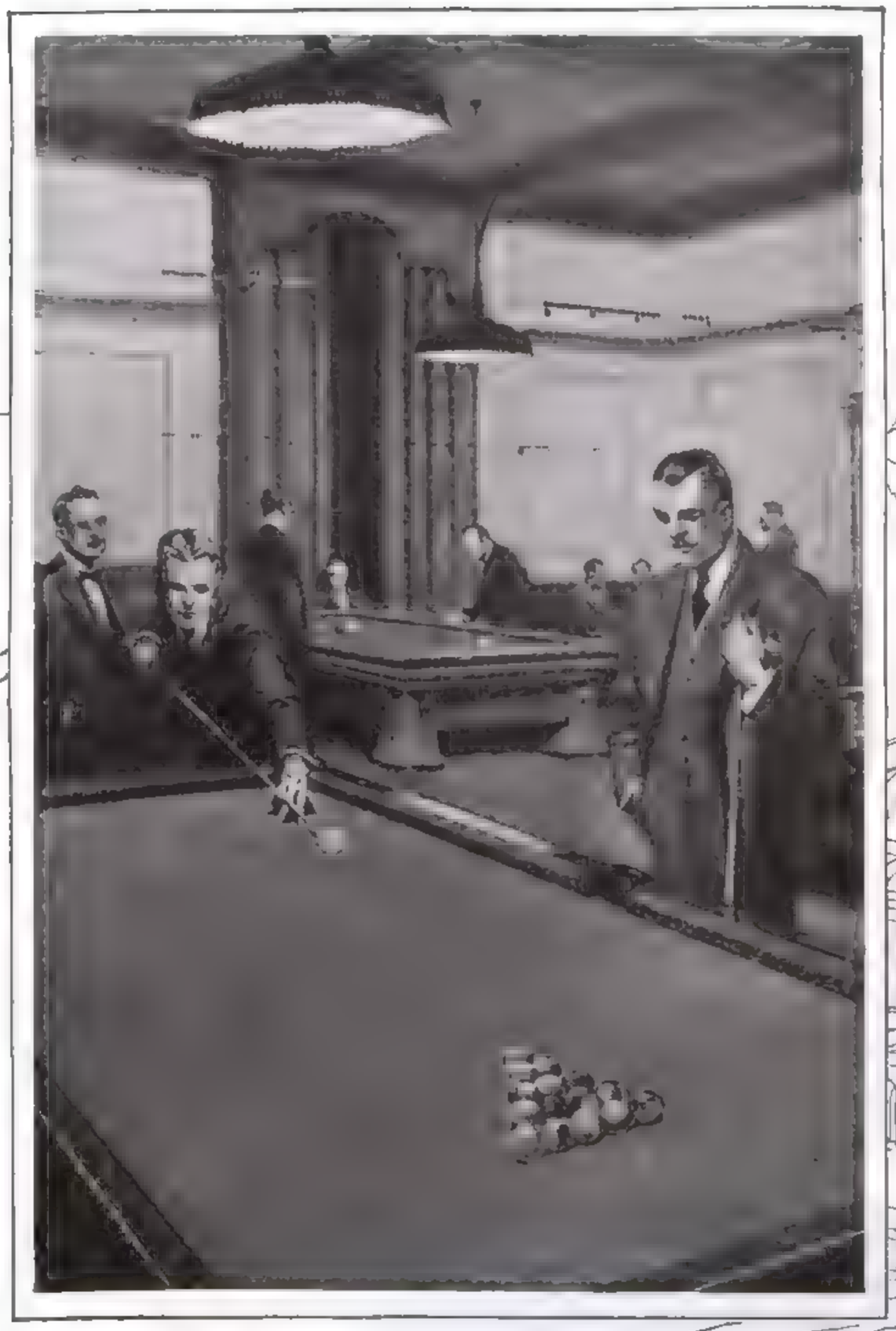
"They handle me like experts."

"They are. They know the world, and so they know you."

Satisfied that his son was not in the conspiracy, if there was a conspiracy, the father unfolded his plan for a vacation—the first of his life, he said; and the happy Jimmie saw himself beneath tropic moons, wandering entranced with Roderica.

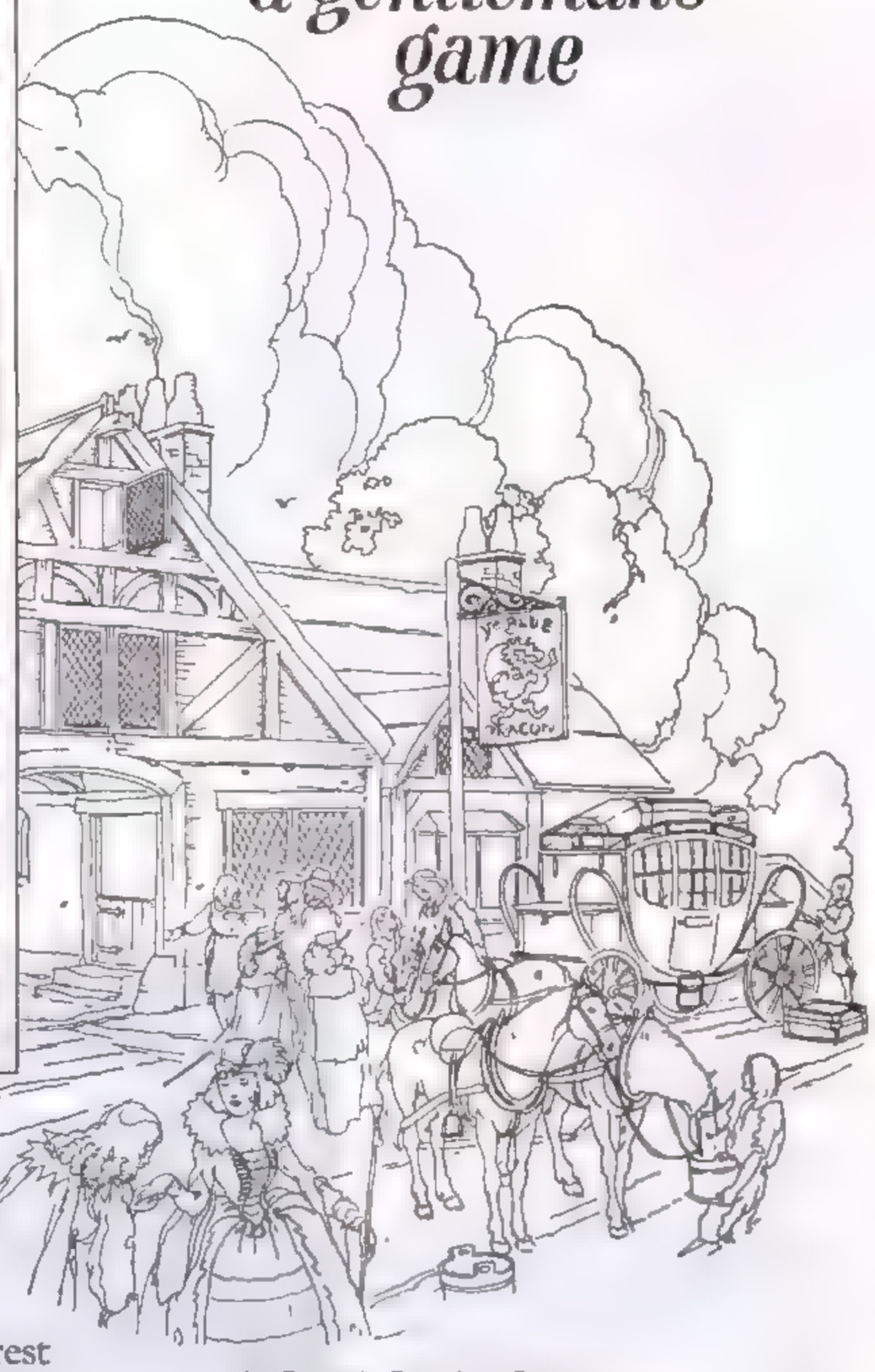
The prosaic father saw rivers of whisky running from wood into bottles and being transmuted into gold. He saw himself determining whether Roderica knew of this shining torrent and, if so, whether her main thought was Jimmie or to dip her hands into the glittering flood. He would make the Vallanders rich anyhow; that would be amusement for a holiday; but to give up Jimmie—well, Miss Vallander must prove herself worthy of the boy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



billiards

a gentleman's game



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THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH

(Continued from Page 46)

destinies; and, if we are of sufficient importance, the destinies of nations. A mere blister on Jerry's heel, for instance, discovered the limits of his cheerfulness and endurance, and at the same time began insidiously to work on his moral regeneration with one of Solomon's little gems of wisdom transmitted by Miss Margaret Devine of the Settlement and emphasized and impressed on Jerry's youthful mind by frequent repetition:

"The way of transgressors is hard."

Jerry had apparently taken that to heart, but secretly he believed it to be bunk. He had passed up lots of juicy chances in order to give it a trial, but so far as he could judge, the law of compensation failed to work. Beyond the sweet commendation of his instructress, virtue had got him nothing but the scorn of his friends. But now ——

"'Hard' is right," Jerry groaned in agreement. "Solomon said something."

Milk is better than nothing, but its satisfying and stimulating effect is transient. A few miles of hitting it up over a rough road and you feel empty and ravenous as ever. A night's rest does wonders for a man, too, but it doesn't entirely take the soreness and stiffness out of muscles unwonted to exercise after a day's tramp. It seemed to Jerry that he was as weary now, within two miles of Pendleton, as he had been when he crawled into the hay nearly eighteen hours ago. If Pendleton was two miles ahead, he hated to think how far Wogan must be—and with a darting pain at every step from his heel to the back of his neck!

Two or three cars had passed him that morning, but although he had stood by the wayside, drooping and looking as entreatingly as might be, they whizzed by without even a hesitation in their speed. Once a buckboard came along with an elderly man and woman filling and overfilling the seat; still, Jerry could have perched behind. He raised his hat and wished them a good morning, but they only responded to his greeting with stony stares. There was plenty of room in the wagon that followed, but Jerry had no better luck, although he called to the hick who drove it, "Brother, don't you want to let me ride with you a ways?"

Brother expectorated.

"Go to hell," he replied, and cracked a blacksnake over the backs of his team.

It wasn't so much what he said as the way he said it. It was a stoneless road, or Jerry would have given him reason to regret his discourtesy. But the fit of rage that almost, but not quite, choked Jerry's utterance was succeeded by a profound depression.

"Chee, I must look tough!"

As the needle to the pole, his thoughts reverted to Bessie and the unanswered question of what she would think of him. He had taken particular care at all times to make himself a pleasing sight to her and he was always a dressy boy. Some girl! Some girl! If she didn't know it, it wasn't because nobody had ever told her. On an average, say, a hundred guys a day bestowed kind words upon her and hinted or more than hinted at a follow-up of kind actions. A hundred was a low average. But all they got out of Bessie was their correct change and a sweet smile if they hadn't been too fresh. If they bought cigars or a pack of cigarettes after they paid their checks, they got them, too, but no more. She had told him, Jerry the Lucky, that he was the first guy she had ever made a date with. Jerry didn't believe everything everybody told him, but you only had to look in Bessie's gray eyes to know that you were getting the simple, straight, unadulterated low-down on what she was telling you. You could take it or leave it, but it was the living truth. When she got through at the restaurant she went home to her mother and sister in Flatbush.

With any other girl than Bessie, Jerry wouldn't have thought he had got far along. She had pushed back the expensive candy that he had placed on her desk, its beribboned splendor discreetly concealed by a decorous brown-paper wrapping; she had scoffed at the idea that his appearance on the Subway was accidental the first time that he had shadowed her, and she had refused to permit him to walk with her to her home. Nothing doing! That was at first; but after two months of persistent and not quite inexpert wooing, he could have counted the golden evenings she had vouchsafed him on the fingers of one hand. Even on those rapturous occasions she had never let him spend with any degree of freedom—no more than the piking amount of the tickets and car fare—wouldn't let him take a taxi; and when they had a bite to eat, she'd pick some cheap joint where you could get out easy under a couple of bucks and two bits for the waiter. He flashed his roll on her once, kidding her, to show her how unnecessary it was to economize; but she only glanced at the yellow backs with cold suspicion and was silent and constrained for the rest of the evening. For a week after that her manner had been distant. The night that Gabe the Wop butted in on them at the Winter Garden and got a biff on the beak for getting fresh, she had got distinctly sore, and, later, she had asked him a direct question—the question that he had always feared would come:

"How do you make your money, Jerry?"

"By the sweat of my brow, with a little help from the old bean. You thinking of that wad I had last week? I didn't get that by grinding toil; it was velvet. I win on a long shot; had a hunch and played it. I'm a wiz at picking winners. Listen, kid, I want to buy you a birthday present."

"That will be next July," she answered. "By that time I'll make up my mind whether I want any present from you, and I'll call you up at the place where you work and let you know."

Jerry said nothing to that. He knew that he had had his chance to come clean, but he was afraid to risk it. There was just one serious defect in Bessie. She had all of Miss Devine's finicky ideas and he knew that she hated a crook, making no distinction between a high-class, square-shooting crook and a guy like Gabe the Wop. Not so good! On the other hand, Jerry knew that she liked him; otherwise she'd have had no time for him whatever. On one of those golden evenings she had allowed him to hold her hand for as long as a couple of minutes. She liked him, but she held back. She had never invited him into the house when he took her home, and Jerry knew why. Mother and sister would want to know all about him and she couldn't tell 'em. Maybe she had been afraid to know herself and so had stalled rather than force a show-down. He had stalled too. Sometimes he hoped to teach her a broader tolerance; sometimes he thought that if she learned it, he would be losing something in her that he might be sorry to lose. A devil of a fix for a guy to be in!

"The way of transgressors is hard."

"'Hard' is right," Jerry groaned, and unlacing his shoe and removing the sock, inspected the blister. It seemed an insignificant thing to cause so much pain, and with a touch of ointment and a wad of absorbent cotton —— "Yes," Jerry muttered ironically, "and while you are about it, bring me a change of socks and another pair of shoes. For the cat's sake, look at 'em!" The shoes, the natty fawn cloth-topped shoes that Bessie had thought pretty and which he himself had rather fancied, were something shameful. Hard on shoes, the way of the transgressor! And where did it get a guy? The jack he got never stayed with him. He had to blow it before somebody grabbed it, whereas the guy on the straight and narrow, the poor fish in greasy overalls or the white-collar bird yessing the boss and taking a month to make less than a slick peter man or second-story worker would consider worth the trouble of breaking a lock for—those lads weren't sitting in ditches without a cent to buy them a meal or get them to the next town; they could look a cop in the eye and tell him where he could go—well, maybe not that; but, anyway, they could tell a girl where they were working, and they could get a shave when they needed it. Solomon was right.

A decided advance, this, in the process of regeneration; but it will be observed that no ethical considerations entered into the debate that Jerry held with himself. He had hazily arrived at a conclusion that honesty might, after all, be the best policy, and so far, that was all. At Pendleton, however, an ethical aspect of his case was to occur to him with a further propulsive jolt.

Evening—Seattle Harbor

He reached Pendleton, by uneasy stages, a little after noon; and was resting, seated on a low stone wall, when a small female child, perhaps four or five years old, came along and stopped before him.

"Hello," she said.

She was not an attractive child. Her mouth, as well as her eyes, was open and it was evident that she had a cold in the head and no provision of pocket handkerchief; but what warmed Jerry to her was that she looked on him without contempt, disgust or apprehension and her greeting was friendly.

"Why, hello, sister," returned Jerry cordially. "How's the girl?"

"All right," she answered. "I've got a new sweater. My mah-mah gaved it to me. It's got pottets."

"Sure enough!" said Jerry. "It's a bear! Red, too, ain't it? Chee? I wish I had one like it. Wouldn't give it to me, would you?"

No, she wouldn't. She made that perfectly clear. She had a dolly, too, who also had a sweater; but she hardly believed that the dolly would care to give up that garment. She was going to the store herself to get a yeast cake for her mah-mah. No, she was quite sure that it wasn't a yeast pie. She giggled at the suggestion. But her mother had made a pie—huckleberry and they were going to eat it when pah-pah came home to supper—'n' corn-beef hash.

"Sister, let's change the subject," said Jerry. "What have you got in your fist there?"

She opened her hand and showed him a nickel.

"Chee! That's a lot of money for a little girl to be carrying around without a guard," Jerry told her seriously.

Sure enough, it was a large sum. With that amount a man might buy a whole loaf of yesterday's bread—food! He might buy a pack of cigarettes and stay the craving of his lungs. With five cents in his kick, he would be a potential buyer of many things at his choice, with legitimate right of entry to any store where edibles were often left conveniently in reach for a customer's sampling.

"I wouldn't carry that nickel in my hand," he advised gravely. "It might slip through your fingers and you'd lose it. Let me put it in your nice pocket in the pretty sweater where it will be safe. Atta girl! Now don't touch it until you get to the store, will you? Fine! Well, good-by. You'd better hurry or mah-mah will be waiting."

She bade him good-by and moved slowly away, looking back at him from time to time. She was not more than five hundred yards away when Jerry called to her and limped to where she waited.

"Here's your nickel, sister," he said. "It must have slipped out of your pocket. A pocket in a sweater is no place to carry money. Hold it tight in your hand where it will be safe. Tight! Atta girl! Good-by. Is that what I've come to?" Jerry exclaimed when she had toddled away. "Robbing a baby!"

Self-contempt overwhelmed him. Conning a kid—a helpless, innocent kid who had trusted him! He, Jerry McCabe, Jerry the smooth worker, free spender and square shooter, had done that! Could you beat it? Who but a low, dirty dog, a pediculous pup, would ever contemplate such a thing? A girl baby who had palled up with him, telling him about her dolls and laughing at his joke about the yeast cake! Suppose it were known—broadcast to the world! Bold Burglar Bilks Baby—Tiny Tot Victim of Heartless Swindle! And only the day before, he had insulted a lady! Was this where the way of the transgressor led?

"So help me, here's where I quit it!" declared Jerry fervently. "I'll take what's coming to me from Dan and lead an honest-to-goodness honest life if I never see the back of my neck!"

With this commendable resolution, Jerry walked the rest of the way into the business heart of Pendleton. It was not a madly throbbing heart. The street was almost deserted and the few people that he met stared at him curiously and with suspicion. With the consciousness of his moral downfall weighing heavily upon him, Jerry's glances at them were furtive and brief. But somewhere, somehow, he had to eat, and

(Continued on Page 79)

STANLEY

Stubborn boxes, barrels, crates and cases yield readily to the Stanley Four-Square pry bar. This tool is fitted for the roughest sort of work and withstands real punishment. It is also handy to have in your automobile tool kit.

This husky, handy pry bar is fifteen inches long, plenty strong enough for heavy lifting, yet light and short enough for easy handling.

32 Different Tools in This Stanley Four-Square Line

Every Four-Square tool is uniform in quality and in finish. Each of the attractive individual packages and tools displays the bright red Four-Square mark for easy identification.

The price tag tells the right price to pay. Ask your dealer to show you the entire line.

Behind each Four-Square tool stand the experience and the reputation of a maker who for 70 years has served the artisan and the householder with tools and home building hardware.

STANLEY
NEW BRITAIN, CONN. U.S.A.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

FOUR-SQUARE HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

"The Engine Improves with Use"

It Comma

WHEN a product of any kind is praised as people are praising the Willys-Knight—its quality commands your respect and admiration.

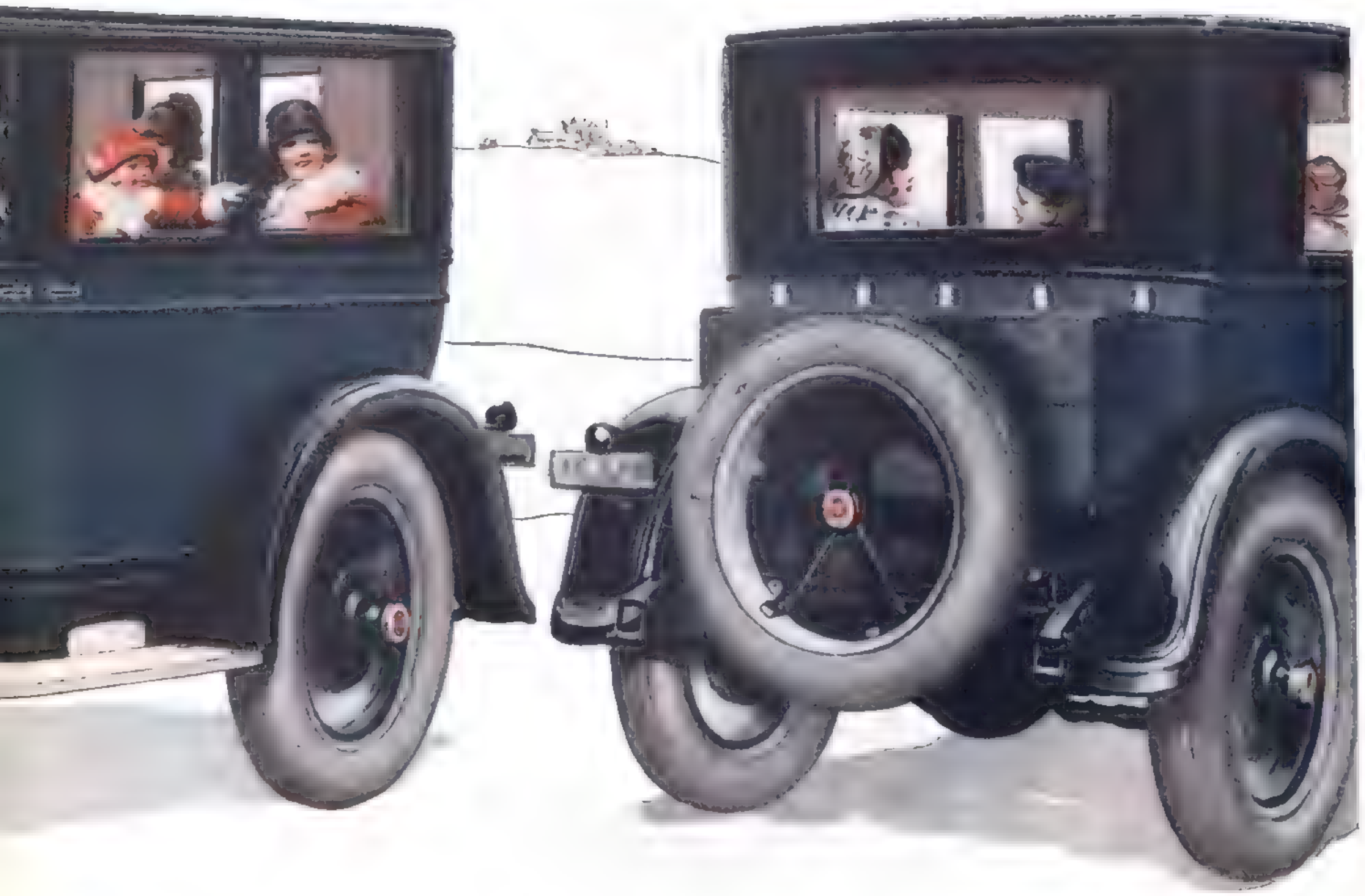
The entire history of Willys-Knight is a history of quality. And to this history, this background of quality, the improved Willys-Knight now adds still a greater chapter of quality!

The increased power of the new Willys-Knight is one phase of its quality. And its new luxury another. And its new beauty another. But there is something else, something greater than all of these. There is a great mechanical advantage peculiar to Willys-Knight itself.

You can get beauty in other cars. You can get

Willys-Overland,

The New WILLY



nds Your Admiration

luxury in other cars if you pay enough. You can perhaps get enough power in other cars, too. But one thing you cannot get: That one thing overshadows everything else in importance: That one thing is an extraordinary power-plant that *actually improves with use!*

And when we say the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine *improves with use* we mean it literally *improves with use.* Ask any Willys-Knight owner. Quiet in the beginning, the Willys-Knight engine grows *quieter* as the months go by. Smooth in the beginning—still *smoother* after thousands of miles. Powerful when new—even *more* powerful at fifteen or twenty thousand miles!

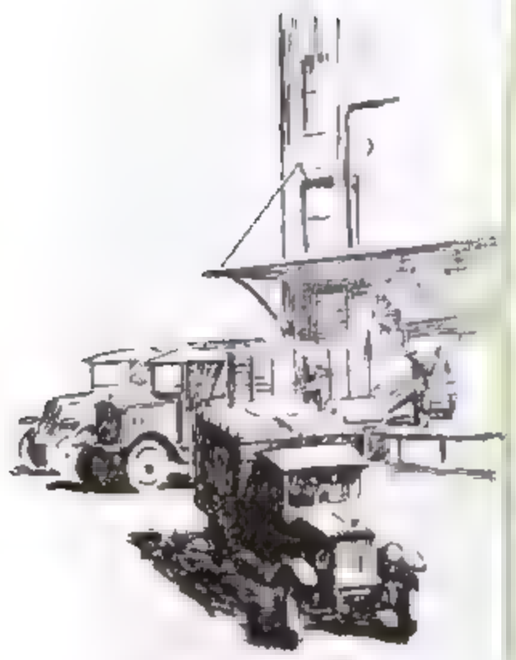
Nor is that all. Due to sleeve-valves, the Willys-Knight engine *never* needs valve grinding! And it *never* chokes up with carbon—no matter what grade of gasoline is used!

And still there is more to be told. *This* engine has *no vibration at any speed.* The new Willys-Knight is equipped with the famous Lanchester Balancer —a new invention that gives Willys-Knight complete freedom from the vibration so common in many cars.

No wonder people are praising the new Willys-Knight. No wonder people are turning to Willys-Knight to get this sort of performance and endurance. No wonder Willys-Knight excellence commands universal admiration!

c., Toledo, Ohio *Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada*

S-KNIGHT



Hammermill agents in eighty cities carry large stocks of Hammermill paper in all weights, colors and finishes. Large orders can be promptly filled.

With small orders, many printers have sufficient Hammermill Bond right in their stock rooms ready for the press. Hammermill is so standard, so well known that printers keep it on hand.

ONE DAY!

TWENTY thousand new forms needed! Somebody forgot to re-order. Some of these *must* be delivered in the morning—they *must* be the same weight, the same color, the same *everything*, as the old forms.

Every Purchasing Agent is confronted with such emergencies—bound to be, now and then.

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For Hammermill Bond is carried in stock by Hammermill agents in eighty cities. It is standard as to weights and standard as to printing qualities. It meets with every bond paper test. It never varies in quality and the twelve Hammermill colors are constantly uniform.

To use Hammermill is to eliminate "shopping" and to be certain of a promptly available supply at all times.

Ask your printer about Hammermill Bond and write us on your letterhead for a portfolio of samples.

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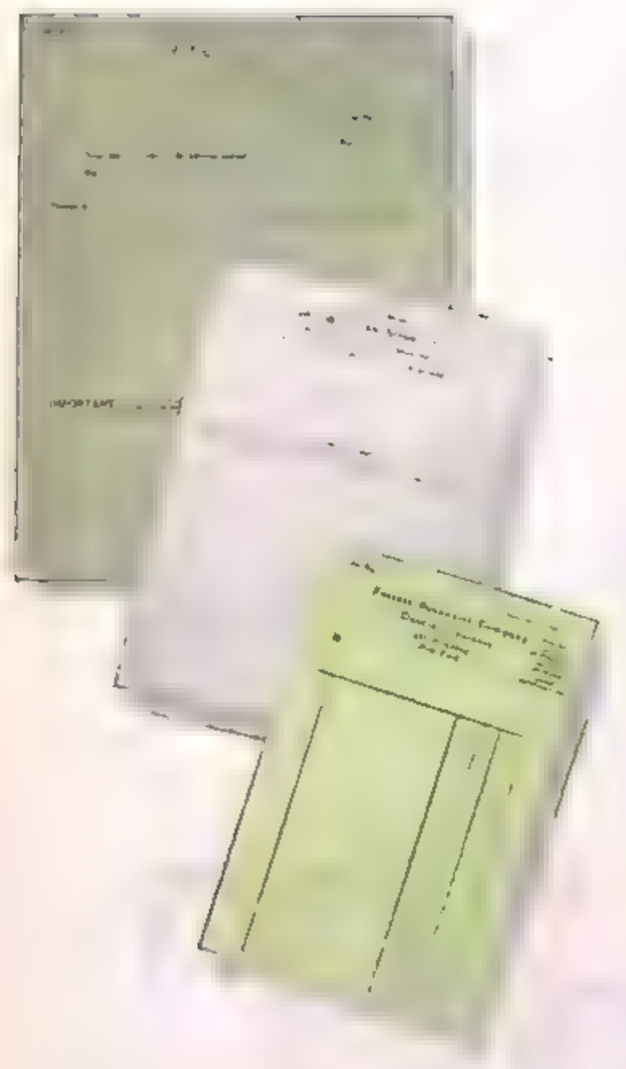
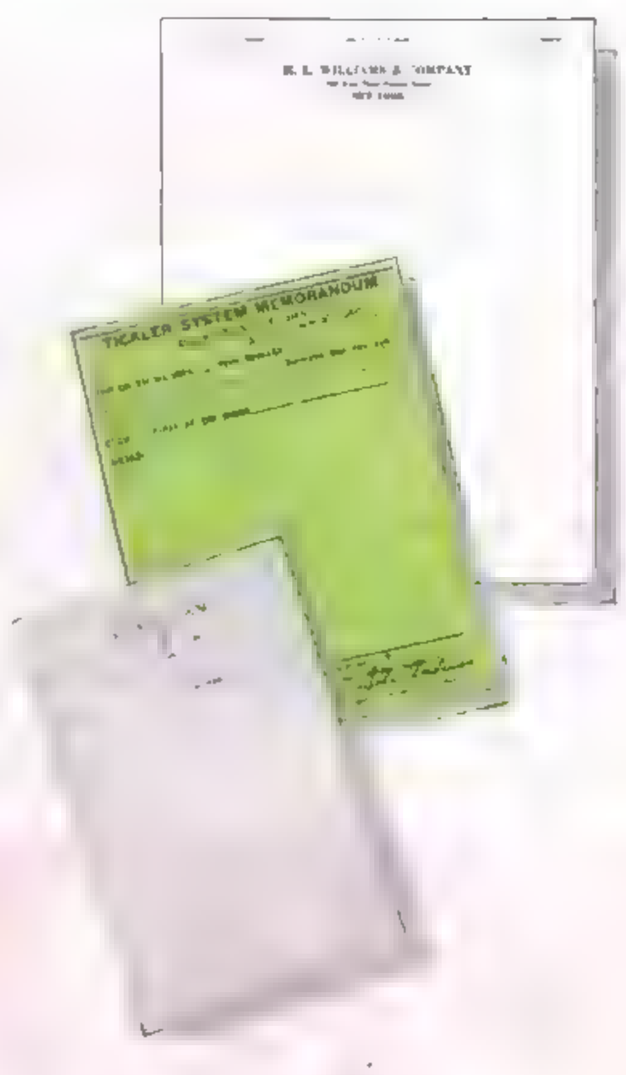
Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public





HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

(Continued from Page 74)

with this purpose he entered the general store.

He was disappointed to find that he had at once the undivided attention of the proprietor, a small, sandy-haired man with red-rimmed, watchful eyes and a morose and unsympathetic expression. Jerry asked him for cheese and he led the way to the cheese box at the farther end of the store.

"How much?" he asked, and Jerry told him that it would depend on the quality and price of the article.

Informed that it was a full cream and forty cents the pound, he requested to be allowed to sample it. The storekeeper tendered a morsel about the size of an average thumb nail, which was not less than Jerry had expected. He, nevertheless, put the crumb into his mouth and chewed it, slowly and with the air of a cheese connoisseur.

"Well?" inquired the storekeeper, his knife poised.

"Would you shade that price to thirty-eight?" Jerry asked. He knew this guy was no good.

"Nope."

"Well, at forty then. What terms? Thirty days suit you?"

His quick eye had been noticing things. The safe was an old joke. Jerry would have undertaken to open it with a hairpin. The back door of the storeroom had only a common lock. This guy was tempting providence.

"You clear out of here," said the guy harshly, and you could see by the way he moved that he was a man of action. The morsel of cheese had aroused the demon of hunger within Jerry too. It looked like trouble.

"Bat him over the bean with one of those ax handles and take what you want," whispered the demon. "There's a couple of cars parked outside and you can hop into one of them and beat it before he wakes up. You'd be at Wogan inside of an hour."

Jerry's better self resisted the temptation. If there had been only one car, and no telephone ——

"Are you going?" inquired the storekeeper.

"I'm gone," Jerry answered with dignity. "I shall take my patronage elsewhere."

Two doors down the street a sign attracted Jerry's attention, brief but eloquent: MEALS. Within, he saw a small room with half a dozen oilcloth-covered tables and a fat man behind a little counter talking with a farming-looking person who had evidently just finished one of the meals. As good a time as any, Jerry thought, and accordingly he entered, walked without hesitation to a table and sat down. He was going to eat, after which fate could not harm him to any great extent. A swift kick, perhaps, and it was possible that Pendleton boasted a constable, but they couldn't do much to him just because he had been careless enough to leave his wallet at home on the piano.

"Guess you're a mite too late for dinner," the fat proprietor called to him.

There was hesitation in his tone, Jerry considered. This fat boob was amenable to persuasion.

"I don't want much," Jerry called back cheerfully and confidently. "Just slap a steak in the pan with a few eggs and some fried potatoes. Any little old thing will do me."

He reached for the bowl of oyster crackers at his elbow.

The proprietor goggled at him and his fishlike mouth opened and closed and opened again.

"Well, I'll go see the help," he conceded.

He disappeared through the swinging door to the kitchen and the farmer filled his vest pocket with toothpicks and departed. From the kitchen came sounds of a dispute. A shrill, angry woman's voice and a placating bass rumble from the proprietor.

"Help!" cried the former. "Help! Yes, that's what I am, and all I am. I can moil and toil here in this kitchen all day, cooking, and set up half the night washing dishes while you laze around doing nothing but gas with the customers and take in the money. Much as you'll do to serve 'em and carry out the dirty dishes for me to wash. I'm the help! It's a sure thing you ain't much. And folks coming in at all hours ——"

"Not so good!" Jerry thought, hastily disposing of the last of the crackers.

Again the woman's voice: "Well, that is the last, and I serve notice on you that I'm through if you don't hustle around and get me somebody to wrastle these dishes. You hear me?"

"I don't know," Jerry murmured, spearing a sour pickle from the jar. "It begins to look as if there was an opening here for an honest, hard-working young man of good habits. Cigarettes in the case there. No cash register."

In a moment or two the fat man reappeared.

"You said a small steak, didn't you?" he inquired.

"Correct," Jerry answered. "Not too small though."

"It's in the pan." He brought a plate of sliced bread and a glass of water, and after a moment's consideration, supplemented these with a good-sized pat of butter and removed the empty cracker bowl. At the same time he gave Jerry a carefully appraising look and then waddled to the door, locked it and pulled down the shade that covered its glass panel.

"As long as I eat, I don't care," thought Jerry.

He ate. The steak was too small, indeed, but it was a fair-sized piece of meat nevertheless. Coffee came with the order, and a generous wedge of huckleberry pie. Chee!

Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

"I believe I could eat another piece of that pie," Jerry said. "I'll tell the world you've got some cook! I didn't think I was hungry when I came in, but I seem to have done pretty well."

"You seem to," agreed the fat proprietor.

He hesitated a moment and then brought the second piece of pie and watched Jerry eat it.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, colonel," said Jerry at last. "I infer that you need more help in the kitchen. It happens that I'm an expert dishwasher and temporarily disengaged and open to a good offer of employment. How about it, colonel?"

"Jest as you say," his host responded. "You can work out the price of what you've et, or I'm willing to take it out of your hide. I don't get the exercise I need anyway. It's jest as you say."

"Lead me to the dishes," said Jerry, and the proprietor led him—by the arm.

The straight and narrow! You couldn't beat it for the shortest distance between two given points. No primroses along its borders to speak of, but so long as you stuck to it you were all right. Three successive squares, one night's rest in a real bed, one pack of cigarettes, one ham sandwich wrapped in a paper napkin for protection in carrying and twenty-five cents in hard money, all honestly earned. Certainly Jerry had slung a wicked dish rag, mere amateur as he was, and he had scoured pots and pans until his arms had ached. Being a good sport, he had toiled cheerfully as well as capably and had won a smile of approval as well as the sandwich from the erstwhile sour and snappish mistress of the kitchen. The fat proprietor had come across with the quarter, although he had put little faith in Jerry's assurance that he would return as soon as he had seen his cousin in Wogan and maybe put a little capital in the business.

"Ye-ah," said the proprietor cynically, "I'll expect you; but I won't hold my breath till you come. I guess you'll find Pendleton a considerable changed by that time."

Yes, the straight and narrow. Bessie and he would tread it together, hand in hand, so that she could yank him back any time his foot slipped over the edge. Bessie knew that track. She had been traveling it all her life, so she ought to. If he knew anything, he knew that, for all her air of indifference at their parting, she would ask no more to hook up with him than honesty. She had not said that, but her eyes had, more than once. And yet only the night before he had been considering that safe in the store that the purser of the ark had once used, and he had thought of the easy lock on the back door and and only the reflection that a get-away would be difficult had made resistance to the temptation easier.

A couple of miles on his road and he came to the helpless little old guy with the stalled engine. A kind of a swell old guy and a swell car. Jerry offered his services, which were gratefully accepted. He might have found the disconnected wire to the battery the first thing, but he purposely put in ten or fifteen minutes, screwing and unscrewing, adjusting and readjusting with such quick dexterity that it was a pleasure to watch him. The old guy said he might not know the difference between a crank case and a spark plug, but he knew a skilled mechanic from a dub when he saw one, by the way he handled his tools.

"How much do I owe you, my young friend?" he asked.

"Not a groat, sir," Jerry replied. "If I have been of some slight assistance, the pleasure of serving you is guerdon enow."

"You don't tell me!" said the old guy, staring at him.

"But if you're going anywhere near Wogan and wouldn't mind giving me a lift ——" Jerry suggested diffidently.

"Wreathe your left hand in the mane and we'll lightly bound o'er the plain," said the old guy. And what do you know about that! Jerry hopped in and they did some light bounding, beguiling the way with a discussion of Sir Walter's poetic masterpiece. Moreover, the old guy made Jerry a definite offer of employment, which the young man begged leave to consider for a week or two, although he feared he would be unable to accept, as his affairs might keep him in New York.

And so they sped on, and the old guy was some speedster, and you may give credence to the statement that it was good to cover ground without pacing it off less than a yard at a time with legs. Soon they were entering suburbs instead of villages; newly built houses and houses in course of erection, flamboyant real-estate signs, concrete sidewalks laid in anticipation of houses to be built when the lots were sold, and finally to a red-brick car barn with tracks radiating therefrom. Here the old guy pulled up to the curb.

"This is Coilantogle Ford—as far as I go," he said. "One of these cars will take you into Wogan for a nickel. Wait a moment. You think you don't want to groom my six-cylinder steed then? Quite sure of that?"

"I'd like to the best kind," Jerry replied. "If I worked for any gentleman besides myself, I'd want to work for a gentleman like you that's no lowbrow and improving to talk to. But I appreciate your kind offer and I thank you for the accommodation of the ride and the pleasure of your company."

The old guy said that the pleasure was mutual and fished a case note from his pocket and insisted that Jerry should take it.

"It's honestly earned and more," he said. "If I had gone to a garage I probably wouldn't have got out under ten. I seldom do."

"Those garage ginks are robbers," said Jerry indignantly. "That's all they are—robbers. Maybe I'll come back here and start a garage myself. I'd call it the Innovation—square shooting and a fair price to one and all. Well, sir, sooner than wound your feelings ——" He pocketed the dollar bill. Honestly earned! Chee!

Arrived in Wogan, Jerry's first visit was to a haberdasher's, where for twenty cents he bought a collar, with two bone buttons thrown in. From there he went to a cleaning establishment whose proprietor did the best he could with sponge, gasoline and goose on the suit and the necktie. Not so worse at that, but it cost a dollar, leaving a cash balance of five cents in Jerry's possession. By the time Jerry had availed himself of the privilege of the cleaner's sink and yellow soap and shoe polish and resumed the renovated garments there was a remarkable change for the better in his personal appearance, and the consciousness of this raised his spirits to a corresponding degree. A bum no more, b'chee! Something still to be desired: a long way from the million-dollar set yet, but equally far from the vagabond who had so lately sneaked into town, and this happy circumstance he owed to honest toil. Not a suspicion of taint on the jit still in his pocket. He should worry! In a few minutes he would be mitting old pal Danny. Chee! There was one good pal! You could bank on Danny every time.

"You'll find me waiting for you at the Hotel Egmont," Dan had said, and that meant that he would be waiting there.

He and this guy Busy Izzy, his friend, would have sorted out all the negotiable securities in that bunch by this time and maybe sold them, so that all he, Jerry, would have to do would be to take his and beat it to New York. Danny would see to it that the split was on the level. He would have a story to tell Dan, too, and the big news of his reformation. That would give Dan a big laugh, just like it did the kids around Little Italy when he had fallen for Miss Devine's reforming notions. Always a skirt pulling a guy into the straight and narrow. And they were right, at that! Well, he thought a heap of Danny, but if it came to choose between him and Bessie—good-by, Dumb-bell!

His hat a-tilt and his last cigarette hanging on his lower lip, he walked into the shabby little hotel and addressed the clerk at the desk.

"Mr. Rinkstetter in?" he asked.

"How?" responded the clerk.

"Rinkstetter—Harvey J. Rinkstetter, of Kalamazoo, Michigan."

"Checked out yesterday morning. Your name Howard? Yes? There's a message for you somewhere." He searched through a dozen or so old letters and flipped an envelope over to Jerry. Jerry tore it open and read the inclosure, but with some difficulty, for Mr. Rinkstetter's handwriting was not the most legible in the world:

"Deer jerry the stuf was Nix. See You latter but you best not show on Brodway for reasons the show bisnis is roten.

"H. J. BRINKSTETTER."

Jerry manned himself with dauntless air, but it was hard work with a deadly sick stomach. He read the note again. "Stuf Nix!" The dirty liar! Jerry had lamped at least one Liberty in their hurried inspection of the paper at Cleveland. But why would Dan have made the date here and kept it? Busy Izzy was the answer. Those two crooks —— He looked up and met the clerk's inquisitive stare.

"Mr. Brinkstetter says he'll be back here tomorrow night," he said. "I'll wait for him, I guess. Can you give me a room with a bath?"

"Certainly I can," the clerk replied, and pivoted the register toward him.

"Is there a café in connection with the hotel?" Jerry inquired as he registered.

"There is," replied the clerk; and added, "That will be four dollars, Mr. Howard."

"Fair enough," said Mr. Howard affably.

"In advance," suggested the clerk. "Rule of the hotel for guests without baggage. There's the sign."

"I'm going down to the depot to see about my baggage right now," said Jerry. "Hold the room for me."

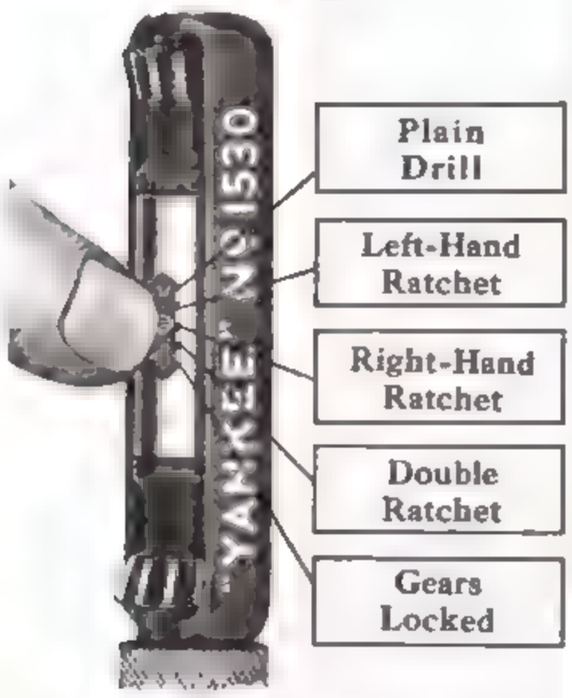
Compared with the great calamity, this last rebuff seemed a trifle. Jerry forgot it almost as soon as he got outside. His mind was on the Dumb-bell, the scaly thief who had nicked him, the bilk, the crook! And trying to scare him, Jerry! "Best not show on Brodway for reasons!" Keep away from New York, eh? He'd show 'em! But in the meantime he would have to turn some little trick to get jack enough to take him to Broadway—and it wasn't as if he couldn't do it. This wasn't Higgboro and it wasn't Pendleton, but a live burg where a wise guy needn't stay broke long if his fingers weren't paralyzed and his bean was functioning. And he wasn't stony broke at that.

He thrust his hand in his pocket, fingered the nickel—and then suddenly realized that it was a nickel, a coin that had and always would have painful and humiliating associations for him. A strong revulsion of feeling seized him. It had bitten deeply, that baby robbery at Pendleton. A moment before, he had been a cool, clear-headed, conscienceless predatory animal, watchful and alert for prey; now he was bewildered, helpless, a mere baby himself, his muddled mind a sort of scrimmage of conflicting emotions. But from that tangle presently emerged Virtue with the ball. Whatever might happen, he would keep the oath he had sworn, so help him! He was going straight from this on! Bessie was right; a crook was no good. Even Dan! Even Dan!

He felt that he was having a bad attack of the glooms, and unconsciously adopted a scientific method of overcoming it, repeating again and again his optimistic formula: "Something always happens for the best before it gets to the worst. Something always happens for the best before it comes to the worst." He was still muttering that and trying to keep step to it when the something happened. At the entrance to a hall and stairway at the side of a large store a portly negro in a plum-colored, gold-laced uniform thrust a handbill at him. He took it, glanced at it, crumpled it to toss away, and then reconsidered, smoothed it out again and read it carefully and thoughtfully.

"'Consultation free,'" he murmured. "Sounds fair enough, don't it? If I hadn't consulted old Doc X. P. Rience one time and got out with most of my skin gone,

You move the Ratchet Shifter *and get*



The picture above shows you how easily you can get any of five ratchet adjustments on the little "Yankee" Hand Drill No. 1530.

Although "Yankee" No. 1530 is a midget in size, being only 10½ in. long, and weighing only 1¼ pounds, it has all the famous ratchet adjustments of the big "Yankee" Breast Drills and Hand Drills. With the

"YANKEE" Hand Drill No. 1530

you can quickly drill holes in places inaccessible to other drills. In a cramped place, where you can not give the crank a full turn, you set the Shifter at DOUBLE Ratchet, and by turning crank only an inch to and fro, you keep the bit cutting into the work.

Only a "Yankee" Drill can do this, for no other has the famous "Yankee" DOUBLE Ratchet.

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"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

maybe I'd fall for that too. Now I wonder —— Anyway, I've a hunch. That smoke looked like a major general. I guess I'll consult you, doc. It won't cost me anything this time, that's a pipe."

He retraced his steps to the doorway, where the magnificent porter was still distributing his handbills. It was not a magnificent doorway. At one side of it was a glass case containing sets of white teeth in exceedingly pink gums that grinned at the passers-by; on the other side a photographer exhibited framed specimens of his art.

There were signs denoting that a beauty parlor, a modiste, and Z. Salmon, Flowers, were to be found in the building, but the biggest sign of all was that of the practitioner of the healing art also advertised by the handbills.

Jerry ascended the stairs and entered the doctor's reception room, where he was welcomed with a rubescent smile from a hard-featured, oldish-young woman with bobbed and hennaed hair and too much face powder, who also invited him to seat himself, informing him that the doctor was then engaged with a patient. Jerry provided himself with a month-old magazine from the table and sat down. Others were waiting, and a mighty depressing lot they were. Mostly of the poorer class, Jerry noted. Pale drawn faces, most of them had—sick faces, sad faces; hollow cheeks and lackluster eyes, wasted limbs and palsied hands. A sorry set. Only occasionally they conversed in whispers. One young mother sat with a baby in her arms; its face was covered with a gayly embroidered blanket of flannel, and the pitiful little waxen claw that protruded and feebly groped at the mother's bosom made one thankful for the concealment. A sorry lot! Another woman in a widow's mourning with a querulous child in her lap whose complaints she vainly tried to still, and next to her a laboring man in a tattered jacket.

"Con," Jerry decided. "The poor boob! What's he doing here? What are any of 'em doing here? Not so good!"

The telephone bell jangled and the oldish-young woman answered it.

"No, the doctor can't possibly leave the office. . . . No, sir. . . . It doesn't make the least difference what you are willing to pay, the doctor wouldn't leave his patients here. No, I'm sorry, but you can't talk to the doctor now. He's engaged with a patient."

A murmur of approval from the other patients. Then a door opened and the doctor himself appeared, ushering out a prosperous-looking man of middle age who was shaking his hand energetically and speaking loudly in terms of gratitude. Jerry sat up and took notice.

"There, there!" said the doctor. "Say no more, my dear sir. Not another word. I've only done what I told you I would do. Good day."

"I beg your pardon, doctor," said the other. "You've done more than you said. You told me you thought you could relieve me and you've cured me. I'd have been grateful for relief, which is more than I ever had from the physicians I've spent thousands doctoring with, but when you take a man in the condition I was in and restore him to health and vigor, why, it ain't nothing less than a miracle an' I ——"

"I tell you I won't hear another word," said the doctor good-humoredly. "I've cured you and you've paid me, so we're quits."

He patted the grateful patient on the shoulder and beckoned to the woman with the baby, to whom the grateful patient gave place with evident reluctance. The door closed.

"He's a wonder," said the dismissed one, addressing the room. "I'd given up all hope, friends, when I came to him. All my family had given up hope, my doctors had given me up—and now look at me!" He cut a clownish caper. "Four treatments was all I had and I give you my word it done the work. He's a wonder!"

He waved a jeweled hand and departed. Again murmurs of approbation. Dull eyes livened with hope.

Jerry fingered his chin thoughtfully. Was that guy the goods? And doc—was he the real thing?

"I'd like to have seen that bird and the smoke down below when he went out. Well, I'll stick around, and maybe ——"

He stuck, and the patients, one after another, took their turns—and short turns too. Meanwhile there were newcomers. Some business! Now and then the telephone bell rang. The doctor was in great demand, but never could he be tempted for an instant from his duty, noble soul! Presently Jerry got up to obtain a closer view of a picture on the wall. A sick child on a humble pallet in a cottage home and the doctor by its bedside. Resembled this doctor about the whiskers—but say! The mother leaning over the table with her head on her arms! The father standing behind her with a hand on her shoulder! It got you. That pretty, sick kid—chee!—and the doc; there was a good guy, and wise. Nothing was going to get by him; he was right onto the job and would put up the best fight there was in him. No four-flushing there; you could see that in every line of his face. It got you, right behind and in back of the nose and in the throat, if you had a heart, so that you'd have to walk to the window, so that these ginks ——

"I'll bet that grateful guy is a bonnet, ballyhooing for the grift," Jerry told himself with sudden conviction; and a few minutes later, with the conviction growing, he obeyed the beckoning finger and entered the sanctum.

A man of thirty, brown hair slicked back, brown beard trimmed to a point, shallow brown eyes behind thick-lensed shell cheaters, a small, sharp nose; dressed in a classy Prince Albert and striped pants; a pearl in his necktie, a diamond on his large white hand. Class, certainly, but somehow Jerry felt his hunch growing stronger.

"Sit down," said the doctor; and continued briskly, "What seems to be the trouble?"

Before Jerry could answer there was a knock at the door. The grateful patient again.

What do you know!

"Excuse me, doctor," said the G. P., extending a slip of blue paper, "but I couldn't feel satisfied to pay you the paltry amount of your fee for all you've done for me. If you'll kindly take this, I shall still be your debtor for health and happiness. You're a benefactor to your speeches, doctor."

The doctor frowned, took the check, tore it across and across and dropped the fragments in his waste-paper basket.

"That's my answer, Mr. Bowcher," he said coldly. "You owe me nothing, as I told you before. I've cured you and you've paid me and I never take a penny beyond my regular charge." Relaxing a little in his severe expression, he took the man by the arm, led him to the door and dismissed him with a farewell pat on the shoulder. Then he turned to Jerry with an apologetic smile. "Now then?" he said.

"Doc, do you cure fits?" Jerry asked anxiously.

"I think I can confidently answer your question in the affirmative," the doctor answered. "That gentleman who has just left—Mr. Bowcher—you probably know him, or know of him—he suffered from fits for years. Epilectic. Are yours epilectic?"

"Mine are fits of depression, doc," Jerry answered. "I'm having one now."

"Melancholia. Yes, I think I can almost call myself a specialist in cases of melancholia. I can guarantee ——"

"Financial depression," Jerry explained. "Superreduced by flatulency of the pocketbook and condoning and instituting insomnia and craving for food and drink. I had almost given up all hope when your coon slipped me your dodger, and as you said consultation was free ——"

The doctor interrupted him.

"I'll give you some free advice," he said. "Take the air—the free open air. Beat it out of here and inhale and exhale as you walk rapidly along, and don't lose ten seconds doing it or you'll find yourself in mighty bad shape."

The doctor rose.

"Keep your seat, doc," said Jerry easily. "You were asking me just now if I knew Mr. Bowcher. Do I know him! I'll tell the world! He didn't seem to recognize me, but I spotted him the minute he came out of this office. He's good too. I'd have cashed that check of his for him if he had asked me and if I hadn't known him and had the money. Good old Sam! His name wasn't Bowcher when I knew him and he wasn't sporting that rorty toggery, but he was certainly the world's champion capper. Listen, doc; don't you want a good publicity man—or do you? I'm a wiz at the biz and I see where I can get you a lot of free advertising here."

He and the doctor looked at each other steadily for a moment or two.

"Want to undertake my case, doc?" Jerry asked. "I've been looking for a benefactor to my speeches for three days to cure my fits. You're a bone specialist, ain't you? Well, fifty bones would do it."

The doctor turned to his desk and took the telephone receiver from its hook.

"Call a policeman right away, Miss Waters, if you please," he said crisply. He swung around and showed Jerry a line of teeth. Jerry returned the smile.

"Not so good, doc," he said. "I've done that trick myself; but I never give the other guy a chance to notice that I'm holding down the jigger with my finger while I talk. Try it with an open line if you want to. It's up to you. All I want is a cure."

The doctor may have been a stony-hearted, blood-sucking scoundrel whose existence was a reproach to judges and hangmen, but he finally took it in a sporting way.

As Jerry opened the door to leave—two twenties and a ten in his pocket—the benefactor of humanity laid his hand almost caressingly on the young man's shoulder and assumed his most amiable smile.

"Glad to have given you relief," he said. "Don't say another word."

"I'd like to say a few," replied Jerry. "I sure would like to." But there was no warm gratitude in his tone.

He was almost tempted to turn loose and show the faker up to these poor boobs, but an implied bargain closed his mouth. He said no more.

And now, at last, behold Jerry the Jubilant at the ticket window in the Union Station.

"New York, brother. Round trip? Listen, does anybody ever buy a round-trip ticket to New York from here, and if so, why? One way. Is it a narrow-gauge track? Well, I guess it's straight, or as straight as they could survey it, and that's the best any of us can do. Where's the lunch counter?"

Luck? Ask him! Not all luck at that. Reward of virtue. If he had yielded to temptation when he left the hotel and returned to his evil courses, he might have been in jail now, instead of sitting pretty with a veal cutlet and French fried before him and the express train to Paradise in twenty minutes. Broadway! Broadway, with its pretty lights blinking and winking and spurting color in a thousand entrancing forms! And the show houses blazing too, and the restaurant windows with a dazzle of superlative eats in the raw! And the life! Real people—the kind that God must have loved because He made so many of them, and Gentiles besides! Oh, boy! Could they keep him away? And honesty had cleared the way for him!

He couldn't eat for thinking of it. Only the coffee seemed to hit the spot. He left the barely tasted viands and lit a cigarette. First thing on arrival, he would make for his hang-out, and there soak himself in a tub for an hour or two. He considered his wardrobe in detail. Lucky it was well stocked.

He would be able to put up a front all right, and, to get a job, all else necessary would be five dollars' worth of first-class references.

But after all, would they let him go straight? He considered that point. Would they let him continue to lead an honest life? Wouldn't he have to start in Philly or Pittsburgh or somewhere, and would Bessie leave her mother and sister in Flatbush and go with him? She might if she didn't know that he had been a crook, but if he came clean, then what? What she didn't know she wouldn't worry about, but then—would it be square to let her tie up without telling her? He certainly meant to quit transgressing, which got a guy nothing—if he could—if they would let him—as well as he knew how.

For instance, he had a growing misgiving whether holding up this faker had been strictly honest, after all. His moral sense was perhaps a trifle stunted and warped for lack of exercise.

But Bessie knew how. Little Bessie would wise him. Yes, he would take the big chance and come clean and put it up to her. Settled! The straight and narrow path. If he had luck—the luck that never failed him—Bessie would keep tight hold of his hand and they would tread that narrow path together.

"New York train!" bellowed the announcer.

And Jerry, head up and smiling happily, passed through the gate.

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THE MORE YOU LOOK THE LESS YOU SEE

(Continued from Page 12

that might appeal to you. These things range from seventy-five cents to three dollars, while if you wish to go a bit higher you can get a bowl-of-water production for ten-fifty, or if you are really ambitious, a remarkable talking vase for thirty dollars. The magazines are brimming over with helpful chats by brother magicians, who contribute also columns of magical witticisms.

Most feats of magic, although modernized and improved upon constantly, date back to ancient days for their origin.

Before going into the subject of tricks and how they are done, or supposed to be done, I want to bring out what is really a self-evident fact, that it is considered the gravest breach of honor and a heinous offense for any magician to reveal the methods by which his fellow conjurers do their tricks. One of the objects of the Society of American Magicians is to prevent tricks being exposed. There is, too, a great sense of loyalty among the assistants and servants of magicians, and there has scarcely ever been a case of a master being betrayed by his employe. A tacit understanding exists among the magicians that none of them will ever employ a former assistant or servant of another without the consent of the original master.

On the whole, the secrets of the profession have been very well guarded, but occasionally explanations have crept out, and there are recorded several papers which purport to make clear a number of well-known feats of magic. Not being a magician I cannot vouch for the complete accuracy of these explanations, but offer them for what they are worth.

An interesting point in this connection seems to me to be summed up in the conjurers' catch line—"The more you look the less you see." Even after reading the explanation of tricks and carefully scanning diagrams, you don't really know much more about them than you did before. When all is said and done, the hand—and the mind—of the magician is quicker than the eye of the layman who is watching.

The Famous Basket Trick

One well-known illusion is the basket trick, still popular among magicians, which has been a favorite among the Hindu fakirs for centuries. It is the trick in which a boy is placed in a basket, filling it entirely as far as the eye can see, whereupon the magician proceeds to thrust a long sharp sword through the basket at every possible point. The boy, it seems, must certainly be killed if he has remained in the basket, and there seems no possible way in which he could have disappeared. The ever-present committee from the audience—which, by the way, is usually quite genuine and devoid of plants—has examined the floor beneath the basket to make sure there is no trapdoor through which the boy can escape.

This baffling trick now seems very simple. In the first place, a most important element in the performing of the trick, the basket is of a peculiar shape. It is quite narrow at the top, and at a point somewhat below the center it widens out, greatly tapering in again toward the bottom, looking not unlike a huge egg.

The empty basket is shown to the audience. Then the boy, the conjurer's assistant, is brought forward. The boy is always clad brightly, usually wearing some particularly conspicuous articles, such as a red turban and jacket. He steps into the basket, which apparently he just fits, and sinks down out of sight, occupying, so it seems, the whole basket. The lid is placed upon his head and a large blanket is thrown over the basket, just for an instant. Then the blanket is removed and the performer runs the basket through and through with his sword. Every part of the basket is pierced, the performer puts the blanket back over the basket, and then proceeds to remove the turban and jacket. The boy, apparently, has disappeared. The performer jumps into the basket, stamps about and sits down. Then he gets out, puts the jacket and turban back in the basket, covers it with the blanket again, engages the attention of the audience for a moment, and turns around just in time to see the boy, fully clad, step out of the basket.

The boy has never gone out of the basket, and yet he has remained unhurt while the sword pierced through the straw. All the while he has been curled, snakelike, around the outer rim of the basket at the place where it is widest. There is plenty of empty space in the basket for the sword to go through without touching the boy, and so that no part of the basket will be neglected he keeps wriggling around the side, moving all the time. It's really very simple, if you know how. But the whole thing has to be very carefully calculated, and a split-second accuracy in the matter of timing observed, for a single mistake, and the boy might be badly hurt by the sword.

Among the most puzzling and absorbing of tricks are the ones concerning handcuffs and strait-jackets, and escapes from cells. It is Houdini, of course, who has performed the greatest marvels in this direction. Nobody has ever been able to devise any kind of shackles from which this amazing man could not free himself, usually in a very few minutes. The handcuff escapes are fairly easy to comprehend, as the same principle applies to them as to the locks of doors. There are skeleton keys for handcuffs just as there are for doors, and they are called fakes. These fakes can open most any regulation variety of manacle, so that even when the magician allows people in the audience or the police to bring their own handcuffs he can get out of them as easily as if they were his own. These keys are concealed about the person of the subject sometimes in trick pockets, false heels, in the mouth, and on occasions, in the hair, if it is long and bushy, as the hair of most magicians is. Most escape artists spend a good deal of time devising new and more ingenious fakes.

The Man in the Milk Can

There are other ways of escaping from handcuffs. Some manacles are so made that a sharp blow at a certain point in the cuff will force it open. It is said that a great many regulation cuffs, especially those used by the English police, can be opened this way. A sheet of metal, lead usually, is sewed on the underside of the trousers leg, just above the knee, and by striking the handcuff violently against this metal the lock is opened.

Then there are some cuffs which can be opened by means of a thread or string or catgut. The magician makes a loop which is inserted into the small opening of the lock on the side nearest the catch. By doing this it is possible to catch the end of the screw in the lock and pull back the bolt, opening the handcuff with as much ease as if its own key were inserted.

There is nothing particularly difficult about these methods, just hearing about them, and when you consider the number of things that can be pried open by the simple means of a hairpin it doesn't seem so marvelous to do these stunts. But try to do them. To be a really good escape artist, or magician of any kind, takes expert knowledge, tireless practice, endless perseverance and a great amount of natural dexterity. As the magicians themselves so originally say, there is no royal road to magic.

There are on record explanations of other quite famous escape tricks, including the milk-can trick and the escape from a packing box, both identified mainly with Houdini.

As for the milk can, it is in all particulars save one, which will be explained in a moment, a perfectly ordinary metal can such as you see in front of a dairy or on a milk wagon. It is about three feet six inches high, with a circular hinged lid. When the stunt is performed the subject, dressed in a bathing suit, steps into the can, in which there is enough water to cover his head completely. The lid is closed, and then padlocked. Sometimes, to make it harder, the subject is handcuffed as well.

Here's the explanation given. In the lid of the can there is a small hinge and spring, concealed by a strip of metal running around the inside of the lid. The opposite side of this opening is closed by a spring lock, also hidden by the metal strip. When he goes into the can the magician takes with him a small steel blade. First he pushes the strip of metal around until a tiny opening in it corresponds to the head of the spring lock. Then with the steel blade he releases the spring lock, pushes up the lid and steps out, dripping wet, of course. After he is out he shoves the lid down again, it is caught securely by the spring lock, and all is fine. This whole procedure, of course, takes place behind a screen and takes only a few seconds. That's that.

A great sensation was caused when Houdini first said he would escape from a packing box, the wood for which might be brought by any member of the audience, the box to be built right on the stage. His only stipulation was that it must have air holes for ventilation. But the explanation for this makes it appear quite a simple matter. Here, too, a fake is used, an especially constructed instrument made in three parts, which must be concealed somewhere on the magician before he gets into the case. It is composed of a solid center piece of metal and two threaded rods. He screws them together after he is in the case, and proceeds to force the lid off the case by turning a little handle in the solid center piece, and exerting a tremendous pressure on the top of the case, which is finally opened.

Probably fifty per cent of the success of any magic stunt, however marvelous the trick may be, is that quality known as showmanship. Any good magician will willingly concede that point. Of course the trick has to be good, but a great proportion of its success depends upon the manner of its presentation. Some of the simplest stunts are made to appear frightfully difficult by the clever showmanship of the magician.

This point is particularly stressed by Charles J. Carter, a well-known conjurer of the last generation, who wrote a book of advice to aspiring magicians.

"Learn grammar," was one of his earliest admonitions. "You must know how to use words, and the more words you use the greater magician you will become. For that is all magic is—appearance, words." Mr. Carter was a man inclined toward sarcasm, and evidently he felt that he had chosen a rather futile occupation as revealed by some of his additional remarks.

"Be funny," he wrote; "this can be learned. There is no magician living who was born with an appreciation of the ludicrous. If so, he would not have become a magician."

The Mythical Rope Illusion

One of the most-discussed tricks in the world, although it is not, to my knowledge, ever done on the stage—it would be wholly ineffective there—is the famous Indian rope trick, in which a rope is thrown into the air by a fakir or a yogi or one of those things, and a boy, climbing up the rope, which stiffens in the air, disappears into the clouds. Sometimes he comes back, sometimes not, according to the inclination of the magician. There have been put forth three explanations of this trick, which has baffled people for centuries—first, that it is a hallucination; second, that it is done by a very simple mechanical process; and third, that it has never been done at all.

In considering any trick, especially one of this kind, it is well to bear in mind that the audience is always put into a receptive state of mind. Atmosphere is created. That, of course, is part of the showmanship referred to above. As for the first explanation of the rope trick, the people who proffer it declare that these East Indian magi have hypnotic power, that they burn strong incense which deadens the senses of the observers and dulls their perceptions, and that it is quite easy to get them into such a state of hypnosis that they imagine they have seen the whole thing.

Regarding the second explanation, many people have said that the trick is always done in a courtyard between two houses or between two trees, and that it is always done at dusk, when the light is failing. When the rope is thrown in the air it is caught on a thin wire which has been stretched between the two houses or the two trees. Smoke from the incense rises and conceals the wire, the theory is, and the rope is held taut by a hook in the wire while the boy clambers up, is lost to sight in the clouds of smoke, and walks across the wire to one of the houses or trees.

The real skeptics—among them many scientific men who have studied magic for years—declare that the trick has never been done at all. They say that no traveler from India has ever come home testifying that he actually saw the trick himself. It is

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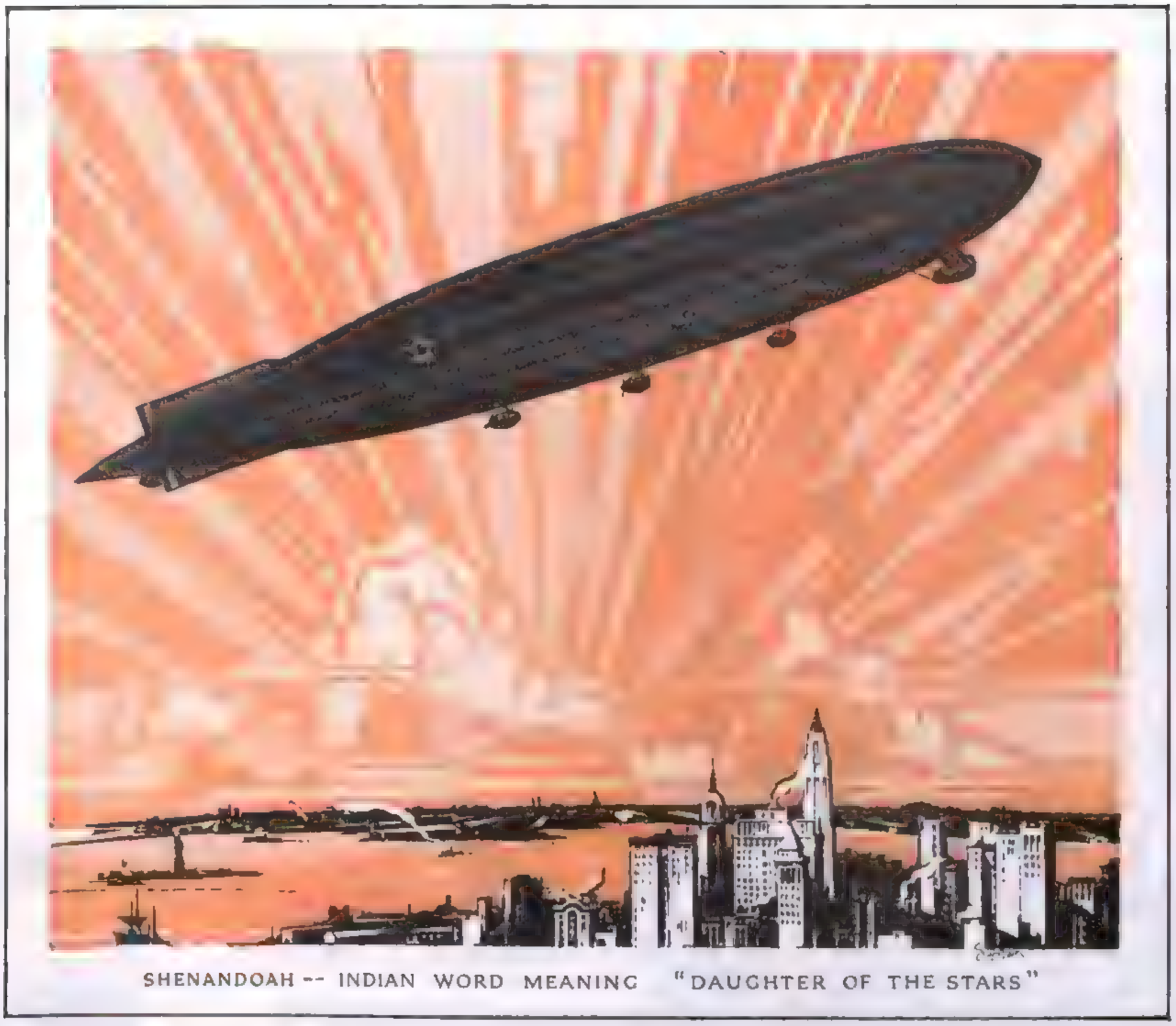

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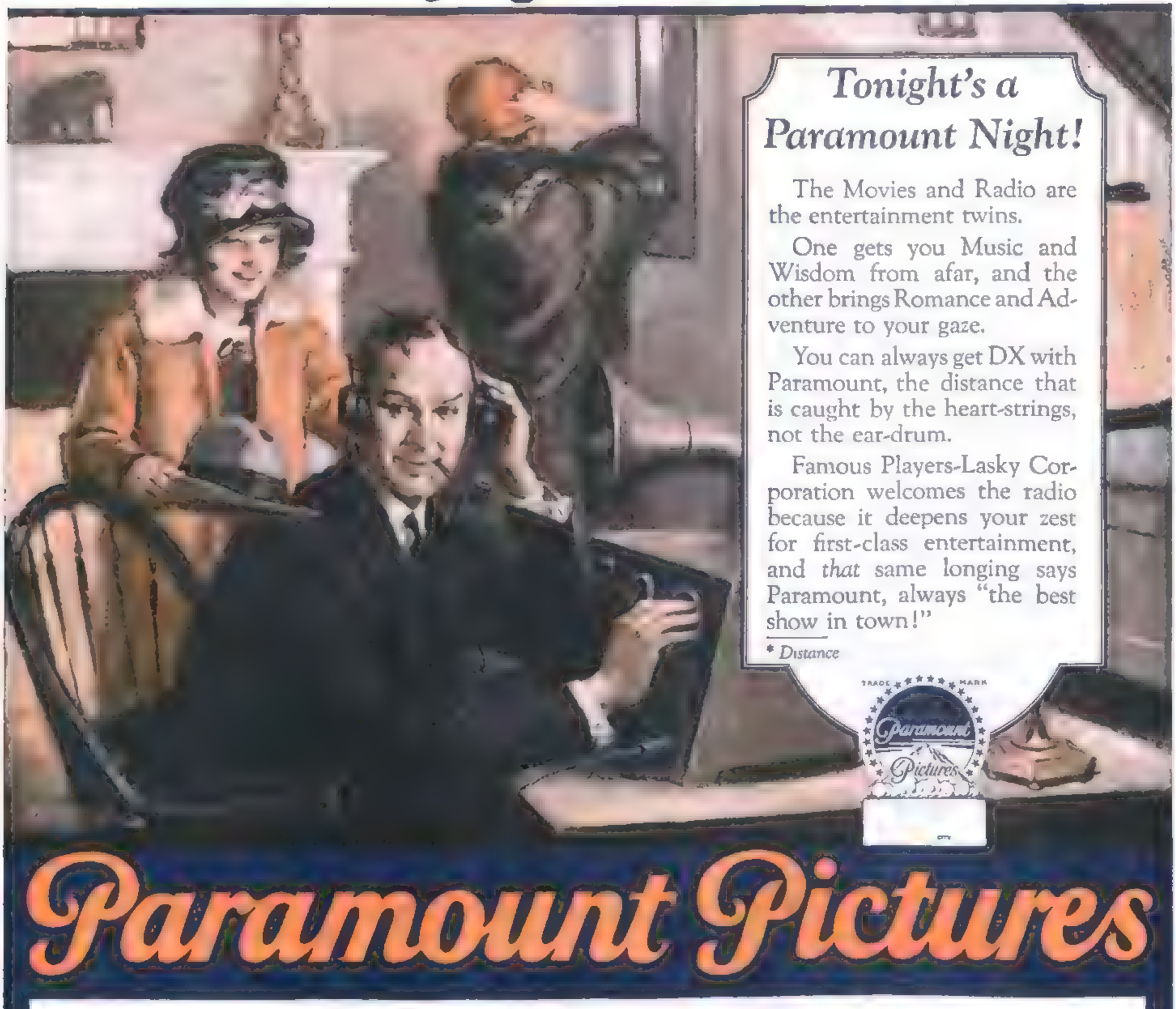

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With Rod La Roque, Adolphe Menjou, Pauline Starke. From "The Czarina," by Biro and Lengyel. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston and Hans Kraly.

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always, according to these people, "I know someone who saw it done"; never "I saw it done myself." In other words, the trick, they are convinced, is just one of those legends that grow hardily and can never quite be explained away.

An interesting, not to say curious, subdivision of magicians is that which includes fire eaters, heat resisters, sword swallowers, frog and snake eaters, and the like. Most people, watching acts of this kind, are mildly puzzled, inclined to wonder how it is done, but refuse to believe for a minute that it isn't all fake; they are sure that the fire isn't real fire at all, and that the sword blades telescope and fold into neat little packages which can be secreted in the mouth.

This, according to the highest authority, is not true. The fire is real fire and the sword blades quite authentic. Why anyone should choose sword swallowing as an occupation is hard to imagine, but some do, and at least they should be given credit for the genuineness of their performances.

Sword swallowing is supposed to be very easy, once you get used to it. Just practice long enough and you'll get to be an expert. The only hard part of it, according to Houdini, is getting used to the feeling of the metal against the mucous membrane of the pharynx. After one is accustomed to that, the rest is easy, for if the head is bent back, a straight unobstructed passage is formed from the mouth down to the bottom of the stomach. This passage is large enough to hold several blades if they are thin enough, and there are some sword swallowers, notably Edith Clifford, of circus fame, who can swallow as many as ten or twelve blades at a gulp, taking them out one at a time.

The only danger in sword swallowing comes from the possibility of the blade bending or breaking while in the throat. There have been instances of blades that bent and as a consequence pierced veins in the throat, and there is a story of a famous female sword swallower who had a twenty-six-inch sword break at the hilt while she was in the middle of her performance. She quickly bent forward and just managed to catch at the broken end with her fingers, withdrawing the blade before it went all the way down and killed her.

Frog swallowing and snake eating are not very popular forms of entertainment in this country, the public taste being a little squeamish about these things, but on the Continent such acts are very well liked. The creatures are swallowed and then disgorged alive.

There is an anecdote that dates back to Hammerstein's old Victoria Theater in New York. A famous French frog eater was booked to play at that old-time variety hall, but the S. P. C. A. interfered on the grounds that the performance came under the head of cruelty to animals, so he never appeared. It would seem to me to be just as hard on the performer, to say nothing of the audience, but it all depends on the point of view.

The Code System

A most intriguing subdivision of magic is what is called, variously, mind reading, thought transference, second sight and telepathy. Some of the people in this field freely admit that they use tricks. They are frankly entertainers and it detracts nothing from their success to avow openly that they are tricksters. Others, however, lay claim to strange powers, which if not precisely supernatural are at least more than ordinary.

It is a generally accepted fact that the two most popular means of doing these mind-reading stunts are first a code of key words, and second the use of a confederate. The old method of using a microscopic radio or telephone apparatus has been abandoned by most performers as obvious and obsolete.

The code system is a matter of the adroitness of the individual performer. What they usually do is make a list of several hundred objects most likely to be found among the audience, and subdivide these into a carefully devised set of questions or variations of the same question. For instance, "Name this", "What is this?"; "Tell me what this is," and so on, each standing for a color, a numeral and a letter of the alphabet. Certain combinations mean certain things, previously determined upon. It is really a matter of a deft code and a good memory.

When the mind reader works with a confederate, he is usually concealed under the stage, at the rear of the orchestra pit, and wields a powerful field glass or telescope with which he easily picks out the object held aloft by the man. Through a speaking tube which is connected through the stage with the chair or sofa on which the girl sits, he conveys to her the nature of the object, and she gives the answer. This method was one of several used by Robert Heller, a famous magician of the past century who worked with his beautiful sister, Haidee, and was the rage of the country in his day. He also had a marvelously worked out code, which is printed in an old Sunday newspaper story, now yellow with age and rapidly disintegrating.

Quite apart from their value as entertainers, magicians have been of great service to the world in connection with the activities of fraudulent spiritualist mediums. Magicians, naturally, reject altogether the idea of spirit manifestations, at least as they have been offered thus far. They declare, and have proved their statements, that there is no manifestation current today that they cannot both expose and duplicate by feats of magic. And it was a group of magicians, headed by Houdini, who finally overthrew Eusapia Palladino, the Italian woman whose name in 1910 was well known in this country. Palladino had succeeded in fooling the whole of Europe for twenty years. Some of the greatest scientific minds of Italy, France and England even went so far as to indorse her as a genuine medium. Then she was brought to this country, and she gave a series of sixteen séances at Columbia University. Authorities were just about to declare their belief in her when she was exposed by a group of magicians, who had been concealed in the darkened room.

Selbit's Ghost

The single person most responsible for the trapping of Palladino was a man who, although not a professional magician, is among the best-known persons in magic circles. His name is Joseph Rinn, and he is a wealthy merchant of New York, whose lifelong hobby has been magic. Mr. Rinn, known to the newspapers as the ghost breaker, is the terror of all fraudulent mediums, and has spent upward of twenty years and a great deal of money in his successful efforts to expose the machinations of these people. At the present time Mr. Rinn is offering, in conjunction with a scientific publication, a prize of ten thousand dollars for anyone who can produce psychic phenomena in accordance with certain scientific conditions laid down by him. Up to the time of writing nobody has come forward to try for the prize.

P. T. Selbit, an English magician, had an interesting experience a short time ago, somewhat along the same lines. A London newspaper offered a prize of five hundred pounds to anybody who, under a given set of conditions, could produce a ghost which would be attested genuine by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Selbit arranged a séance that met the conditions, and produced the ghost which Conan Doyle declared was a real spirit. Selbit was given the five hundred pounds, and a short time later an article was published in a weekly magazine, declaring that Selbit's ghost was the product of trickery and merely an illusion.

This Selbit freely admitted, but Sir Arthur still maintained that this ghost had been a genuine psychic manifestation. The discussion developed into quite a stormy controversy, which resulted in a challenge from Conan Doyle in which he demanded a second demonstration under the same conditions, offering Selbit a forfeit of twenty-five pounds if he could produce a ghost and prove conclusively that it was merely a magician's illusion.

This Selbit did, and after the ghost had appeared he turned on the lights and showed exactly how he had created the illusion. Any explanation in cold type of how this make-believe ghost was produced is going to be difficult, because the reader is not in the atmosphere of the séance chamber, with its darkness, its incense and its music. When Selbit told me how he had done it it seemed almost incredible that he had been able to manage it, yet the whole affair is officially recorded, and there is no doubt that it occurred.

The room, of course, was prepared by the people who gave the test, but one of the conditions was that both Sir Arthur and the magician were to examine it. It was on the ground floor, and to guard against the obvious trick of bringing someone in through a window, all windows were locked and sealed down with gummed paper. Selbit somehow contrived to get at one of the windows, unlock it, and paste it down with specially prepared paper that didn't really seal it, so that it could be lifted at any time without tearing the paper. The framework was secretly greased, too, to render it as noiseless as possible.

A black velvet curtain was hung over the entire windowed side of the room, cutting off all daylight, and when the company had gathered the room was in utter darkness. A piano in one corner was being played softly by one of Selbit's confederates. After a few minutes, after they were in a receptive mood, the music grew louder, a tiny speck of luminous substance began to shimmer high in the air above the piano. The music increased its volume, the luminous speck grew larger and larger until it assumed a great and eerie size. It floated silently around the room, now down near the floor, now up near the ceiling. It touched several people in the séance chamber with ghostly fingers. Gradually it grew smaller, until it had diminished once again into a speck; then with the music swelling to a grand crescendo, it disappeared.

The lights were turned on, the room examined. Everything appeared exactly as it had been before. Then Selbit drew back the velvet curtain and revealed a man standing there, a man in perfectly ordinary business clothes, wearing a pair of felt slippers instead of shoes. From under his coat he drew forth gradually a gauze veil, treated with luminous paint. He had come through the window while the attention of the auditors was distracted by the loud music and the abracadabra of the magician. His face, of course, was hooded. Any sounds he might possibly have made were drowned by the piano, and he drew out the veil gradually, wandering about the room, sometimes crouching down, sometimes standing at his ordinary height, other times jumping up on a stool or a chair or a table, which, done with a luminous veil in utter blackness, is amazingly effective and ghostly.

It sounds almost incredible, but it happened. The point seems to be this: Magicians create their illusions, this or any other kind, by making their audience think it is seeing certain things that are not happening at all, meanwhile preventing that audience from seeing the things that actually are being done.

Anyway, Selbit now has in his possession Sir Arthur's check for twenty-five pounds, on which there is inscribed just below the famous writer's signature the words "spiritual account."

Amateur Magicians

Among the men who have been prominently associated with magic, although not professional magicians, one stands out preeminently. That man was Dr. Saram R. Ellison, of New York, who was a practicing physician, a man of highest rank in the Masonic order and the greatest nonprofessional authority on magic in America. He was a close friend of all magicians up to the time of his death a few years ago.

All his life Doctor Ellison studied magic lore, and his collection of books on the subject was considered the finest extant. It included some two thousand volumes, and even before its completion, Doctor Ellison was offered large sums of money for it by several famous magicians. He refused to sell it, however, but made a gift of it to the New York Public Library. In his will Doctor Ellison left a fund for the maintenance of this collection. He also had a collection of magic wands, given to him by every famous magician in the world, and in his home he had a room full of working models, built by himself, of every known magic trick.

Doctor Ellison was a member of the magicians' society, which has quite a number of nonprofessional members, many of them physicians.

Dr. A. M. Wilson, of Kansas City, is a member of the organization and editor of The Sphinx, its official organ. Another illustrious lay member is Brander Matthews, professor.

The society has an annual dinner which outsiders are permitted to attend. It is somewhat devastating to one's illusions—no pun intended—to think of these wielders of the black art who by all traditions should be silent, sinister creatures clad in black robes, and never communing with anyone but Satan, attending conventions and get-together banquets in perfectly fitting dinner jackets and making long speeches about bigger and better magic for the year 1925.

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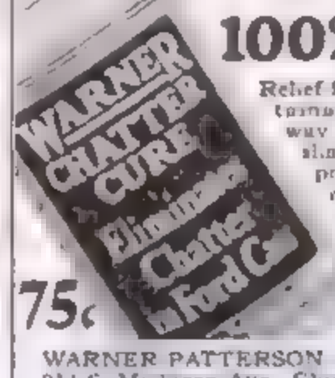

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TOMATO KETCHUP

BLACKMALE

(Continued from Page 15)

was no person to sit back idly and let Nature take its course. Wherefore he repaired immediately to his boarding house and called loudly for Sis Callie Flukers.

Sis Callie's veins were filled partly with blood and partly with vitriol; her tongue was long and sharp; her nose for gossip keen as a hound's. Florian chatted with her for a few moments, awaiting the inevitable question. At length it came.

"Where you been at, Florian, all dressed up in them swell raiments?"

Mr. Slappey shrugged nonchalantly.

"Been callin' on my gal."

"You ain't got no gal, Florian."

"Oh, ain't I, just? Well, I guess a feller don't give no female a peck of jools if she ain't his gal, does he?"

Sis Callie was caught, hook, line and sinker.

"Golly! You been givin' some gal joolry?"

"Ain't been doin' nothin' else."

"Well, hush my mouf! I never thought you would ever git tied up with no wimmin no mo'. Who the lucky lady is?"

Florian glanced apprehensively around the room. He lowered his voice portentously.

"Can you retain a secret?"

"I shuah can," lied Sis Callie.

He placed his lips close to her ear.

"Dilemma Williams!"

Then he went to his room and to deep untroubled slumber. He knew Sis Callie, and so when he rose at ten the following morning it was in full realization of the fact that everybody of consequence in colored Birmingham knew that Dilemma Williams was his girl and that she was wearing his jewels.

Yet even Florian had not fully fathomed the depth of excitement which was occasioned by his coup. The courtship of Thesis Pratt for the hand of Miss Williams had been a thing of general interest and the advent of any serious rival something to be discussed frequently and at length. But when that rival turned out to be the Beau Brummel of the younger set, the magnificent and heretofore feminine-free fashion plate of masculine Darktown, then tongues wagged at both ends and conjecture ran riot.

Kind friends carried the news to Thesis Pratt. That gentleman was overcome by fury and disbelief. He obtained a one-hour leave of absence from his truck-driving job and hustled to the home of his lady fair. Dilemma met him at the door. She gleamed with Florian's jewelry.

"Dilemma ——"

"Mawnin', Mistuh Pratt."

He understood. A stricken light came into his eyes.

"Oh, my gosh! It's true then?"

"Meanin' which?"

"That you has took up with that low-down, no-'count, wuthless, secondhan' hunk of rat cheese named Florian Slappey?"

"Mistuh Pratt, I craves that you don't go straducin' my pretickeler gemmun friends. An' if you cain't restrain fum doin' such, then I requests yo' absence fum my presence."

Mr. Thesis Pratt slunk unhappily back to work. He passed many acquaintances who surveyed him speculatively out of the corners of their eyes, and many more who knew nothing at all about his premarital difficulties, but in whose greetings the supersensitive man fancied a hint of ribaldry.

For the first time Thesis regretted the motorcycle deal and its sequel of a public taunting of Mr. Slappey. He recalled the grim warning of Bud Peaglar that Florian was bad medicine. And then the fighting heart of Mr. Thesis Pratt asserted itself and he slammed one fist into the palm of the other hand and swore red vengeance.

"All I needs now," he informed himself, "is a good scheme."

But despite his best efforts at concentration no scheme came to lighten his life. He entered upon a protracted period of supreme abasement which he bore with outward fortitude and internal fury. Florian had scored heavily and Florian made a fine crop of hay while the sun was out

Intimate contact with the large and beautiful Dilemma converted Brother Slappey more earnestly than ever to the doctrines of misogyny, but he accepted the pain of her constant society for the very triumph that was in it. Darktown watched with tongue in cheek; Florian had stolen Thesis Pratt's girl from under Thesis' lengthy nose; she glittered with Mr. Slappey's brummagem gifts, and she confined her society exclusively to the dapper little gentleman who for many years had existed luxuriously without visible means of support save a brief period of employment with the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., a local photo-play concern of considerable dimensions.

Florian's sky was serene and unclouded. He welcomed the coming of each dawn and found life an exceedingly pleasant thing. And then ——

It was sheerest accident, of course, that Florian should ever have seen that particular copy of the Montgomery Advertiser. He was seated on the thronelike chair of a shoe-shine parlor beautifying his feet for the diurnal visit to Dilemma Williams, and there was the paper ready to hand. He glanced at the comics and the sport news, and then a short local item caught his eye:

"According to reports from the police, no trace has yet been found of the thirty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry lost by Mrs. Robert L. Fosdyke about two weeks ago. The loss was discovered shortly after Mrs. Fosdyke arrived in this city by auto from Birmingham. The pawnshops of both cities are being watched by the police and a substantial reward has been offered by the owner. Chief among the missing articles were the following: Diamond and sapphire bracelet, diamond-incrusted wrist watch, platinum ring set with Oriental pearl and several small diamonds, a diamond pendant ——"

With nerveless fingers Florian folded the newspaper into a small wad and stuffed it into his pocket. The appalling significance of what he had read did not immediately penetrate. All he sensed at first was that disaster had occurred with himself as disasteree.

"Sufferin' side meat!" he groaned. "Ginuwine jools wuth thutty thousan' dollars—an' I went an' gave 'em to Dilemma Williams!"

The thought was horrific. Mr. Slappey's soul shriveled within his breast. In a trice his triumph of the past ten days was mantled in sackcloth and covered with ashes. He reopened the newspaper and read again. There wasn't a doubt. And he knew just what had happened—rainy, skiddy weather; the leather case had fallen from a speeding car; the loss had remained undiscovered until after reaching Montgomery.

"Substantial reward has been offered by the owner." That phrase blazoned itself in flaming letters in the brain of Mr. Slappey. "Thirty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry!" Florian moaned. "Thutty thousan' dollars I give to a female which ain't wuth thutty cents cash money! Oh-e-e!"

He staggered from the shoe-shine emporium and lurched blindly down the street, wrapped in his own colossal misery. Unfortunately he knew Dilemma exceedingly well, and his expectations did not run high. Danger lurked, the police—his previous possession of the gems—they'd never believe his story; or, if they did, he'd get none of the reward.

One fact stood starkly forth: He must recover the jewels. That must be done and done at once. But suppose ——

He struck out southward, his spindly legs moving swiftly. He desired to think, and that was done best when he was in motion. There were several things he might do. He might go to Dilemma and confess the truth. That plan was discarded even before it took definite shape. Dilemma would return the jewelry to its rightful owner—no argument about that. But then Dilemma would collect the reward and keep it for her very own self. The thought caused Florian's face to wreathe itself into an expression of enormous distaste.

"She shuah ain't no fifty-fifty gal. If she owned one ice-cream soda, she woul'n't let her best friend taste the flavor offen the straw."

That, then, was strictly out. He visioned a reward of a thousand dollars—perhaps more—maybe two or three thousand.

"Oh, lawsy, them jools shuah must be got an' got quick!"

Faint memory stirred in his mind. He recalled stories he had seen on the screen—hero and heroine keeping steady 'company—quarrel—acrimony—a dramatic returning of gifts by the heroine. Florian was doubtful, but at least the plan was worth trying. If only he could make her angry enough to return his jewels!

He visited Dilemma. It took him a full forty minutes to get the quarrel safely launched. Dilemma was not at all backward about entering into bitter argument. In an inconceivably short space of time she was telling Mr. Slappey what she thought of him and why, and inviting him to absorb a large portion of free air. Florian rose to his dignified five-four.

"Very well, Miss Williams, I depahts, now an' fo'evermo'."

"You is right both times, Useless. 'Specically that fo'evermo' business. The most I ever craves to see of you again is nothin'. You is a poor eggatistical li'l' shrimp."

"Hey, woman, lay off that stuff! Leave me go! I ain't never gwine inflict you on myse'f no mo'."

He posed dramatically. She transfixed him with an angry glare.

"Well, what you waitin' on?"

Florian spoke with vast dignity.

"Sholy," he insinuated, "you ain't gwine allow me to depaht empty-handed."

"Yeh, an' empty-headed too."

"Dilemma Williams, I is ashamed of you. Does you mean to tell me that you ain't got no mo' pride than to wear them imitation jools I give you after I an' you has split up?"

Dilemma stared incredulously.

"Mistuh Slappey, what you ain't got in yo' haid is no brains. I reckon you don't know me a-tall, a-tall. An' sence you don't, lemme splain that I has earned them fake di'minds of yourn, an' I ain't got no mind to turn ary one of 'em back. Now git!"

Panic struck Florian. He put out a pleading hand.

"But, Dilemma ——"

"Don't but me, li'l' boy. Git out!"

"You ain't got the heart ——"

"Whatever it takes to keep them joolry, I got it."

Florian sounded the retreat, a victim of atrocious strategy. This was indeed catastrophic. Dilemma was gone, and with her passing vanished his last forlorn hope. During the interview Florian had contemplated offering his hand in marriage; once safely wedded to Miss Williams he could trust her to accept a partnership in the reward.

But now he saw that she was well content with the situation; she was rid of Mr. Slappey and in possession of the thirty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry.

Florian plunged into the night and zigzagged up the street. His heart hung heavy

(Continued on Page 89)

"Well, I'm Going, Too,
This Summer"—

"Are the golf clubs in?—did you get my brown bag?—Here's the TAXI! The trunks have gone, haven't they?—Come on, boys, we've only half an hour for the train!

"'A'boar-r-r-d-d'—Well, we're off. And let me tell you, we're going to have a lot of *fun*! Wait till you *see* that country! Mountains running right down to the beaches, lovely little valleys, motor roads—five thousand miles of them, smooth as boulevards—and through scenery such as you have never seen! Boys and girls, you're GOING somewhere!

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"And yet, no rain to spoil your games, motor trips, mountain hikes, picnics, horse-back rides, or whatever else you think of doing. Plan it for any day and you'll do it on that day in glorious sunshine.

"Golf courses of the finest; cool, blue lakes a mile high in the mountains; old missions in ruins that make you think of Europe; a great desert like Sahara; moving picture bands in the costumes of the world—there, in fact, because almost the entire world is *typified* in Southern California—one of the reasons why you want to see this country and know what it's like to live in it a while. A touch of the cosmopolitan, while you have one of the best times you've ever had in summer, with all of the summer sports at their sportiest best.

"And the railroad trip—across the historic Indian Lands, over the Rocky Mountains, through the canyons, down the valleys, to orange groves, palms, cactus and bright flowers. The strangest, queerest, and most captivating change of scene. You're *away;* and you feel a great detachment from the hum-drum of life. It does you good. It's *real recreation.* You wonder why you've never come before.

"The world-travelers of every foreign country go there to see and feel these things. There they are in *your own* country, comparatively near at hand.

"And there's no better time than summer. People go there in the winter to get away from cold while they enjoy this land. Thousands go in summer to get away from heat. It's an all-year country, the fastest growing section in the world.

"But just wait till you see—you've got to see it for yourself."

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(Continued from Page 86)

within his manly bosom. He foresaw the immediate future, and the ensuing twenty-four hours developed the most horrid of his fears.

One day after ridding herself of Florian Slappey, Miss Dilemma Williams wriggled down the main aisle of the Champion Theater on the arm of Mr. Thesis Pratt. It was a straight and proud Thesis and he grinned triumphantly upon certain persons who had derided him in the recent past.

Worse than all, Dilemma was bedecked in Florian's diamonds, the gems whose history was known to every person of consequence in Darktown. Whispers ran through the theater and Dilemma commanded more attention than the unfortunate screen heroine, who, at that particular moment, was busily engaged in removing the hero from the horns of a gentleman cow.

Within an hour Florian received the effects of the back fire. The magnificence of his recent triumph caused this defeat to be all the more ignominious; his transient dwelling in the clouds made his precipitation to the nadir of despair more forcible. They dared to jest with him, and to make remarks in which sulphuric acid was only slightly diluted. And so Florian suffered an agony which came near to being greater than that occasioned by the thought of the jewels' legitimacy.

For two days Florian sought the quiet sanctuary of his room. Sis Callie probed for information and was insulted. Florian emerged from his session of temple-throbbing thought with a single idea – he must get the jewels. He didn't know how he was going to get them, but get them he must. He conducted an investigation and learned that Thesis Pratt's financial situation was none too healthy, and so he started I is brain to working along those lines.

Another week dragged by; a week of deep suffering; a week during which Florian existed largely on chunks of humble pie. He bore it with apparent stoicism, and all the time he was planning, planning.

Eventually came the evening when he boldly visited the lodgings of Thesis Pratt. It was shortly before the dinner hour and Thesis was preparing for an evening with Dilemma.

He looked up in surprise as his visitor entered unannounced, and then his eyes narrowed hostilely.

"What you want?"

Florian spoke soothingly.

"Nothin'. Just dropped in to make talk with you fo' a few minutes."

"I ain't got no breff to waste on you. Git out!"

"Aw, Thesis, that ain't no kind of a hostible way to treat no guest."

Thesis was distrustful. He knew Florian's reputation and was well satisfied to let matters rock along pretty much as they were. He told Florian so, but Mr. Slappey refused to be dismissed.

"A few conversations ain't gwine hurt nobody, is they, Thesis?"

"We-e-ell, mebbe not."

"An' this cigar—that ain't no nickel ne plus smelltra."

"No-o; it's a pow'ful fine cigar, Florian. But I asks you again, whaffo' you come heah to see me?"

"I come," announced Florian with intriguing directness, "to talk money."

"Whose money?"

"Mine."

"H'm! I reckon tha's diff'ent. What you craves to talk 'bout yo' money?"

"This!" Florian checked off salient facts on the tips of his well-manicured fingers. "Fust off, I ain't aimin' to deceive you; I don't like you an' I never has."

"Tha's ditto fo' me."

"I ain't come to do you no favor, 'ceptin' I does myse'f a favor also. Now heah's the p'int: When I was runnin' with Dilemma I give her a bunch of cheap joolry which is how come her to tell you where to go. Then us had a qua'l an' split. Now you is runnin' with her again. I has come heah to request you to git me back them fake jools."

A slow triumphant grin creased the lips of Mr. Pratt.

"Florian Slappey," he said quietly, "you is even mo' foolish than you look."

"Them jools ain't no good."

"Tha's what you says, but I know diff'ent." Florian experienced a momentary qualm which Thesis' next words set at rest. "I know good imitations when I see 'em, an' them jools is wuth fifty—mebbe seventy-five dollars; p'raps even a hund'ed. An' I reckon I ain't requestin' my engaged future wife to return no jools which is wuth that much."

Florian appeared to speculate. Finally he looked up as though gripped by a fresh idea.

"You an' Dilemma is engaged?"

"Uh-huh."

"To be ma'ied?"

"Yeh, to each other."

"You ain't give her no 'gagement ring, has you?"

"No-o."

"How come you ain't?"

"Well," confessed Thesis, "I ain't possessed of as much cash moneys as I would like."

"Ezac'ly. Now Ise layin' all my cards on the table where you can see 'em. Yo' fiansay wearin' my jools makes me ridickerlous in Bumminham; tha's why I craves to git 'em back off her. So I makes you this proposition: Does you git them fum her an' turn 'em over to me, I buys you a ginuwine di'mind fo' one hund'ed dollars which you gives her fo' an engagement ring."

Thesis leaned forward interestedly. This, indeed, was conversation which riveted his attention.

"How I know you ain't plannin' to double-cross me?"

"Tha's easy. Us goes to Lawyer Evans Chew an' splains our 'greement. I leaves one hund'ed dollars cash money with him, an' when you gives me back them jools, he turns over that hund'ed to you. How about it?"

"Golly! It sounds good. But s'pose Dilemma won't?"

"Make her. There's two ways you can do it. Fust off, you says you objects to yo' fiansay wearin' another man's engagement ring, also his et cet'ras. If she don't fall fo' that, you promise that does she give up them fake di'minds, you buys her a real ginuwine one-hund'ed-dollar di'mind ring."

Thesis studied the situation carefully from every angle. Finally he extended his hand.

"Done with you, Florian."

Together they visited the residence of Lawyer Evans Chew, where the one hundred dollars in cash was left in escrow. As they departed his residence Thesis made a single comment:

"You shuah must hate to be laughed at, Florian."

"Shuh! You don't know nothin'." Then under his breath Florian added, "An' that ain't no lie, neither."

Overflowing with determination, Thesis called upon his fiancée. She gave attentive ear to his proposition, and at its conclusion shook her head slowly.

"I ain't cravin' to hurt yo' feelin's none, Thesis; but how does I know I gits me that ginuwine di'mind ring does I return Florian's jools?"

"Ain't you got my word an' honor?"

"Uh-huh! But so far, that is all I has got. An' words an' honors cain't be pawned does somebody happen to be broke."

"But sho'ly, Dilemma, you can trust the man you is gwine marry."

"Not so awful much. Besides, I don't see why you is gittin' all het up 'bout whose jools I is wearin'."

Thesis, of course, kept Florian's part in the present coup entirely concealed from Dilemma.

"I does care, sweetness. How you reckon it makes me feel fo' people to be askin' me all the time why I permits you to wear jools which another man has gave you? It puts me in a ridickerlous position."

"That ain't nothin' new fo' you."

"Whether 'tis or 'tain't ain't what us is discussin'. I is askin' you, if I gits the ginuwine di'mind engagement ring fo' one hund'ed dollars, does you return Florian's jools back to him?"

Dilemma eyed him speculatively.

"I reckon I ain't gwine commit myself positively until I see that ring."

Thesis lay awake that night giving careful thought to the situation. Here was a glorious chance to stand ace high with Dilemma and to do it without expense. Too, it was highly embarrassing to have his fiancée wearing the imitation jewels presented her by another man; and so the following morning Thesis withdrew from the American Trust the sum of one hundred dollars. It made an enormous dent in his account—leaving him, to be exact, a balance of eight dollars and fifty cents. He made his way to a leading jewelry store and demanded to see the most diamond for his money.

He left the store thoroughly delighted. The diamond wasn't so very large, but it was certainly larger than it would have been had it not possessed a few minor flaws. Its color, too, was slightly off; but it was incased in a luscious purple box which bore the trade-mark of one of the city's foremost jewelry firms, and in Thesis' pocket was a bill of sale showing that he had paid for it the sum of one hundred dollars in cash.

He hied straightway to the home of Dilemma, but she was not there. A portly and energetic colored lady in an adjoining yard looked up from an ironing board to inform the elongated Thesis that she understood Miss Williams would not return before nightfall. Whereupon Mr. Pratt went back to work and labored industriously until five minutes before quitting time.

He called upon Dilemma at 7:30. He proudly exhibited the diamond ring and the receipted bill for one hundred dollars. Dilemma inspected the ring; she placed it beside Florian's. Thesis' gift looked neither large nor imposing against the flaming blue-white stone, which was worth not less than twelve hundred dollars.

Dilemma was not impressed. Also, she was thoughtful. She knew nothing of the proposed deal between her two gemmun friends, and it occurred to her now that two birds in the hand would be better than one.

Thesis had bought the ring and paid for it. Why, then, should she not get his ring and also keep Florian's jewels? She scanned Thesis with narrow-lidded eyes.

"'Tain't so much," she averred.

"It's ginuwine!"

"H'm! I reckon I ain't intrusted, Thesis. I keeps Florian's jools."

Thesis' eyes popped. He experienced a sinking sensation below the belt buckle.

"Goodness goshness Miss Agnes! Gal, has you went crazy?"

"Nope." Dilemma was supremely confident; she knew the store from which the ring had been purchased; it was a fairly safe gamble that they would not permit Thesis to exchange it for the cash he had paid. "I just got my 'pinion."

It took Thesis exactly ten minutes to grasp the ghastly extent of the catastrophe which had befallen him. Then he started a stream of conversation and cajolery which stretched far into the night. He didn't dent Dilemma any more than if she had been made of India rubber. She was confident that she might keep Florian's jewelry and also obtain Thesis' ring. She simulated a vast indifference to the latter; and when Thesis eventually took his leave, he was fairly frothing at the mouth. Now indeed, he found himself in a position highly unenviable. Dilemma's decision had robbed him of all interest in Florian's jewels save as a means for getting back the money he had actually invested.

At the moment he figured himself a two-hundred-dollar loser; he was out of pocket the hundred he had spent for the diamond ring which Dilemma had returned to him and also the hundred which he was not going to get from Lawyer Chew. He sought Florian the following day and into that gentleman's ears poured the story of his misery.

Florian was more profoundly perturbed than he dared admit. Of course he knew why Dilemma had refused; he understood that lady far better than the man who was engaged to marry her. But that made it none the less embarrassing. Keened by desperation, his brain worked with lightning speed. He sensed that for the moment anyway Thesis was his ally, and finally he proposed a plan which was the child of necessity.

"Thesis," he announced, "you is in one hell of a fix."

"Boy, when you says that you ain't half begun to talk."

"You is two hund'ed dollars out of pocket, an' gittin' outer ev'y minute."

"Oh, lawsy!"

"You has got to git them jools away fum Dilemma."

"Got to git ain't is gittin'."

"Trouble with you, Thesis, you is licked too easy. You is entitled to them jools. Didn't you tell me that befo' you bought that ring Dilemma just the same as promised she'd make the trade?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then you got a right to 'em, ain't you?"

"Seems so. But Dilemma don't care whether I got a right or not."

"Shuh! Don't ask Dilemma nothin'."

"Foolishment which you utters!"

"Foolishment nothin'! I talks sense an' I talks it constant."

"You got a scheme?"

"I always got schemes. Now heah is what us does: You got a right to them jools, 'cause Dilemma tricked you. So tonight you goes down to her house an' takes 'em."

"Off Dilemma?"

"Yeh."

"Florian, you don't know Dilemma a-tall, not even the least li'l' teeny bit."

"What you mean?"

"She ain't gwine let me take 'em."

"Shuh! She ain't gwine know nothin' 'bout it."

Thesis cocked his head on one side.

"Splain yo'self, brother, an' splain tho'ough."

Mr. Slappey's voice dropped to a whisper.

"We goes to her house at two o'clock in the mawnin', an' you takes 'em."

"Burglary!"

"'Tain't burglary does you take what you is entitled to, is it?"

"No-o-o. But you mean I goes in ——"

"I he'ps you," promised Florian grandly. "I stan's out in the street an' keeps watch."

Thesis was doubtful. He was terrified. But he was desperate. In the end he permitted himself to be outtalked by the glib Mr. Slappey.

That night the two young gentlemen absorbed much Brunswick stew and barbecued pork at Bud Peagler's place, after which they played pool with each other in solemncholy fashion and the dexterous Florian wisely allowed Thesis to win more than his share of the games.

Thesis' morale was at pretty low ebb when the pool room closed and they walked arm in arm toward the north side of town. Birmingham had long since retired to more or less peaceful slumber. From the far-flung suburbs came a glow of many furnaces painting the sky a smoky orange. For an hour they strolled along, Florian maintaining an even stream of soothing conversation. At a few minutes before two o'clock they paused beneath an oak tree in the vicinity of Miss Williams' residence.

The block on which she lived was lined with unpretentious one-story cottages, most of them rather sadly in need of paint. Save for the corner arcs, there was no hint of illumination. Tall spreading trees shadowed the thoroughfare, and in particular the residence of Dilemma was mantled in gloom. Florian edged his companion toward the house, murmuring persuasively. And at length, when he figured that Thesis was sufficiently nerved, he shoved him through the gaping gate.

From somewhere Thesis conscripted a bit of courage. He knew the house well, and was familiar with the broken lock on the kitchen window. The task of admitting himself to the house was accomplished easily and quietly, and then started his tortuous journey through the cottage toward the room where Dilemma was peacefully slumbering, unmindful of the nefarious visitor whose mission was to separate her from the jewelry, which lay in the leather case on top of her dresser.

Dilemma slept, but through the veil of slumber there penetrated a vague uneasiness. Her subconscious self became aware of the visitor's presence and transmitted the alarm. Dilemma awakened. She lay motionless; rigid with horror, eyes straining into the darkness, ears attuned to catch the slightest sound. Doubt became certainty, fear grew into terror. Her eyes discerned a shadow bulking between bed and window. Her ears caught the pad-padding of human feet.

"Oooow-eeeee!"

The shriek pealed from her lips. It reverberated through the room and beat upon the eardrums of Mr. Thesis Pratt like the crash of a French seventy-five. For the merest fraction of an instant he stood rooted in horror, and then he commenced to travel.

"He-e-elp! Burglars!"

Thesis no longer stood upon the order of his going, nor was he so particular about his route as he had been on the incoming journey. Twice a hard wall stopped him rather abruptly. Then a window caught his eye and he dived through it, trailed by a shower of tinkling glass and the eerie howls of his lady love.

He came up bruised and battered and running. His snowshoe feet spurned the ground as he negotiated distance and plenty of it. He there and then decided to resign permanently from the burglary business.

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Meanwhile Miss Dilemma Williams continued to rive the night with her howls. She witnessed the abrupt exit of her shadowy visitor, but that did not abate her hysteria. Even before Thesis smashed the window pane she was out of bed and at her dresser. Convulsively she snatched the leather case containing the jewelry which Florian had given her, and, in the snowy costume made famous by Lady Macbeth, she emerged into the great outdoors, where Mr. Slappey was trying to coax his paralyzed legs into efficient action. Florian saw the white-gowned apparition bearing down upon him. The sound of her screams and the musical tinkle of glass were still in his ears. He pleaded with his pedal extremities.

"Foots," he begged, "le's us travel!"

And then the frantic Dilemma was upon him. She informed him in loud and strident tones that a burglar had visited her room. She begged him for protection.

"Take these!" she ordered. "Take 'em!" And into the hand of Mr. Florian Slappey she pressed the leather case containing thirty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry!

For a moment Mr. Slappey stood in astounded silence. Then his soul was pervaded by a great feeling of contentment. A miracle had come to pass and he was the beneficiary.

"Take care of them jools, Florian," sobbed the burglarized lady. Florian nodded enthusiastically.

"B'lieve me, Dilemma, tha's the one thing I ain't gwine do nothin' else but."

Florian left without ceremony. Even as he turned the corner he saw, from the corners of his eyes, the neighborhood houses disgorging eager spectators. He heard the stentorian voice of Dilemma proclaiming her drama. But Florian was not concerned with the past; his eyes quested into the future—and he was a happy, happy individual.

He entered his room and locked the door. He opened the leather case and gasped with delight as the diamonds and sapphires flashed in his eyes. Even the pink pearl was there.

"Good Luck suttinly backed right up against me an' pushed," he murmured ecstatically.

Shortly after nine o'clock the following morning Mr. Slappey boarded an L. & N. train for Montgomery. He sought the owner of the missing jewels. The lady summoned her husband and a lawyer. They gave ear to Florian's tale and commended him upon his honesty, and then they presented to him a check for two thousand five hundred dollars by way of reward.

All the way back to Birmingham Florian was in a daze of happiness. Twenty-five hundred dollars of his very own! It meant new clothes and a new car and no necessity for manual labor

He reached his room and sank limply on the bed. There came a knock at the door and Sis Callie Flukers entered to inform him that Thesis Pratt had called upon him thrice that day.

"An' he shuah looked like he had happened to a bad accident."

Florian grinned. He went in search of Thesis and found that gentleman in a sadly dilapidated condition. The splintered window had treated Thesis unkindly and Florian could not find it in his heart to be glad. As a matter of fact, Mr. Slappey was very much at peace with the world and a convert to the doctrine of universal brotherhood.

He gazed upon his erstwhile enemy in kindly compassion.

"Thesis," he commented gently, "you suttinly didn't pick you no soft exit."

Thesis groaned loudly.

"Oh, golly, Florian, Ise cut an' bunged up an' mis'able all over!"

"Tha's too bad."

"An' that ain't the wust of it. I not on'y ain't got nothin' but I has got a heap less than that. I is stuck with one di'mind ring, an' I don't git that hund'ed dollars."

Florian patted his shoulder reassuringly.

"'Tain't yo' fault, Brother Pratt. You done yo' best. So come along with me."

Wonderingly Thesis accompanied Florian to the home of Lawyer Evans Chew. At Florian's command the erudite attorney handed over to the amazed and delighted Thesis the sum of one hundred dollars in cash. Outside again, the two men faced each other; Florian fatuously contented and Thesis bewildered but happy.

"You listen, Thesis, while I splains why I done that." Florian sketched briefly the circumstances surrounding his recovery of the jewelry. "I could have done you out of that money, Thesis," he finished grandiosely; "but I ain't that kind of a feller. I said you was gwine git my hund'ed dollars when I got them jools back, an' I has kep' my word."

"Florian, you suttinly is the honestest man I know."

"I is. Now all you has got to do, Thesis, is to splain things to Dilemma. Don't ask me how you is gwine do it. You got to figger that yo'se'f. There ain't no need of mentionin' you was the burglar."

"I won't, Florian." Thesis was pathetically grateful. "An' even does she git mad, it's better'n it would of been if you hadn't been so square. I just tell her I told you to keep them jools."

"Fine! Tha's elegant! And"—Florian punctuated his advice with a skinny forefinger—"you just splain to her that she give me them jools of her own free will an' accord. Understand?"

"Yas-suh, I shuah does." Thesis gazed long and earnestly at the dapper Mr. Slappey. He fingered the hundred dollars in his pocket. "Florian," he commented, "you is a wonder, givin' me this hund'ed dollars an' all. Gosh! I'll bet you has got so much money you could of give Dilemma ginuwine jools if you had wanted to!"

An enigmatic smile played briefly about the lips of Mr. Slappey.

"If I had wanted to!" he echoed. "Why shucks, boy, I does things like that sometimes even when I don't want to!"

JACKASS

(Continued from Page 16)

"No," agreed the priest, "he wasn't. But he had something like what horsemen call hands. He was never too heavy or too light on the bridle. Remember that personal boy he had—a hulking, surly, great Shangaan?"

The convicted murderer did remember.

"His name was Jackass," he said. "He was hung for murder somewhere."

"He was hanged here," said Father Bates. "I'd like to tell you about him and about Callender Smith, if you care to listen."

The other grunted.

"I don't mind," he conceded.

The father smiled faintly at the reply.

"First time I saw Smith," he said, "was up at Mendigos. He'd just come in from the bush with the usual little string of carriers and this big Shangaan. He was a little man, you'll remember—little and very thin and stringy, with a quick impatient way in all that he said and did. Lots of people didn't like it; I didn't myself at first. He came striding across the compound—he always walked with the effect of being six feet tall—with the great Shangaan lumbering at his heels. He turned on the Shangaan.

"'Jackass!' he said. 'Get me a bath!'

"The great negro frowned in heavy clumsy thought. Then, 'Baas,' he said, 'there is no bath in this place.'

"Callender Smith uttered no word, but with the bamboo cane that he carried he slashed at the Shangaan three times—three real and cruel cuts that left their mark and drew blood. The Kafir yelped and wriggled; he was big enough to have broken Smith's back like a dry stick across his knee; but instead he went scuttling off, whimpering and rubbing himself. I thought it the most wantonly brutal thing I had ever seen, and I should have said so very plainly but for one thing."

The man on the cot was obviously trying to guess what the one thing could be.

"Why didn't you?" he asked at last.

"Because," answered the priest, "Smith got his bath. I saw him having it. He was squatting in an old beer barrel and Jackass was pouring buckets of water over him. They both seemed quite happy. So, since they apparently had some kind of understanding, some code which included lashings with the bamboo, I decided to hold my peace for a while. I'm glad now that I did.

"For when they were down here, when Smith lay on that cot where now you are lying, with the malaria that ripened afterward into the black-water fever that killed him, it was plain that there was a relationship between them upon which no one could profitably intrude. Jackass waited on his master clumsily, inefficiently and untiringly. Smith never spoke to him except to give him orders and curse him for the manner in which he carried them out. For all the great barrier of race and caste and tradition that stood between them, one might have guessed, even then, that between the little, vivid, peremptory white man and the great witless black man there was actually a link of understanding and even of something like affection.

"Then came that affair of the murder for which Jackass was eventually hanged. He mixed himself one evening in a little drunken riot which turned nasty in the end and in which a policeman was killed—bludgeoned to death in typical Kafir style. It may have been Jackass who did it, though of course he stoutly denied it. He was certainly strong enough and stupid enough to do it; but whether he did it or not, there he was in jail with the certainty—you know how things are down here—of being sentenced to death and hanged for having done it.

"Smith was very ill then, but of course the matter could not be kept from him. I remember the queer startled look on his face when I told him what had happened. At first he said nothing.

"Then—'The old fool!' he said. 'Playing at being a Shangaan warrior in the streets of a town!' He swore. 'But I can't leave him shut up in that jail. We'll have to have him out of that.'

"I didn't see how it was to be done. If the murderer had been a white man, something might have been arranged; but a native who had killed a Portuguese policeman—it was hopeless! I told Smith so.

"'There must be a way,' he insisted. 'You leave it to me, padre. I'm not going to have the old black scoundrel strung up for a little thing like that. Just let me think it over for a bit.'

"Remember, the black-water was already creeping upon him; he could only stand upon his feet by a racking effort. Yet when I came out to see him that afternoon the cot was empty. He had risen, gone into the house, dressed and gone forth—the Lord knows how! Quaking with fever and weakness, upon feet that had to be dragged like burdens, with eyes already dimmed by the fog of death, Callender Smith had gone to the rescue—the rescue of his nigger."

"Fool, I call him," said the man on the cot.

"I called him worse things than that," said Father Bates, "when they brought him back that night on a stretcher. To this day I don't know where he had been or whom he had seen. I only know that the people he saw were evidently the people who could do what he wanted and that, in his then condition, he was no match for them at bargaining. It was a mere question of money, of course; for a certain sum to be smeared upon the palms of certain people, Jackass was to be allowed to escape. Callender Smith agreed to it; that was all the money he had in the world."

The man on the cot snorted contemptuously.

"Fool!" he said again. "Just for a nigger!"

Father Bates nodded.

"As you say, just for a nigger! But hear the end of it. He finished his day, the last day on which he ever walked, by going down to the jail and telling Jackass what had been arranged. He cursed him, of course, and reviled him for being so expensive a life to save; and incidentally mentioned the fact that he was stripping himself bare to save a worthless Kafir and that his life in Africa would have to start over again. Jackass told me about it when I visited him in jail."

"But," the other demurred, "didn't you say it was fixed up for him to escape from jail? What happened?"

Father Bates smiled.

"I told you Callender Smith could manage Kafirs, didn't I? Well, this is what his management did for him. Jackass refused to save his life at such a price. Smith hit him weakly in the face and Jackass caught him in his arms as he fainted.

"So Jackass was duly hanged."

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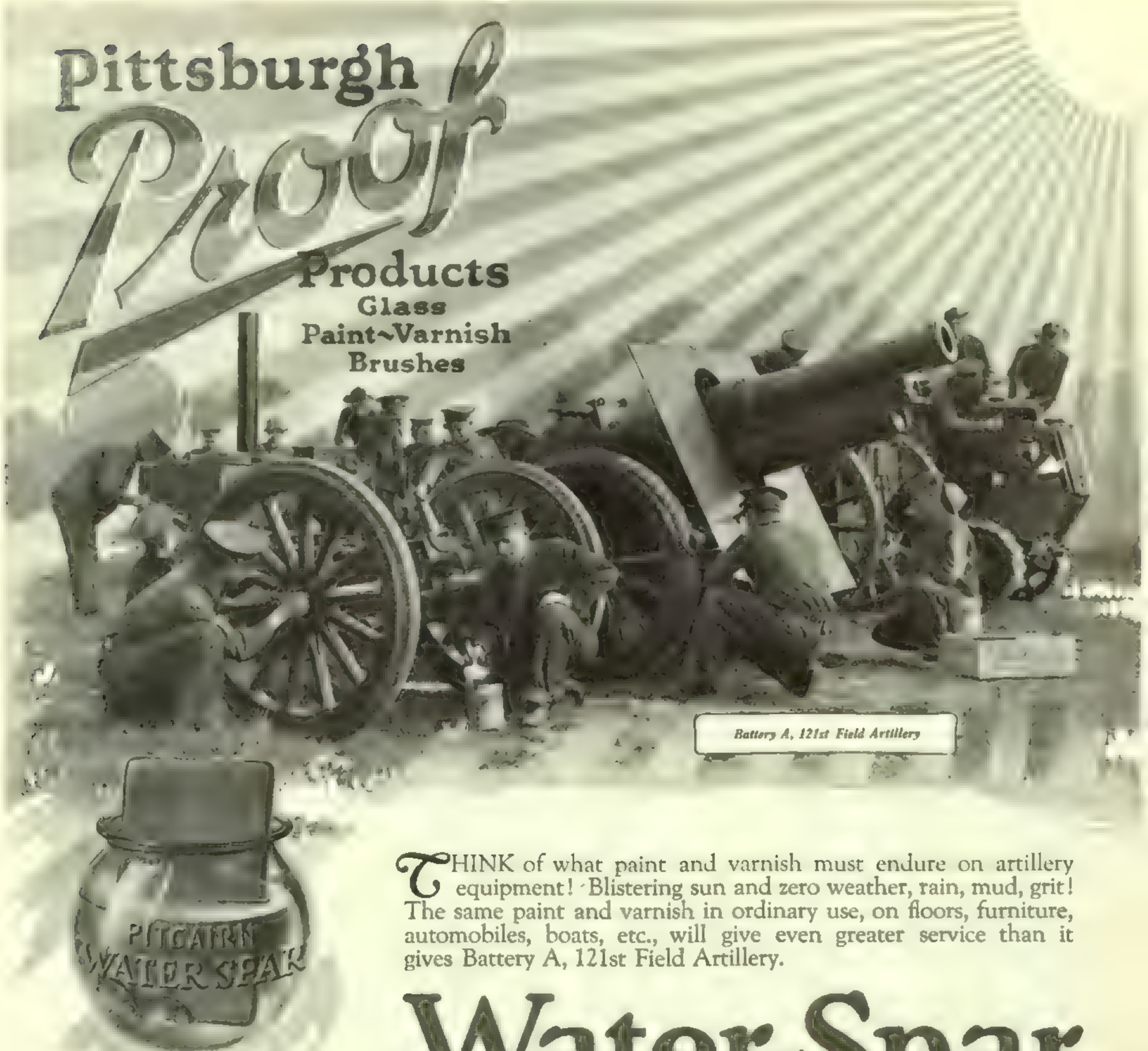

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ANDREW BRIDE, OF PARIS

(Continued from Page 21)

actually meant to call this book I've nearly finished The Romantic Land of the Dollar. You can easily perceive that to publish such a book in the present state of affairs would be decidedly indiscreet!"

Marcel either perceived or didn't perceive, as the case might be. Unfortunately, he had an engagement with his American agent at five. The two men strolled back together, along the Boul' Mich' toward the Cluny. André outlined his proposed *voyages*, which included Russia, where he had never been, and perhaps Constantinople afterward. He allowed Marcel to speak of it as a little tour; but privately he intended that many months should pass before he saw Paris again. Yes, he was starting at once; tomorrow, if he could make his arrangements.

He asked Marcel to go once a week to the Dunoyers', open all his letters and send after him only such personal things as he would unquestionably wish to see. Marcel would have his forwarding address—nobody else.

"And the remaining letters?" queried his friend, a little surprised.

"Destroy them or let them pile up in the dust on the floor—use your own judgment!" laughed André. "I've felt sometimes that I never want to open a letter again."

They came to the Dunoyers' and paused in the little court, talking vaguely, both men somehow ill at ease.

"Bréed," said Marcel suddenly, in a manner at once gentle and embarrassed, "have you considered at all the idea of including your own country in this pleasant itinerary of yours?"

"America!"

"I mean, of course," said the old fellow hastily and soothingly, "for just a little visit—happily renewing acquaintance with your many old friends and associates, while letting them see for themselves ——"

"How I look while explaining that I'm not a patriotic red-blood? My friends would enjoy that—though to be sure I've been asking myself lately if I have any friends. No, Marcel," said André, struggling to speak calmly, "when I go home, it won't be with my tail between my legs, and there won't be any explaining, or need for any. There'll be a body of work behind me that'll do all the talking. Well! But thank you for coming. I hope the business of the mail isn't going to be too much trouble ——"

Clasping the American's hand with signs of genuine feeling, Marcel interrupted:

"My dear friend, when it is a question of being of service to you, the word 'trouble' can scarcely be said to exist. Well, till tomorrow!"

At that precise instant, Madame Dunoyer popped her untidy head through her wicket, crying, with the spurious enthusiasm of the habitually delinquent, "The American post, Monsieur Bride! See! This moment arrived!"

André winced and smiled.

"Your duties begin quickly, Marcel. You will give them to Monsieur Villiers, please, madame, who has kindly consented to look after my affairs during my absence."

"But," said Marcel, receiving the large packet with some perplexity, "since your absence has not yet begun, my dear fellow, would you not prefer ——"

"The less I see of them the better! Au revoir, Marcel."

He went through the cobbled court and up the worn stairs, feeling more alone in the world than ever he had felt in his life.

The physical solitude, however, was brief, for he had hardly got into his rooms, very cheerless in the disorder of packing, when a tap came upon his door, and there was Marcel again, fumbling over the packet.

"One learns best by experience and example," he said, looking engrossed and even rather worried. "Now here, for instance. Left to myself, I should take this to be a billet you would wish to open for yourself ——"

"Oh, don't be scrupulous, Marcel—that defeats the aim!" said André impatiently. "I have no secrets—open everything."

"But this is obviously from a lady'" said the Frenchman, a little scandalized. "Again, it is not of the American mail at all, but came by hand from the Hotel Ritz. So, at least, I reasoned to myself—see and decide!"

He thrust up a sealed envelope and André received it, not very willingly. All the blood flowed away from his heart as his eyes fell upon a superscription that he had seen once before—upon a congratulatory letter a hundred times reread.

She was in Paris then—not a mile away. No doubt she wanted to thank him in person?

He slit the envelope, stone cold, Marcel, the world, forgotten.

Yes, Mary Jackson was here. Mary Jackson was eager to see him. Wouldn't he come in to see her the first afternoon he was free? The note was brief, but it was cordial. . . . His mind instinctively recoiled, rejecting it. He wouldn't go, that was flat. He needn't even answer. By tomorrow at this time, if he moved quickly, he could be leagues away.

Seeing the peculiar rigidity with which he stood and the set look on his thin face, Marcel said apologetically, after a long pause, "But perhaps, on my first essay, I have made a mistake."

Breed, rousing, dropped the billet on his desk.

"Well, that's hard to say. . . . It doesn't matter, but I should call it only—more congratulations."

"Ah, I regret," said his friend sympathetically. "Well then, my dear fellow, I will open the others myself."

Ten minutes later, as he trudged along the Boulevard St.-Germain toward his appointment, Marcel was surprised to see Breed go whirling by him in a taxicab.

VIII

FROM the room came the sounds of a piano playing an unknown air, ringing and loud. The flunkey tapped, the music ceased abruptly and an unfamiliar voice, high and assured, commanded in the silence, "*Entrez!*" Through the opened door, he stepped into a tall fair drawing-room, spacious and serene in pale gold and white, and chequered with faint sunshine; and Mary Jackson emerged from the direction of the piano and came forward.

The moment was a little blurry. An elderly English lady, dimly apprehended, bowed and spoke his name; he was being presented—Miss Beauchamps. Talk of a greeting sort was afoot; and in this, a detached part of him, his unconscious, was participating with a show of naturalness, it seemed. He scarcely heard or saw; the words, the faces, swam in a light haze. He caught a glance, keen as a dart, from the Englishwoman's pince-nez; it passed as a distant flicker. But his mind, his vision, were clearing, and presently he gave her her look back, since he must look somewhere, while his lips spoke he knew not what trifles. The old duenna bestirred herself at last; she rose, began to pick up things; murmured something about a book, letters to write—something. She faded away.

He stood confronting Mary Jackson in this tall strange parlor, and she was regarding him with the grave fixed look he well remembered. He had already become aware, mysteriously, that she was not quite at her ease. The knowledge strengthened him, in his urgent need.

We have to conceive that remeeting as set about with difficulties; by no means devoid of perplexities on both sides of the invisible barrier that stood between these two.

To André Bride of Paris—certainly, the meeting seemed all but overpowering in its awkwardness. He had come, of course, and come quickly; to miss the chance of seeing this girl, under whatever circumstances, was, indeed, hardly thinkable for him. But he had come in a state of inward strain which, if he could control it at all, he could by no effort drape with a grace suitable to drawing-rooms, or matching her own. This was the person whose opinion he cared most about on earth, perhaps; this was the subject about which her opinion mattered most to him; it was the crux and heart of that fundamental difference on which they had twice broken and separated. Considering how they had last parted, remeeting would in any case have had its problems for him. Now—on top of the slighting things she had said and thought of him was piled this ludicrous and terrible predicament of his, which she wouldn't be human if she didn't secretly feel triumphant over, which no amount of humiliating explanation could ever clear away between them. 'You remember I said that in two years at most ——" However, he hardly expected to "explain." In the swift drive in the cab he had decided all that, flatly resolving that he would not be put upon the defensive, cost what it might. Twice before she had got the better of him, driven him away from her; this time he would yield her nothing. At least, she should not call him soft again.

And Mary Jackson, of Michigan, on her side, may well have felt some uncertainty in this moment. Her past with this man indicated no clear present or future. It was true that the last words he had spoken to her—oddly answering angry speeches of her own—had been words such as no woman ever forgets, or hears unmoved perhaps; and that, it might be, gave her a right once. But those words were old now; a long time they had hung in the silent air, with differing words of her own beside them; and of what the personal man might have been thinking and feeling all the while, she could have no inkling. If she had felt, nevertheless, that her position remained the stronger of the two, thereby giving her the greater freedom, this manner of his now—dreadfully stiff and formal, quite impenetrable, she found it—might well have robbed her of all assurance.

He was speaking punctilious commonplaces, striving for an ease which completely eluded him. How very nice that business matters should have brought her over this year, after all! After her note last year he had given up hope; he hadn't dreamed—and so on. And such a coincidence again too! She had arrived only that morning, hadn't she said? And imagine, he himself was half packed to leave Paris, expecting to get off tomorrow—next day at farthest! Oh, just to travel about for a while, loafing and inviting one's soul—a rest and a change. And she—was she making a long stay? Longer, he hoped, than last year, when he'd had just a glimpse ——

Through all of which the girl, whose face showed faint signs of distress, broke abruptly, all but involuntarily, it seemed, exclaiming in a hasty low voice:

"Oh, An-drew, you look so badly—so thin! I can't bear to see you so!"

That took him unawares, of course; yet in a sense the wounded youth was steeled for anything. And she was right—in a flash he gave her that. There was, and would always be, only one subject between them—the question of his unsoundness, in fine. Why beat about the bush?

"Do I? I didn't know that," he said, gazing down at her, brisk and stony. "I've been perfectly well. Nothing at all the matter—unless you'd care to count my recent notoriety. That's annoyed me somewhat, I own—been on my mind, as you can readily —— Or no; that's asking too much, I'm sure. You'd very naturally ——"

"Don't—don't!"

The girl put out her hand instinctively, just touched his arm. He was silenced.

"Do you think I don't understand that you have suffered, Andrew—or that I had to come and look at you to know that? I felt it—all the way to America, and I've been so sorry ——"

Those words, in their poignancy and unexpectedness, all but undid poor André. But gallantly he resisted the resolving weakness within him. He had wronged her; that was clear, in one beautiful, uplifting flash. She didn't want to congratulate him; she hadn't summoned him to crow over him, add her dear mocking voice to the hateful laughter. She, though his most unyielding antagonist, was yet, humanly, big enough and fine enough to sympathize with him in his exquisite plight. However, that magnanimity, though it shot her yet higher in his imagination—and deeply moved him—didn't change anything, and released him. Their differences stood, of course. Their difference stood, untouched by the marvel that she could feel sorry for him now. Besides, wasn't it really incredible? There was some mistake.

"I think it's awfully generous of you—wonderfully so, you must let me say," he answered, with a sort of measured heartiness, just a little insecure in the joints. "Of course it comes as quite a—a surprise to me, under the —— So that I'm obliged to wonder ——"

She had drawn away a little; now the look of her face, of her ornamental eyes, seemed to change.

"I mean—forgive me, but are you sure you're familiar with the—the facts of my interesting case?"

"Yes, I think I am."

"Well, then, after all, you know, it boils down just to this—that I'm supposed to have turned suddenly into a good honest American. That's something that you'd naturally ——" A new thought struck and deflected him, and he resumed with a smile, intended to be suave, but actually rather small and wry: "But perhaps you think I'm too soft to stand a little laughter—even though I'd fairly earned it—and it's for that reason you feel sorry for me."

"If it's just a question of a little laughter," Mary Jackson answered quietly, though she had seemed to flinch a little at his reminiscent touch, "I've made a mistake. I imagined you'd thought it more serious—laughter that seemed to stultify everything that you cared most about; a—a rather cruel misunderstanding of yourself and all that you've worked for and believed in."

"What? You say that? I—you mean that you ——"

Catching himself, remembering this or that, André recovered such composure as was at his disposal. "But surely, when you heard this—what I'm supposed to have said and done—you must have believed it, didn't you? You must have ——"

She shook her head slightly and sadly, contemplating the æsthetical face. He was absolutely haggard, she thought—so nervous and drawn.

"What? Why, d'you mean to say," he positively blurted, with the most painful laugh, "that you didn't think I'd—I'd *changed?* That you didn't think I'd—I'd found myself mistaken——"

"If I thought you could change like that, I'd not be here—we'd not be having this conversation now. I don't think I could respect you or take the smallest interest in you, if you could possibly change your whole character as easily as that."

The celebrated young man turned his head aside. A thin mist spread before his eyes. Strange and affecting it was to him to hear these unimagined words. Which of his admirers, artistic colleagues and the sworn brothers of his soul, had come half so close to him in his trouble as this proud girl, whose profound aversion to that very character she spoke of had, in the beginning, shocked and challenged him? However, this giddy elation must be subjected to reason; he was perfectly clear about that. It was as if the clock had happily turned backward a month or two—as if Ludenburg had never come to Paris. That was tremendous, but that was all. One was greatly relieved, thus; one was even grateful; but one was in no manner of speaking sentimental. He wasn't The Patriot to her—splendid! See to it now that he didn't appear even the least bit Frenchy. . . .

"Thank you for that—thank you!" said André after the slight silence, frankly moved, yet speaking naturally enough. "I couldn't exactly tell you how much I appreciate it—from you. I'd thought —— Well, at least," he sheered off, suddenly striking a sounder conversational line, "it's enough of itself to make me awfully glad that you got here before I'd run away and hidden! It's such ——"

"You were running away?"

"Yes; that was it, really," he said, meeting her fixed gaze fully now, with a little laugh that was almost easy, only vaguely excited perhaps. "I called it *voyages* and *vacances*, of course; but really I was just running away—from the American mail especially! It seems rather wonderful, your happening to arrive today, and sending me word so ——"

"Let's sit down. Shan't we?" said Mary Jackson suddenly.

"All right," said Andrew, very agreeably indeed. But he didn't sit down, or even think of doing so; while she, for her part, turned away as she spoke. She threw out, over her shoulder, with a sort of hurried air: "It isn't wonderful. I've had something I wanted to say to you for a long time." Andrew answered, "Oh, have you?" like a pleasant stranger, almost, while all his hardness was turning liquid within him and he seemed full of light.

She stood at the window, looking across the sunny Place, where they had met by chance that afternoon last year.

"In fact for as long as I've known you—since the boat, I think. Do you remember telling me that night that I was being terribly unfair to you?"

(Continued on Page 95)

Wholly new roofing color effects

Opal
Bronze mosaic
Tapestry tan
Onyx

Richardson's latest contribution toward harmony of color in the home

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Another with the soft, pastel shades of rare tapestry, in reds, browns and blue-green—*tapestry tan!*

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The opal roof is formed of shingles on which weathered brown and jade green slate flakes are mixed in endless variety. Weathered brown and tile red, similarly blended, produce the ever-varying pattern of soft, rich colors in the bronze mosaic effect.

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(Continued from Page 92)

"Why, yes," he admitted, with a little start, staring at her over the floor; "yes, I did say that. But," said he, with his very nice, careful politeness, "you must know that I feel now you've ——"

"No, don't! I have been unfair to you, and I don't want it to be forgotten. In a certain sense, it—it explains me."

"Oh!"

"I said something very opinionated and impertinent that night. Perhaps you remember?"—oh, didn't he though!—"something I, of course, had no right to say and that naturally made you angry. You called me unfair," said Mary Jackson in a low rapid voice, twisting and untwisting the curtain cord in her fingers, "and as that was the last thing you said to me, and we did not talk again, it seemed to stick in my mind. . . . Then I met you—here, that day—and I was very glad, for I had a good deal to say, going a long way back. I'd always rather doubted your sincerity, you see—in what you wrote, long before I'd met you—and now I'd come to feel that I'd always misjudged you in my thought—and I wanted to tell you something like that. And then —— It isn't easy to explain; but somehow, as we talked, I seemed to become less sure that I had been unjust—that's as well as I can express it. I did think then that you were changing—you, I mean; not your views—and I don't know, I was somehow disappointed and irritated. So, instead of apologies, on some impulse, I said—what I did say. An impertinence again, of course, yet really I meant it—rather like a friend giving one a shaking, and I had no idea you would resent it so. And yet when I saw how indignant it made you, I liked it, and I knew at once then that I must be mistaken yes, and that I'd been mistaken the other time, too, and before. If there'd been a—an opportunity, I'm sure I'd have —— But again, it all happened very quickly."

She paused, involuntarily, it seemed; he made no effort to speak. He stood gazing at her, out of somewhat sunken eyes, like a man spellbound indeed—incapable of speech or motion. With half-averted face, less and less sure of herself perhaps, in the absence of all help from him, she went hurriedly on:

"You'll think that if I had a regret to express, I might have put it in a letter. But really, I couldn't, for when I came to write to you last spring, I tried, and I found it somehow impossible even to approach the—the matter in a letter. So the score stood, bigger than before, and seeming to grow by standing—and I thought that some day, if the chance offered, I must pay it off with interest.

"Then this thing happened to you—this trouble that at first seemed just a silly joke, though of course a little malicious, but which so soon spread and became serious.

"Oh, I ought to explain that long ago I made arrangements to have sent to me everything you wrote, or that was written about you—wherever your name was mentioned. So from the outset, I ——"

"What?" said André, rousing suddenly, faltering a step nearer, and then another. "You—you did that? Why, I—why ——"

"Oh, I told you last year that I was following your career! I mention it only to show that I've been familiar —— Of course I knew at once there was some mistake; that your quarrel had really been about something else, and I was sure it was a mistake at just the point where you would most object to any mistake. Then it grew. You had put your work and your—your artistic beliefs first in your life; you had given up much else for the sake of them; and now it seemed that all that was collapsing, just being laughed away into nothing. I came to think of you as being in trouble, as being ——"

"Well, I was!" spoke up the young man rather unsteadily. "I've been —— Though how you ——"

"Of course I believed that it would pass," she continued rapidly, as if she hadn't heard him, as if she had a piece to say and was resolved to let nothing deflect her. "I believe that truth is mighty, and all the rest of it. Meantime—I wanted very much to write to you. I thought I had a position, you see; that I could really say something. You knew how strongly I differed from you about all this—how I would have welcomed the thought, personally, that you could use your influence, as man and writer, a little on the other side. Well, then, if I knew you couldn't possibly do thus and such, because your convictions wouldn't permit it, didn't it follow that others, who didn't even want you to 'change,' would feel the same? I thought so, and then I learned from a friend in New York that the clique there—Weinstock, and Ludenburg too—were already saying that the joke mustn't go too far, because to discredit you was to discredit the movement—the cause, art, whatever they said. So ——

"But I couldn't say what I wanted in a letter. I wasn't even sure that you would wish a letter from me. Besides, it seemed too trivial a thing, considering the circumstances and the—obligation I felt. . . . But all the time, more clearly day by day, I pictured you as unhappy, lonely perhaps, among people who, after all, couldn't understand your special feelings as an American—yes, alone, and in trouble. And I couldn't get it out of my mind that I had hurt you, too, twice—and laughed at you once—and left it so, all this time.

"So then one morning ——

"You see," she began again, firmly, talking to the window, ignoring the sudden presence at her elbow, "I'd telegraphed to your publishers weeks ago and learned that you were in Paris—for the winter, they said. So I suppose it must have been in my mind for sometime. And then one morning when I woke up—just ten days ago, that was—it was suddenly all settled, and I was to come. So I said to Miss Beauchamps at breakfast, 'I find I must go to Paris at once. Let's catch the afternoon express ——'"

"Why, Mary! I—why ——"

She didn't move at the sound of that changed voice, guarded no longer, audibly out of control and queer. Pale already, she became a little paler, perhaps; but she didn't turn, didn't lift her head. So it wasn't in her knowledge that Andrew's scholarly features had gone suddenly out of drawing or that his learned eyes glittered under a start of tears.

"I wanted to ask you to try to forget what's past," she said resolutely, yet rather faintly, too, "and let me help you a little, if I could. I haven't expected that you would—need me. I haven't ——"

"*You g-glorious darling!*"

I think it was an amend that might have softened the most implacable adversary; for André Bride, out of his past unhappiness, it proved just a little too much. I am happy to say that under it the stubborn and vain young man cracked up like a lathe too heavily burdened. He fell upon his knees, scarcely knowing what he did; he put his arms about the slim girl and buried his face against her waist; while what he perhaps intended to say about his great need for her went out in something that sounded a great deal like a sob.

Mary Jackson, from Michigan, stood as the moment had overtaken her. Her lashes lay upon her cheeks; her face, lovely and fine in its delicate strength, was without color. She could feel the boy's body shake. Oh, but he was thin—thin! He hadn't been eating, or sleeping either—that was the trouble. Nobody to keep him up, do for him, comfort him—that had made it all so bad. Oh, but loneliness is bad, breeding fears, piling shadow upon shadow! She put her hand upon his hair and stroked it a little, and suddenly she thought of that night under the stars when his cap had blown off and the look of this hair, rumpled like a little boy's, had made her —— Oh, me! Was it something wistful in him that had drawn and bound her, something yearning and willful, predestined to painful tumbles, and no doubt to failure in the end? Surely his mother would feel about him just like this, that old lady in steel-rimmed spectacles, away and away in Columbus, Ohio, of whom he had spoken so sweetly that afternoon last year.

Then he came to his feet and took her fully, and her thought ceased, and everything was changed forever. No little boy, this, hurt and bewildered from a casual fall, but the mature and urgent other half of herself, imperiously seeking its complement. The world spun out in mist and fire.

Well, that was as it should be; as we all foresaw, of course. Journeys end in lovers' meetings; that is understood. But is it supposed that the conflict of deeply differing wills and purposes can be resolved, really, quite so sweetly as that? Unfortunately, truth doesn't observe the necessity of being sweet, or even beautiful, despite the meretricious epigram of a great poet who died too young. Reality, as we know, may have edges incredibly sharp, and living persons, who mean something with their lives, and mean it intensely, are only too apt to squirm and kick up most unbeautifully before they will answer to the bit and quietly stand for the appropriate picture.

In less than five minutes, these two—Mary Jackson, of Michigan, and Andrew Bride, of Paris—whose lives had seemed, and for an instant been, exquisitely joined, stood at the poles' distance apart.

They had their moment of thrilling peace, of course.

She said, "I hope you don't still consider it a terrible misfortune to find yourself in—in. . . . Oh, Andrew, I was sad when I sailed away next day!"

He said, "I've quarreled with you in my mind for thinking me a Frenchman, and I've quarreled with you twice as much for thinking me a he-American. D'you think you can really get used to me as I am?"

She said, "I was so glad when I saw that you don't wear a beard any more. . . . I wonder—could it have been just that—and your hat, maybe—that day?"

In the fewest imaginable words, it was agreed that they should be married soon.

She said—for women, as we know, are incurably talkative—"When I said that on the boat—it came out of the past, Andrew, and out of my surprise at discovering that it was you. I've not had such a thought of you once—since I've known you."

Andrew said, "Isn't it funny how thinking is—well, just being? I haven't seen you for years and years—why, my goodness, I've practically never seen you!—and yet because I've thought about you so much and so hard, you've been nearer to me all along than people sitting by my side."

She exclaimed at that, saying that since thus and so, she had experienced similar sensations as to him. Wasn't it proof of a bond? His remark being adjudged good, he expanded upon it, very successfully, and was satisfactorily rewarded. All was lovely.

And then, in a wink, in a trice, all changed.

She said what must have seemed to her the most natural thing in the world to say—she spoke of going home. What affairs she had to attend to here would be quickly finished; in fact, it must be frankly admitted that her real business was transacted! Just to plan a little before Miss Beauchamps came back—how soon could he consider going?

They were seated upon a hard little brocaded divan and he was holding her hand with a delightfully gingerly air. As she spoke, his clasp first tightened, then vaguely relaxed.

"Going? *To America?*"

"But naturally, my dear. You know, the dreadful place is where I live!"

"Why—but—why, you see, I can't very well go to America now, Mary!"

"Oh! Not now, of course—instantaneousness isn't demanded of you! But at some later time it will become your solemn duty, will it not?"

"Duty?" said Andrew, in a funny voice.

He drew away from her a little, and they regarded each other; he looking all at once oddly ill at ease, she with her faint sweet smile becoming a little fixed.

"It's the American custom for a woman to be married from her own home, you see—when at last she's so lucky as to have one." He looked so utterly blank at that that she added, still on the light note, teasingly, "Perhaps, on second thoughts then, you won't want to marry an American girl at all!"

"Don't!" broke from him, and he absolutely clutched her as if he were frightened.

But when that tender passage was over, unfortunately nothing was changed. Indeed, it was strange how quickly the illusion of perfect harmony had passed. Yet how as they had once frankly asked themselves—could harmony be hoped for here?

He was explaining, rather haltingly, that this wonderful thing had happened so suddenly, so overpoweringly, that it had driven everything else clean out of his mind. His own ridiculous situation, for instance—he'd forgotten all about it. But considering that (and they really should consider that, shouldn't they?—his career, his job, as a whole?) he was obliged to feel that for him to go to America at just this time would be—well, hurtful, just adding fuel to the flames, it would be, throwing oneself to the lions! And she, though perhaps feeling some surprise, at once accepted that, intimating in the traditional way that she would await his duty and his pleasure. He would find her, she said, a woman of a fatal constancy.

Rather regretting that she had brought up the subject just now, she was ready to change it; but he made that impossible, saying hurriedly that he couldn't give her up—let her go. With a loverly nervousness, he got out his own thought—that she should marry him here, now. That did surprise her.

"Why, Andrew dear, that's just impossible," she said gently; and when he demanded why, she didn't mention what she may have felt at the thought of a French wedding, or even say that a woman "needs a little time." She explained again, very earnestly, that she had left home abruptly, promising to be back in three weeks four at most. She had undertaken responsibilities there where she lived; she had a good many obligations; people were dependent on her; she couldn't very well ——

Then the larger question, hovering all the while, sprang into view; and Andrew collided with it. How had he ever lost sight of it? "If we were married here," shot through him disruptively, "those obligations, that desire to go home, would still be there." And he suddenly saw that this was no question of a ceremony they were settling, but the disposition of all their future.

Taken aback by his look, which was at once unyielding and somehow startled, she, nevertheless, finished stoutly, saying, "'Of course you'd not expect me to come rushing over with a hand bag, and just—not go back!"

He answered reasonably, with an obvious effort:

"No, I see. Of course, I couldn't expect that. You—you have your responsibilities, just as I have mine—of course. I ——"

"It is hard."

"Terribly! How soon do you think you could possibly come back—for a longer stay?"

It was her turn to look a little startled. However, she didn't find the emotion, whatever it was, weakening, it seemed.

"I don't know, Andrew. A long time, perhaps."

"Well, Mary, tell me! You say, truly, that I can't expect of you—what I asked of you. Won't you tell me what you would expect—what you think could be fairly expected of me? That I'd go back to America to live now?"

"Like you, my thoughts had not run forward. But no; certainly I'd not ——"

"I was sure of that. And you do see, don't you, that for me to appear in America at all just now would be a mistake, considering my—my responsibilities as a whole?"

She answered, with a hesitancy not characteristic of her, "Well, Andrew, I'm not sure that I do, quite ——"

He rose with a little laugh, jerky, even touched with impatience.

"Well! I had thought you understood that I was a sort of national common butt just now, and that it couldn't be helpful, or specially agreeable either, to exhibit myself in my cap and bells. I'd even thought that you'd prefer not to put me in that position, since ——"

"I don't want to put you in any position, Andrew. You, of course, must ——"

"No, I know you don't. I know you're perfectly fair. But that's the effect of it, isn't it? You say in so many words that we—we can't marry for a long time—unless I go to America."

There was again a pause. "What a beginning, what a beginning!" miserably went through her. How had it so quickly come to this? Andrew thought, with agitation, "If I went, with her obsession, she'd never want to come back. Never!"

He came back and sat down beside her, took her hand and squeezed it. But the barrier between them was only too palpable now. That injured sensitiveness of his, magically healed for a time, those troubling mistrusts as to what she fundamentally thought of him and all his works—were painfully stirring again.

"Well! tell me a little more about how it seems to you. We must be absolutely frank with each other. Your plan would be ——"

"I've made no plans, Andrew. This has ——"

"No, I understand! Of course! But now, when we must begin to —— Your idea would be that I should go to America now, and then—well, then stay for a visit, do you think? Or ——"

"Well," she said, locking her hands together, "while I naturally haven't looked into the future, or expected anything, it's true that I'd not understood you planned

(Continued on Page 98)

The ALL of the PIANO

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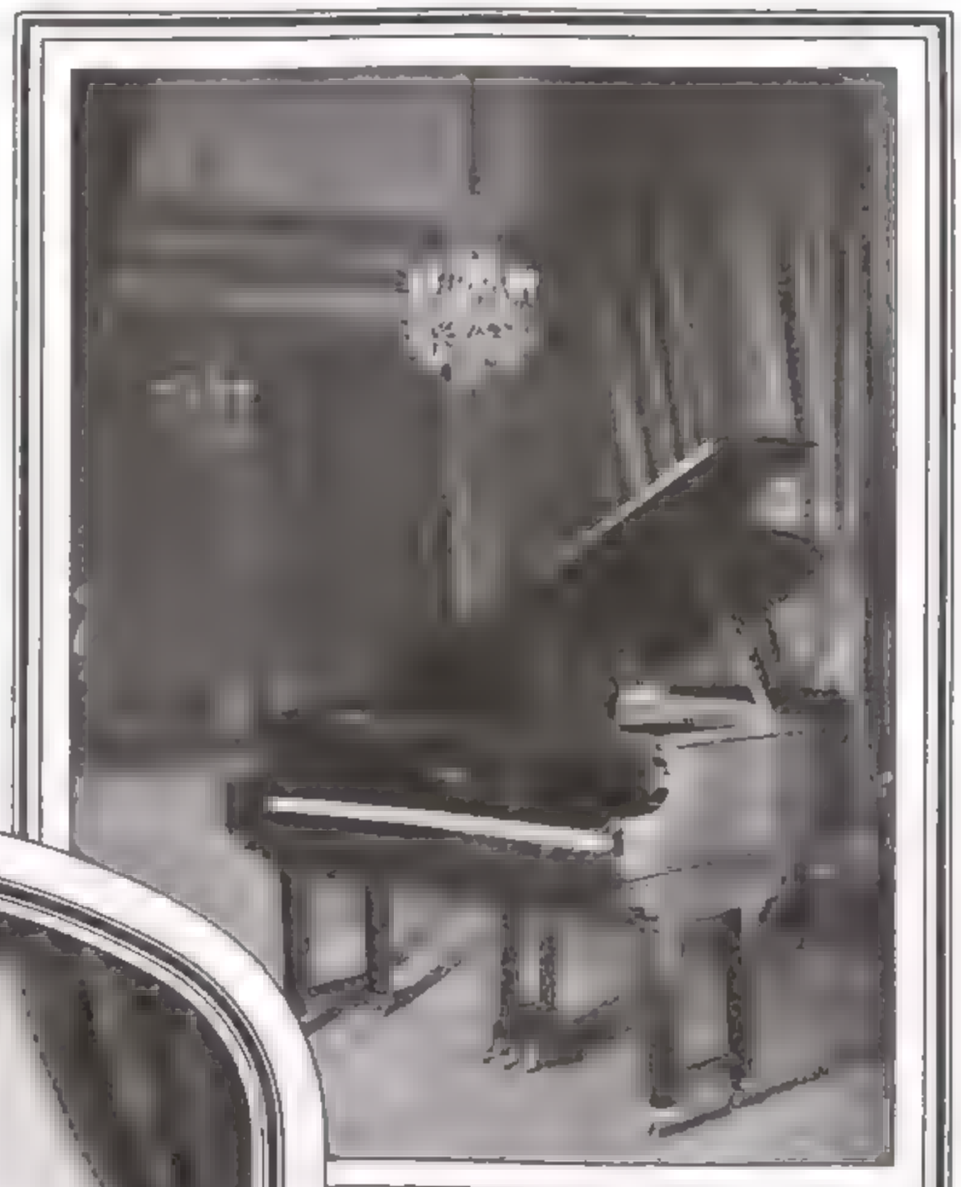

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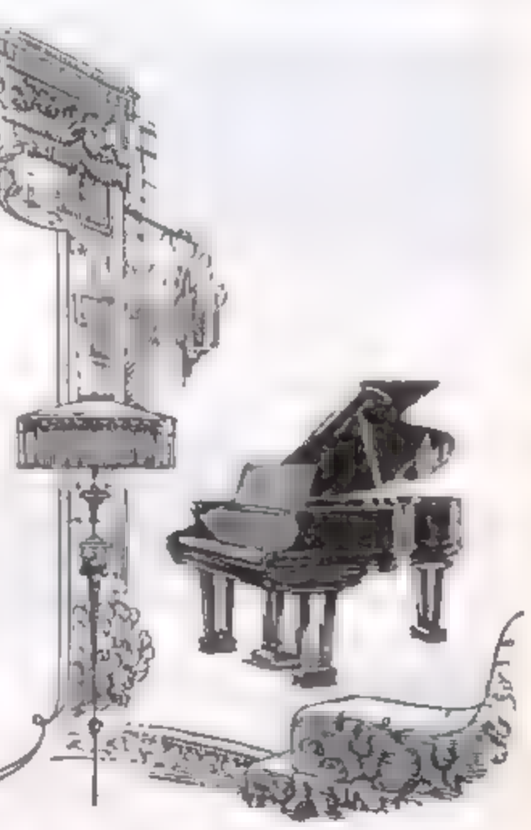

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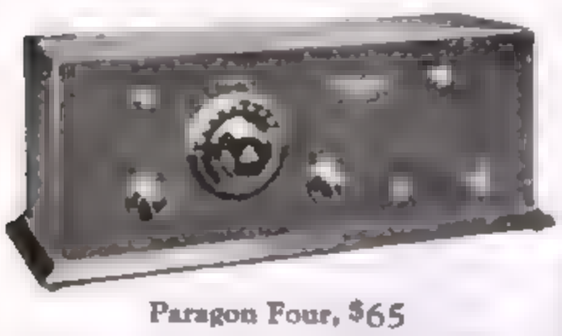

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PARAGON

Look for the Red Triangle

(Continued from Page 95)

to stay away from America permanently, never to go back, even for ——"

"Oh, I don't! I've always meant to go back some day—for a visit—or visits. Perhaps, in time —— But ——"

"And I'll confess I'd even thought, without regard to what's happened recently, that as you've been away so long now, and in view of the—the new work you've undertaken, with its closer connection with America and its—its greater interest in what's going on there, you might think a visit now ——"

"Ha!" said her fiancé, strangely, and jumped to his feet again, haggard and excited.

He took a turn about the room, a dreadful gnawing within him; and he was sure he understood her now. She had seemed wonderfully sympathetic and tender; actually she had only been extremely tactful, and she had held to her secret thought of him just the same. Yes, he was to give up his wrongheadedness now—go home defeated, his tail between his legs. He wheeled sharply, smiling.

"So you did think I'd changed, after all, didn't you?"

His look might well have staggered her. Was this conceivably the little boy who had sobbed just now against her skirts? But she had her spirit, too, nevertheless; lots of it.

"I don't think of change as quite a crime. It's only the dead who cannot change. But I've already told you that I don't think what you imply; it shouldn't be necessary to say that over again. You say you've always expected to go to America some day. Well, I must own that what you've said, about this particular time, surprises me a little. I'd have thought, on the contrary, that—apart from the reasons I just gave—you might feel a special wish to make a visit now. I ——"

"Naturally—if you're there. But ——"

"No, I don't try to influence you by including myself among the arguments. Andrew, you said this trouble had worried you so much that you'd decided to run away from it. Do you think that will do any good? Doesn't it seem rather that if there's a—a situation in America that has to be faced down some day, the best thing to do is to face it down now?"

That speech, the first criticism of him she had uttered, struck him deep. But if there was truth in it for him, and there was, its only effect at the moment, it seemed, was to turn him to stone.

"Mary, let's understand each other. I would like to give you your way in everything—and about everything else, I mean to. But when it is a question of my work, my career—and my own self-respect, I am the best judge, and so it must remain. I haven't the slightest idea of setting foot in America until I can go with my head up—and nothing to explain."

"I understand now. Andrew, I am so sorry; but as I seem to present myself just as an obstacle in your career, I don't think I had better marry you."

"That," said Andrew colorlessly, while he fell through space and the cold winds whistled through his ears, "must be for you to decide."

So there they were, the two differing expatriates: Mr. Bride, of Paris, as we have mentioned, and Miss Jackson, of Michigan now, very much so. And still there was a bond here, there was a passion, nevertheless.

He gazed down at her where she sat on the little divan, lovely and white, tender and most brave, and his words all but died in his throat. And if his obsession, his unreasoning complex, was in this instant stronger than her own, his more manly emotion was yet visible enough.

"You are to my career whatever you wish to be. . . . You are more necessary to me than meat and drink. . . . But if you've mistaken the—the man you had meant to marry, or if you'd meant to make him over into a different sort of man before you could care for him—you have a right to be released."

Mary Jackson said, just audibly, "No, I don't want to make you over."

After that, in the silence, the little Dresden clock on the mantel ticked loud.

He had spoken his bit steadily enough, but at the end had turned hastily away. She, however, had seen the look of his face, which seemed to be vaguely going to pieces; and that look, perhaps, was beyond her withstanding. The doom of women, doubtless, had come upon her. She belonged to this man, she was his; she had to give to him, be to him, according to his need. How it would be with them afterward, God knew; but now ——

"If I am necessary to you like that, Andrew," she said in a low voice, but clearly, "there can be nothing for us to argue about. Of course you are entitled to have your life as you wish it; and as I am a woman, I must meet your wishes. I—want to."

He wheeled on her, his thin face shining.

"You—you mean—you—you're willing ——"

"I will marry you when and where you wish."

"Mary!"

The word came huskily, thickened with an overpowering relief. But if he had expected to touch his bride then, to embrace her in thanksgiving, something in her still pose must have given him pause. She sat with her arm propped along the divan back, unmoving and white; her head had sunk, her body drooped like a wilted flower; she resembled a shape from which the spirit has departed. Yet out of it, while he stared, a voice came, gentle, subdued—well, a little lifeless too.

"And don't imagine that your life with me is to be a repetition of these discussions. When the subject of going home—going to America—is mentioned again, it will be because you've brought it up. I don't mean to speak of it again."

A supremely surrendering, a wifely speech, indeed; yet where was his triumph now? Unfortunately, she couldn't quite go through with it. On the last phrase, her voice had keyed up, ever so little; in the same instant a change, slight and mysterious, shook over her face.

It was like a fairy explosion, faint and strange; an infinitesimal seizure, impersonal, distant as a rumor, finished without a beginning. However, André, though he had never seen tears approach like this, recognized the phenomenon at sight. It was as if a hand had clutched his heart-strings.

"Why, Mary! . . . Don't! I —"

But that didn't help much; dutiful as she was, she couldn't meet his preferences there at once. In fact the manifest distress in his voice—and the fear was hardly likely to fortify her. She turned, put her face in her arm.

Her will was strong; but her surrender, in its suddenness and immense significance, had no doubt shaken her severely. In her struggle for self-control, she was never quite defeated; still, this attack was neither fairylike nor distant. Now and then a stifled gasp escaped her, a faint desperate catching of breath. . . . Marriage music, gentles! Mr. Bride, of Paris, is to marry when he likes! . . . But for the most part, all was silent, painfully so indeed. The girlish shape was racked.

Now André had read often, in novels that he despised, of a woman's tears and of the incredible soft things that "strong" men were made to do under their influence; and he was disgusted by the cheapness of all such swash. Now here were a woman's tears for him to listen to. . . . *wedding bells, wedding bells, hey nonny no!* . . . and the sight and sound of them cracked the heart in his bosom.

He had never seen anything so terrible. He had never heard sounds so terrible in his life. He stood there, limp and appalled. He was afraid to go near her. He didn't dare even to try to speak.

And then, in an instant, his mere horror passed, and without warning he was filled with an inexpressible tenderness, such as he had never before conceived or dreamed, and which completely possessed him, suffusing him as with a light. . . . Might it be in truth that what the stricken youth sought after all, was not so much to have his way about this or that as, rather, to know forever that she cared for his integrity and was, in the ultimate, his? In this flooding irradiation, everything that was selfish in him, and cowardly and vain and small, seemed to shrivel and shred away; and he knew instantly that, of course, it could not be like this.

That tender figure there, inconceivably gallant and dear, this proud girl who had forgotten her pride for him and come a journey to comfort him in his loneliness and —— Why, to go home meant infinitely more to her than not going home could possibly mean to him! How then had it been assumed that she should make the far greater sacrifice?

How, indeed? André started violently, like a man shaken from slumber.

"Don't—don't!" he said distinctly, yet as from a distance. "I'm so sorry. I—it's all right."

He took a step toward her, obscurely, but shied off at once. He couldn't have brought himself to touch her then, even if he'd thought of it; in fact she wasn't with him at all. In this sudden brilliant self-engrossment, Andrew Bride found himself alone.

He stood and stared into the empty fireplace, and he was thinking; only now his feelings, all the sum and heart of him, were fused with that celebrated mind of his; and this was the intensest thinking of his life.

Sacrifice—certainly. But how much, really? Why that terrific recoil just now, that rather peculiar panic? The points of his case skipped by once more illuminated as by blazes of lightning.

He could take his pencils and his papers to America; she couldn't bring her mills and her mountains and her lake—symbols, symbols too!—to Paris. Well, we will stick a pin in that, Brother Andrew. . . . Work . . . . Had he possibly exaggerated the advantages of living over here, for his idea's sake, his cause's sake? He'd done some of the best work in his life in a little bedroom under a simmering tin roof in Ohio—that couldn't be denied; he'd made his reputation in a dark dirty chamber three doors from the Sixth Avenue Elevated, in New York. Gone off terribly then, hadn't he?—coddling his little ego—that was how she'd put it that day. One jump more to soft music and purple velvet hangings, one of those sickening asses. But he knew it wasn't true. . . . No, by God! He was full of good new stuff, bursting with it! Just give him his peace of mind once—and you couldn't say he'd had it here of late, now could you?—and he knew he could sit down by the L again—or by a lake in Michigan—and pour it out of him like water from a pitcher. . . . Well, then pride of opinion. His cause, his conceit—nobody should ever say that he'd been "wrong," admitted himself "mistaken." Nothing much in that now, though, was there? They were all saying it anyway. Besides, there was no question of his being wrong there now. The whole center of his life had mysteriously changed.

Then this thing? . . . Coming down like a thousand of brick on top of everything. Well, it was hard, no doubt of that. Of course he'd pictured a very different homegoing, when he did go—bays on his brow, bands playing, hail to the . . . It was hard to go back smaller than he went—jesting reporters at the dock, no doubt—sly smiles, winks everywhere. If all that could be avoided for just a little while, just till he'd had a chance to . . . Why, certainly; nothing simpler, to be sure. Run and run, and stick one's head deep in the sand. Just run far enough to break the heart of a girl a hundred times too good for him, that peerless girl there, his . . . Like one rounding a corner, Mr. Bride came suddenly face to face with himself. The mutual contemplation was intense.

A voice from afar—very natural and quiet, only muffled a little—penetrated his enormous absorption.

"I'm so ashamed, Andrew. Do forgive me. I know you won't misunderstand."

The famous young thinker, having jumped, wheeled; and his consciousness came rushing and streaming back into him from—who could say where? Indeed, while the loud little clock there had ticked a few times, the essential André, I don't doubt, had traveled his longest *voyage*.

She had sat up. He came across the floor, very uncertain and skittish. She was strengthening her voice with little clearings of her throat. She had a handkerchief there. His darling was blowing her nose.

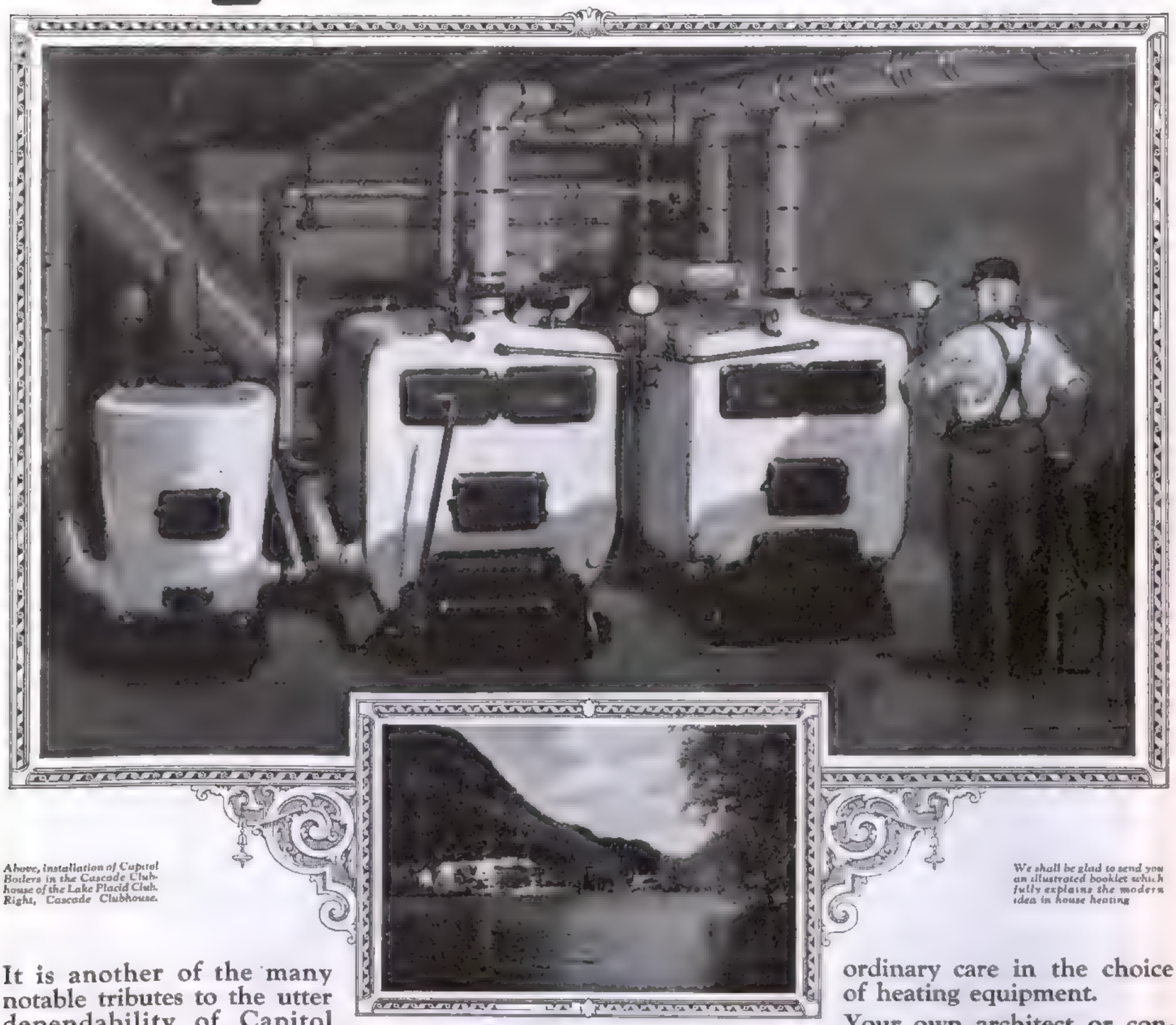
"Yes, it's all right. That's over now I—it's all settled."

He just touched her, just patted her shoulder. Oh, he was jumpy and elated and shy. But she, rain-washed now and at peace, no doubt, took the hand that restored their contact; and with a movement that all but suffocated him, lifted it and pressed it against her cheek. Whatever befell them, she so avowed, they stood together now.

"Of course," said she; for how could she know that he'd been away—that he'd been to America in fact, and lived there happily with her many years, with, of course, some delightful trips to Europe in between. "And don't imagine that you've a weepy woman on your hands, either! It's been years—oh, years, since I've behaved like this—just nervousness, of course. And

(Continued on Page 101)

Capitol Boilers



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(Continued from Page 98

now," said the unconscious girl, practically, tucking the balled handkerchief away, "don't you think it would be nice if we had some tea?"

"Tea!" exclaimed Andrew, suddenly sheering away.

"I'd rather like some, and I know Miss Beauchamps is dying for hers. You, of course, may interpret the word ——"

"Well, no," said Andrew, slightly to her surprise. "No, not just —— But it's all right. I ——"

He was looking oddly about the room, in an unimagined diffidence, mad to express himself, yet dreadfully shy of finding his tongue. His wandering eye fell upon the telephone; his mind sharply cleared.

He crossed the room suddenly, clicked down the receiver.

Following him with her eyes, Mary said, "Oh! I'll go and tell Miss Beauchamps then, and incidentally wash my face. I believe I'll have some marmalade, Andrew, and Miss Beauchamps likes —— What?" He was looking at her very strangely over his shoulder, intently nodding his head, smiling at her funnily, one eyebrow cocked way up toward his hair. "What, Andrew?" said Mary, vaguely bewildered. Continuing to stare at her in that funny intent way, he spoke suddenly:

"Will you ask the concierge to be good enough to come up? Yes—we want to arrange about our passage home."

His submissive Mary, his docile and broken Mary, was on her feet in a bound. He had never seen a movement more swift.

"*No, Andrew! No!*"

He was nodding his head eagerly, smiling in that slightly crooked way. She heard him whisper, "It's all right. I ——" almost as his other voice said firmly to the telephone:

"Yes, quite so! Our plans make it imperative to return by the first boat."

"No, Andrew! Please!"

She was running across the room, both arms wildly outstretched, her face quite panicky. She clutched his arm in a passion of protest. Too late. The receiver clicked up.

"Call him again, Andrew—or I will! Tell him it was a mistake! I won't have this! I won't ——"

"And I won't have that!" cried Andrew with a sudden laugh, immensely excited and gay. "Now—now! It's all right, I say. This thing's settled. I ——"

"Settled! To give me my way—to give me everything—because you think I cry for it! Andrew, I beg you—indeed I can't bear it! Let me call him ——"

"Why, Mary! You ——"

To him, the imploring face turned up to him was so inexpressibly alluring that, quite without intending it, he took it between his hands. However, she removed herself from his touch at once.

"I won't be humiliated so! To take a step like that without a word to me, after what I'd just said to you ——"

"Why, I didn't mean to humiliate you!" said Andrew, for the second time in his life. "I did it that way—why, just to make everything settled," he resumed, thus honestly accounting for the deep instinct in him which had impelled him to commit himself fully and instantly, past looking back. "It seemed to me that we'd argued enough about it, and I just don't want to hear any more!"

She leaned against the wall by the telephone, suddenly quiet, white and spent.

"Have him up then—buy all the tickets you want. But please understand, I'm not going to America now."

"Mary," said Andrew then—for it was sufficiently clear that there was going to be more argument, lots of it, whether he liked it or no—"I want you to try to think better of me than—I deserve! Why, darling," said Andrew, standing in front of her, reaching for hands which she would not yield to him, "how could I possibly be happy—just ask yourself—on any basis that involved so much unhappiness for you?"

She just shook her head, slightly and tiredly, with lowered eyes. Then, in a small voice—"I've just made all that clear, I thought. Naturally, if I supposed that marrying you involved unhappiness for me, I shouldn't marry you."

"I declare to you," said Andrew, pushed a little further, "as God is my judge, I want to go to America now!"

She asked him not to humor her as a child, chillily reminding him that he had just said he would never set foot in America till ——

"But that's just what I'm going to do now!" he cried, full of his secret strength. "That's exactly what I'm saying—how everything's changed! Don't you know I'm going with my head up—about a thousand miles in the sky—now that I realize I'm going with you?"

That, too, fell rather flat. She just murmured, very low, "Don't feed me sugar plums, Andrew; this is serious." And he knew then definitely that he had to carry his restatement of himself a great deal farther—rather farther, indeed, than his vanity might have desired.

He caught her two wrists suddenly; held them firmly. And once he'd fairly given way—funny—it wasn't half so hard as you'd known it was obliged to be.

"Look at me, Mary! No, look at me! Don't I look different? Don't you see new lines and interesting crow's-feet scattered here and there? Well, that's strange, for it seems to me I've got about ten years older, all in a few seconds here. Oh! When you were reading those clippings about me, out there by that lake in Michigan, did you happen to see a piece very rudely entitled, The Coming of Age of a Young Intellectual? That was a wicked one, wasn't it? How it made me writhe and bleat just to look at it—carried it in my pocket on purpose—it's right here now. Only now—well, I just feel a little sore because some scribbler went and spoiled a perfectly good title. I'd like to write a piece—a whole lot better and truer and more important than his—about what's happened to me in this room—and that's the title I want for it. The Coming of Age of André—Andrew ——

"Mary, if I've thought so much about myself and my—my blooming career, you've got to understand that it's because I've had nothing else to think about. If I've let this little cropper break me up, it was because what it meant, what it represented, was all I had in my life then. If I shrank from the ridicule and wanted to run like a crazy rabbit, and if I went into a fit at the very thought of going home and having them laugh at me, it was because—well, what I've said; and then besides, I've always had to stick and stand things by myself, you see, and—I hadn't caught up, just in the first minute, with how everything's changed for me. I'm not by myself any more, I'm not just a career any more, and if I could feel that any of those things were so frightfully important now, why, I'm not a man, or fit for you to marry. Ridicule! Well, I don't know. How could my homecoming possibly be ridiculous, since I'm coming home with you? I confess I can't see it. Laughter! Old Ludenburg and dear little sour, disappointed Eustace! Well, I think I can show them how to laugh from the other corner of their mouths! Yes," he said on another key, quieter, "and I mean to do it pretty soon, too, now that I've got you to work with and for—and my name's going to be yours."

"But, Andrew," said the girl, lifting her head then, speaking in a moved voice, "this is so dear of you—but don't you see, you say and feel this now just because of—how you feel about me? We mustn't settle a practical question—that goes forward a long time—that way. You do know that you can do your work much better here. Your whole life's been founded on ——"

"That's off, too," said Andrew, peculiarly whisking his life away. "In fact," he continued, becoming intent, "this new thing I nibbled at last spring—starting a romantic movement is what the boys at home have dubbed it: but I mean an artistic movement, you see, a very different thing—and by the way, I've sketched out some pretty good stuff, a pretty good exposition of the whole theme that I'd like to show you—you'll see what I—well, anyway, this rather new idea that attracts me a lot—the honest truth is it can be worked out a great deal better in America. In fact, the thing can't be done here at all, since——"

"But, Andrew, you've never thought this way before! You've ——"

"Often, often! Only, you notice, I stayed—and gave the job up! But to get back, for I see you're determined to make me admit, inch by inch, that I'm wrong and wrong-headed at each and every ——"

"Please—please!"

"Why, don't you like joking? My idea was it helped to while away these long November afternoons very —— I was going to say—of course you were right again when you said that the best thing I could possibly do is to go home right now: get the merriment all out into the nice balmy sunshine—everybody sit around and laugh

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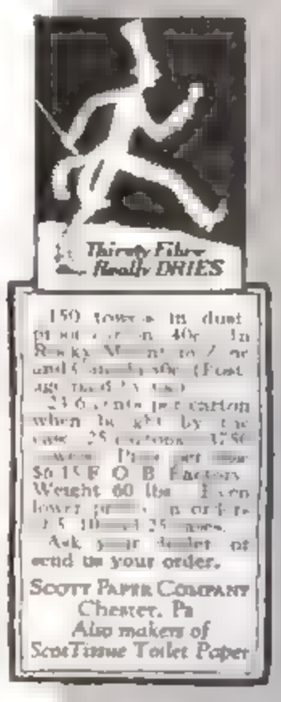


In the home, office, factory, garage—wherever there is need for clean safe towels that really dry—ScotTissue Towels do just that because of their soft, white, Thirsty Fibres.

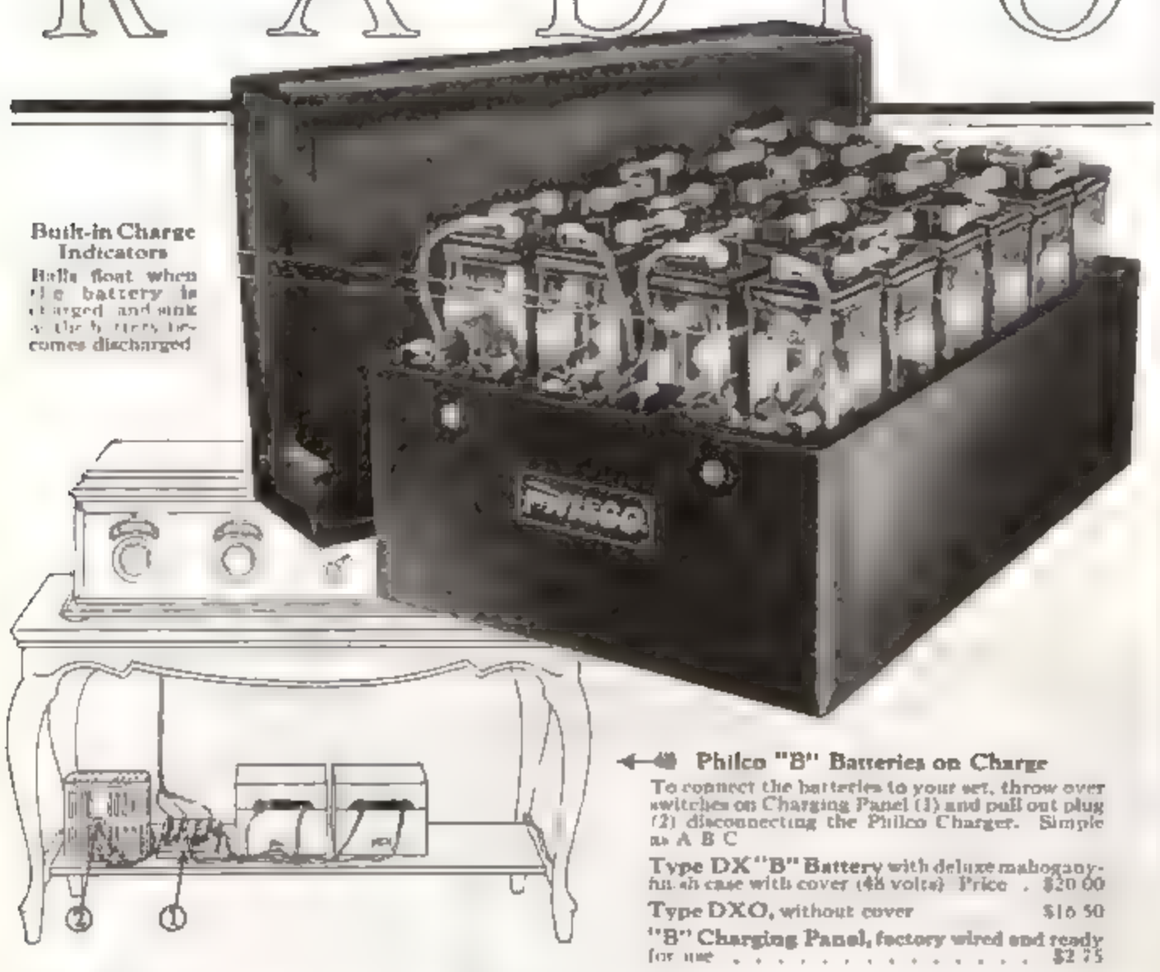
Children in the home make ScotTissue Towels invaluable to Mother. Drying little hands and faces, picking up spilled liquids, as bibs and napkins and many other uses that Mother only knows. A generous sample of 25 towels will be sent prepaid for 10c, stamps or coin.

Ask your dealer or send us your order.
SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa
Also makers of ScotTissue Toilet Paper

Scot Tissue Towels

Solves your towel problem

RADIO



Philco "B" Batteries on Charge

To connect the batteries to your set, throw over switches on Charging Panel (1) and pull out plug (2) disconnecting the Philco Charger. Simple as A B C

Type DX "B" Battery with deluxe mahogany-finish case with cover (48 volts) Price . $20.00
Type DXO, without cover $16.50
"B" Charging Panel, factory wired and ready for use $2.75

Recharge in your living room without changing a wire!

You need storage "B" batteries because clear and distant radio reception depends on steady, non-drooping voltage and strong, hum-free current.

Philco has made "B" storage batteries easy, convenient and economical to operate.

To Recharge—just throw the Charging Panel switches and insert the plug in the Philco NOISELESS Charger. Cost—five to ten cents.

You don't move the batteries nor disconnect a wire. You avoid all danger of getting positive and negative mixed and burning out tubes.

Clean, Dry and Beautiful. The tightly sealed glass cells are assembled in Adam-brown mahogany-finish cases harmonizing with radio cabinets and furniture.

Built-in Charge Indicator. Tells you at a glance how much charge is in the battery at any time. Does away with the old-fashioned hydrometer.

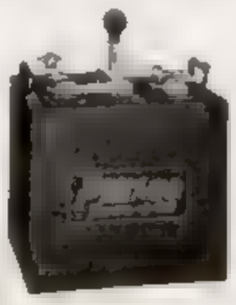
You can buy Philco "B" Batteries and Chargers—also Philco "A" Batteries of similar convenience—at your nearest Philco Service Station, Radio or Music Dealer's.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, *Philadelphia*

Philco Pressed-Glass Case "A" Batteries

Spray proof. Stay dry and clean always. Built-in Charge Indicators.

Type UD86 for storage battery tubes. . $16.00
Type UD44 "a dry cell replacement" enabling you to get better results out of dry cell tubes. Only three required, and these dry cells may be installed permanently in the radio cabinet. Price $8.00



Philco Mahoganized-Case "A" Batteries

Type RAR and RW for storage battery tubes. In place of Philco brown mahogany finish cases harmonizing with your radio cabinet. Price . . . . . $14.50 up

Philco Charge Tester permanently mounted in filler cap—avoids fussing with a hydrometer $1.00 extra.

Philco Single Charger for all "B" batteries and UD44 "A" Batteries. Noiseless. Price $9.75
Philco Double Charger for all "B" batteries and UD86 "A" Batteries. Noiseless. Price $15.00
Charger prices include plugs and receptacles which enable you to recharge without changing wires or moving batteries.

PHILCO
DIAMOND GRID
BATTERIES

and smack our legs—ha-ha! Then when we're all tired of that joke—well, as I've intimated, you and Merry Andrew will try to start another."

"Oh, Andrew!" said Mary Jackson faintly. "You do this in such a lovely way—it's so perfect," she continued, on a firmer note, "I—it makes me seem just obstinate to —— But this has happened suddenly for us both, and I'm obliged to think that some day you'll ——"

"I tell you," he said, with a funny face and his eyebrow cocked, "I've growed up!"

"You'll miss all this wonderful background, this stimulus that's meant so much to you; you'll want it and need it. I can't help picturing you as growing restless, unable to work, dissatisfied—unfulfilled. And, Andrew, you couldn't hide it from me! I'd know, and ——"

"Hide! Hide nothing!" cried Andrew, with his mysterious elation. "When I feel that way—and I dare say I will sometimes—d'you know what I'll say? 'Miss Beauchamps! We find we're going to Paris at once. You stay right here till we get back!' Why, you didn't think those other obligations you've got besides me—those mines and mills and camps, that kind of thing—were going to clamp us in Michigan all the rest of our lives! I tell you I'll come over here whenever I jolly well feel like it—and you'll come with me, you bet!"

Oh, that touched her!

"I begin to be a little frightened," she said, trying, not very successfully, to smile, "because I don't see exactly how I'm ever going to resist you in anything. But, dear Andrew, suppose we don't decide anything now. Can't we just let everything stand for a few days, longer if we like, so that we can have a little time really to see what we want?"

Then Andrew saw that her doubt of him—born of his recent inglorious exhibition and her own breakdown that had mortified her so—died hard. Either the shadow of that doubt would stand between them forever or he had to explode it here and now.

He released her wrists, and leaning forward kissed her gently—all but absently indeed—on the cheek. "I must come through, I must come clean," thought the learned young man; and something far away inside of him seemed to squirm a little, and flinch. He straightened suddenly and put his hands on her shoulders.

"Listen, Mary. I haven't got a trace or a taint of 'nobility' in me. When I said that I wanted to go to America now, I told you the truth. I—I haven't been contented here, I haven't been happy—for a long time."

His hands dropped. He visibly lost something of his ease.

"Of course a lot of that was you; I know that. I wanted you and I couldn't have you, and crying for the moon doesn't help. But it wasn't all that—I'm telling you the truth. I got unsettled about my work, and day by day it got clearer that I really wasn't getting on—going forward. Why, I could put in my hat all the real work I've done these last six months! I was thinking just now, I did more and really better work one summer in Columbus, when I was twenty, just out of college, than I've done all this year here. I—it's hard to explain," he said, beginning to grope a little, "because I don't seem ever to have thought about it really, with a—an open mind; but when you speak of my getting restless and dissatisfied in America—well, it seems to me now that's pretty much the way I have been here, for months and months. I don't get that stimulus you speak of the way I did at first. I've been perfectly conscious of that all this year—and then other things that I didn't analyze. I've felt lonely; not just personally, but in my work—isolated. I certainly have enjoyed seeing men from home this year—looked forward to talking with them missed them when they went. Yes, and I think now I've missed the stuff—the source they've got After all, you know, what I write isn't drawn from Europe. I it's ——"

Her fascinated gaze upon him had taken on a dumfounded quality, and he recognized it. Perhaps she would think this, too, just a generous stroke of his, the crowning touch in his sacrificial deceit? "I must come clean," thought Andrew; and he expostulated, beginning to feel a strain:

"If you think this is inconsistent with what I've said and done all along—well, it is, of course! I don't explain it. I'm just telling you the truth—what's actually happened to me. I suppose—the fact is ——"

And then, by another flash, the young man saw what the fact was, knew precisely what had happened to him. He had the strange word, the brilliant phrase, that would explain it all perfectly, forever. And he hesitated. That darling self-love of his reared its small head again, and Andrew stood tongue-tied, with a faint sense of shock.

"What, Andrew?"

Her absorbed gaze was full of wonder, of trust and of love. It surprised her when he answered her, after the appreciable pause, with one of those sudden laughs of his, excited, yet entirely gay. Well, for that matter, it surprised Andrew to hear his laugh come out gay. But his angels attended him that day, no doubt, and in that instant he had vividly perceived his own supreme ridiculousness.

He leaned forward and put his lips against Mary Jackson's ear, warm and living it was, a kiss it was, through which he whispered, laughing, "D'you think you can keep a secret that I've never told even to myself till just this second? . . . *I've changed, Mary! I've changed!*"

"Changed!"

"The very word for it!" he all but giggled, in her ear. "I've just seen! . . . Why, I declare!" he exclaimed in another tone, astonished, his laughter ceasing. "That's it! I'd never have had that fight with Ludenburg if I hadn't!"

Deeply affected, she lifted her arms to enfold him; but he wasn't there. He had straightened abruptly and shied off, all his thought flowing inward, engrossed.

"Well! That's funny. Well, no matter!" he threw out, a pace or two off, staring at nothing, his head cocked almost as if he were listening for something. . . . "You know, America's the same old national Rotary Club as ever—vulgar as—oh, my! Don't you think I've changed about that! But," said he, staring, while an absolutely startled look flashed over his face—"but I don't belong *here*, and that's a fact. Why, just as you said, that night!"

"Oh, Andrew!" said Mary, her heart ready to burst.

"'My country, 'tis of thee,'" replied Andrew oddly; and then, suddenly and most oddly, blew his nose.

"You know," he resumed, when that was done, "if I read about myself in a story, how I'd laugh—and how I'd pan the daylights out of the author of my being, in my review. Sentimentalism—whew! It makes us clever young men froth and shudder just to think of it. . . . Well, it must be that I'm not so clever as I was three years ago—and I don't seem to care."

He came edging and slanting back to her where she leaned against the wall, by the telephone; rather tentatively, experimentally, he slid an arm about her waist; it remained there; he, his person, came nearer; gradually he brought his cheek against hers, and that too seemed to be the right idea; and then he took a long breath and settled there, against her shoulder. He seemed to her like a little boy again, and she knew that he was fulfilled now, and released.

"You know, Mary," he said, when that peace had filled and possessed them both, "when I left home and went to tell my mother good-by, she seemed to understand all this—just instinctively, I mean. She said to me, looking over her spectacles, a kind of way she does, 'Don't you stay over there too long, my son, for when you haven't any roots, it's hard to be happy.' I suppose I've thought of that a thousand times. You'll like her, Mary, I know you will—and she'll know all you've done for me, without my saying anything."

So when the functionary knocked and entered, which he happened to do at about that time, very impressive with his lists and his morning coat, his interesting teeth and really valuable whiskers, it didn't seem strange at all when Andrew—interrupted in examining a very pleasant print of the execution of Marie Antoinette, on the wall by the piano—turned and said:

"Oh, yes—good evening—thank you! No trouble about accommodations at this season, of course; but what's sailing this week? Our party consists of three—Mademoiselle Jacqueson, Mademoiselle Beauchamps and myself, Monsieur Breed."

That, as I say, seemed natural enough to Mary and Andrew now. But it must be admitted that Mademoiselle Beauchamps, chancing to reënter the room, looking for her tea, in the very middle of the strange young man's speech, looked exceedingly surprised.

(THE END)

YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD OF THE ONE-HOSS SHAY

You've probably heard of the one-hoss shay
That ran so well and then one day
Just fell in a heap of quick decay.
Your motor car is going that way!

With "Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linch pin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;—
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died."

In the shay or the car there is always a spot
Where the elements gain a chance to rot.

The months roll by; the shine has gone,
And the owner neglects to put one on.

"There are traces of age in the ten-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay.
But nothing local as one might say."

Mist and the dews have won in the test,
Rust and ruin have done for the rest.

Till "First a shiver and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meetin'-house clock;—
The poor old shay in a heap or mound
As if it had been to the mill and ground!"

* * *

Reader pause, as the poets say;
Ponder the fate of the poor old shay.
A glistening, durable Da-cote dress
On in a day for three dollars or less
All done at home without bother or mess—
Ruin of rust, of rain and dew
Vanish and leave the old car new.

The skill is in the can

Murphy makes many varnishes which only a trained painter can apply—but Da-cote is made for *you*.

The skill you lack is in Da-cote itself.

Your uneven brushwork with other enamels you have tried has resulted in streaks, laps and brush-marks. Da-cote is different.

These evidences of unskilled painting disappear—melt into a smooth, even, brilliant surface. Da-cote is varnish and color blended—for a one-coat, one-day job. It is called Da-cote because it dries in a day.

To prove how easy it is to Da-cote—try it first on porch chairs, a bicycle, ice chest, baby carriage. Then you'll *know* you can paint your car.

Write for a color card. Your best paint store probably sells Da-cote.

Murphy Varnish Company

Newark, N. J.
Chicago, Ill.

San Francisco, Calif.
Montreal, Canada

ATWATER KENT

LOUD SPEAKERS

Bring Out the Best from Any Set

Set the Music Free

THERE IS A WORLD OF PLEASURE in the air. Set it free within your home. Let all your family share it with you through an ATWATER KENT Loud Speaker.

Here is the magic touch that makes your radio a living thing—that faithfully re-creates music with all the feeling of the artists who produce it . . . and adds a vivid realism to the plays, the sermons, the lectures and the daily news being broadcast every day and every night.

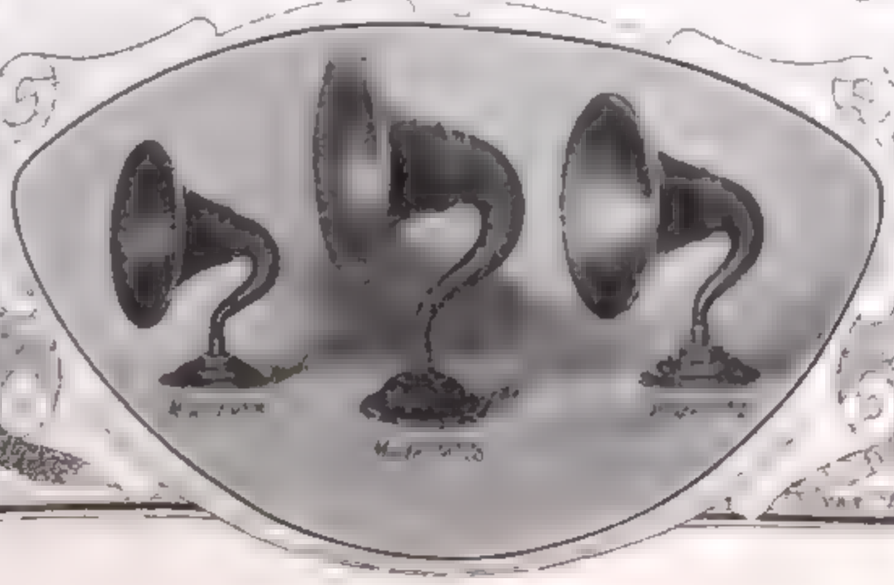
Rich in tone, full and clear in volume, the ATWATER KENT Loud Speaker opens up for everyone a new source of fascination and delight.

This master-piece—this priceless contribution to radio enjoyment is the product of the makers of ATWATER KENT Receiving Sets. Back of them is the accumulated experience of more than a quarter of a century in the manufacture of scientific electrical instruments.

Your dealer has three models. Hear one today.

Instructive literature on request.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4703 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



WITH PENCIL, BRUSH AND CHISEL

(Continued from Page 28

mentioned elsewhere, so few sculptors are good draftsmen and consider the value of light and shade as a painter would. This lack of emphasis is responsible for the effect achieved in the flat stamp. Of course I lacked the assistance of a professor from the Victoria and Albert Museum, but my knowledge of painting and drawing seems to have supplied the omission.

When I was occupied with the memorial to the Duke of Coburg for Sandringham Church, the question of inscription and armorial bearing had to be decided. I submitted my designs, and in reply received the following letter from Sir Arthur Ellis:

"*Dear Mr. Fuchs:* Personally I prefer the Gothic shields as more in harmony with the rest of the surrounding church decoration and the actual monument itself.

"But your heraldic drawing is deplorable, my dear friend—your Russian eagle is a gruesome fowl like a plucked turkey in a poulterer's window! Look for a piece of Russian money (rouble) or on the back of the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage medal—*There* is a beautiful heraldic spread double eagle! which will put your miserable pullet to flight!"

When I submitted my sketch for the Prince Christian Memorial at Osborne, the Duchess of Coburg wished me to make a bust of the late Duke. She asked if I could progress far enough with the model to make it possible to bring it to Coburg that summer and finish the work there. To escape the dull season in London one would probably be content with a far less important excuse.

Coburg is a small town in Thuringia. It is in close proximity to the Grand Duchy of Weimar, better known on account of its having been the home of Goethe and Schiller and, later, of Abbé Liszt.

Close-Ups of Royalty

The court in Weimar had traditionally favored art and artists, which had made it famous. Like the Medicis, the Weimarians knew that art endures, and, that they themselves might endure, they closely interwove their lives with the great men of their time.

Coburg leaves no such inheritance to posterity. Their ruling families have been related to almost all the reigning houses of Europe and have been so enormously rich that this they considered quite sufficient to insure to them immortality. The castle is a splendid building, commensurate with their great wealth. It contains nothing which differs much from other abodes of its kind. The room allotted to me was none too elaborate either in its decoration or its furnishings, which was only natural, considering that I was to work there in plaster.

The court spent the summer not far away at Castle Rosenau, a rather simple house for royalty. I was asked for luncheon several times, which was served in a vaulted room of ample proportions, leading into the garden. The windows were so small that the light it received from outside was only that of the blazing sun reflected from the white sand. With the exception of the Princess Marie of Rumania, now the Queen of Rumania, the whole family was present.

The Dowager Duchess, a daughter of Czar Alexander II of Russia, was a lady of generous proportions, whose English abounded with the idiom which is so attractive a characteristic of the Russians and which they seem to retain in spite of their superior linguistic talents. Three of her four daughters were there, all of whom were so beautiful that it has never been decided which was really the handsomest: Victoria Melita, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who afterward left the Duke and married the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia; Alexandra, Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg; and the then unmarried Princess Beatrice, who later married a member of the Spanish Court, a cousin of the present King, thereby incurring the displeasure of their mother as well as of the King of Spain, on account of their difference in religion. She was Protestant, while her husband was Catholic.

A Race Against Time

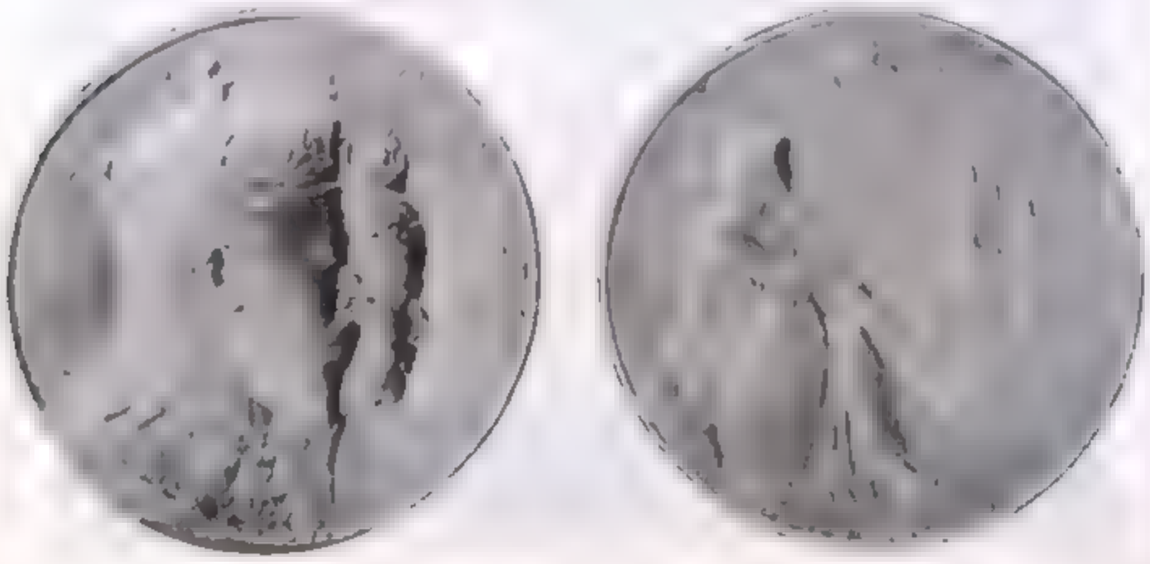
Besides these there was the young Duke of Coburg, a son of the late Duke of Albany, who was the youngest of King Edward's brothers, and also the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, eldest daughter of Princess Christian, in honor of whose son's memory I was designing the memorial.

The party was a happy one. The Grand Duchess was most amusing and always ready for a joke. Once at the luncheon table she told one of her stories which was so funny that the servants could only with difficulty keep their serious expressions. When she noticed this she and the others purposely continued to say laugh-provoking things until at last one of the servitors was compelled to place his dish on the sideboard to regain his customary composure. They were all Russian guardsmen, each one a giant, who had probably been in the royal service all their lives. As it was a hot summer's day and the life at Rosenau so informal, they were in all white uniforms, a most imposing sight.

During my stay came the news of the death of Empress Frederick, which threw nearly all the courts of Europe into deep mourning.

The Duchess, who was a great patron of music and especially of Bayreuth, where she was a regular attendant at the performances, offered me her tickets for Parsifal. I was to go with her chamberlain, H. de Vignau. To travel from Coburg to Bayreuth, although the distance as the crow flies is short, required considerable planning, on account of the side lines with poor connections which one had to use. We carefully studied the time-tables and left early enough to arrive in good time, for it was a rigid rule that the instant the conductor made his bow the doors must be closed, and no one, however exalted he might be, could be admitted before the end of the act.

Everything went like clockwork until we arrived at a station where we were to take the branch line which would bring us to Bayreuth and found that this connection had been abolished, and was of course not noted on the old time-table. This was hard luck, but we did not give up. Upon consulting with the stationmaster we learned that the distance was not great, only a few miles away. When we asked him to provide a special train he looked at us with astonishment and said, "Have you any idea



The Obverse and Reverse of the Coronation Medal

A bottle of milk is a bottle of health

"Don't fear winter-Enjoy it"

Enjoyment of winter, with its snow and ice and rain, demands preparedness on the part of all. Richer blood, healthier bodies, greater vigor—these fortify against relentless cold. Milk, plenty of it, builds these fortifying qualities, in young and old alike.

Milk builds permanent nerve and body tissues. Don't fear winter, enjoy it! Get well—*keep well! Drink more bottled milk*—at mealtime and between meals, too.

* Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

Bottled milk is clean and protected. Be sure the milk you buy is bottled in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles—your guarantee of *full-measure*, and good evidence that your milkman is progressive and gives good service.

THATCHER MFG. COMPANY
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Operating nine large factories devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Superior Quality Milk Bottles.

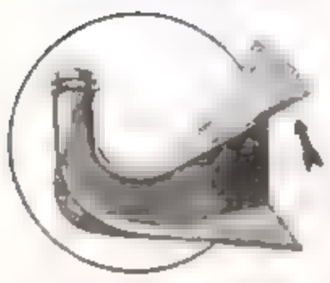
Look for the Thatcher imprint on the bottle's lower edge. It's your milkman's guarantee of Honest Measure—always.

THATCHER
Superior Quality Milk Bottles

The radio takes its place among great musical instruments

Now a Radio Speaker free from Mechanical Noise

IT took phonographs years of experiment to progress from shrill tin horns to the perfect mellow tones of today. Now the Sonora Radio Speaker with a single step brings to radio this same refinement of tone



A cross section of the Sonora tone chamber. In all Sonora instruments the "horn" or tone chamber is made of many thicknesses of wafer-thin veneer—laid with alternating grain to neutralize vibration

Here in a compact, graceful little cabinet is built the identical tone chamber of the famous Sonora phonograph.

This tone chamber is made of many plies of thin, seasoned wood—neutralizing vibration, eliminating harsh overtones. Every delicate shading of tone is faithfully reproduced in its original beauty. With this perfectly designed tone chamber, the radio takes its place among great musical instruments.

Stop in at your dealer's and hear this instrument for yourself. You will also find a complete selection of Sonora Phonographs and Radio-Phonographs—in each a beauty of tone you never dreamed of before. Sonora Phonograph Company, 279 Broadway, New York City.

Sonora CLEAR AS A BELL Radio Speaker

The new Sonora Radio Speaker with an all-wood tone chamber—no mechanical noise—no harsh overtones. Can be plugged into any radio set—no extra batteries needed

Price, $30

what this will cost?" We confessed we had not. "It will cost you one hundred marks, paid in advance."

We smiled at him, placed the money in his hands and urged him to hasten, which he did. He had no coach available, but he had an old engine such as they use in the stations for shifting. To this he attached a cattle car with two chairs, and off we went as rapidly as the steam would carry us. We looked alternately out of the car and at our watches. The engine seemed to crawl and the watch hands to fly. There were only fifteen minutes left, and we began to resign ourselves. Under the most favorable circumstances we could not have done better than five minutes late. When we reached the station a crowd had assembled, for it was already known that a special train was due, which could mean only royalty or a multimillionaire. The way was clear, but on account of the crowd which followed us we had to take a cab, although our watches told us it was useless to hurry now, as we were too late.

But—when we arrived the usher was just closing the doors and he let us slip in. By a most unusual and rare coincidence, the conductor had been detained that day by an unavoidable accident which made him late, too, an almost unheard-of occurrence, though much to our gratification and to the amusement of the royal guests when we reported it next day.

Acceptable Gifts

The South African War came to an end. With the defense of Ladysmith and Mafeking, England proved that if she is called Bulldog it is justly so, as she has every claim to the title. In generals she added two names to the long list of her national heroes and her idols—Sir George White and Baden-Powell.

Sir George White I first met when he was posing in my studio for a portrait which Laszlo was painting by command of the Queen. His head in profile was even more interesting than full face. The features showed every indication of the ascetic life to which he was accustomed; deep sunken eyes, a forceful aquiline nose and a determined mouth, habitually used to command and to exact obedience. His skull was remarkable; in profile especially could be discerned the unusual amount of brain space; and, as if the natural flow of contour were not enough, he bore on the top of his head an additional eminence. The enthusiasm after his return and the eagerness of the entire populace to entertain and fête him was more than he cared for, and he often spoke of it as being so different from his hitherto rigid life.

"Have you any suggestion as to the reverse side of the medal?" I asked him one day when I had nearly finished my medallion of him.

"Yes," he replied; "I would like you to use my motto," and he wrote on a slip of paper—"Honeste Parta."

Sir Robert Baden-Powell did not so much mind the adulation which fell to him as his share. He even enjoyed it. It reminded me of the famous actress who instructed her secretary to read to her only those criticisms which were eulogistic. One day he said, "Do you still wish me to continue? Don't you tire of the monotony?"

"You have no idea," she replied, "of the amount of praise one can stand."

When I moved to my new studio in Regent's Park I saw much of Sir Robert. He was a clever draftsman, quite an artist, and an amusing companion. The Commonwealth of Australia presented him with two saddle horses, a white and a black, splendid specimens. When the black one was no longer useful for the saddle he placed it in my care. At about this time Countess Deym, the widow of the late Austrian ambassador, made me a present of the hansom in which her husband used to drive about town. The two combined made an admirable turnout for me, and enabled the horse to have many easy and comfortable years.

The Blue Monkey's Wit

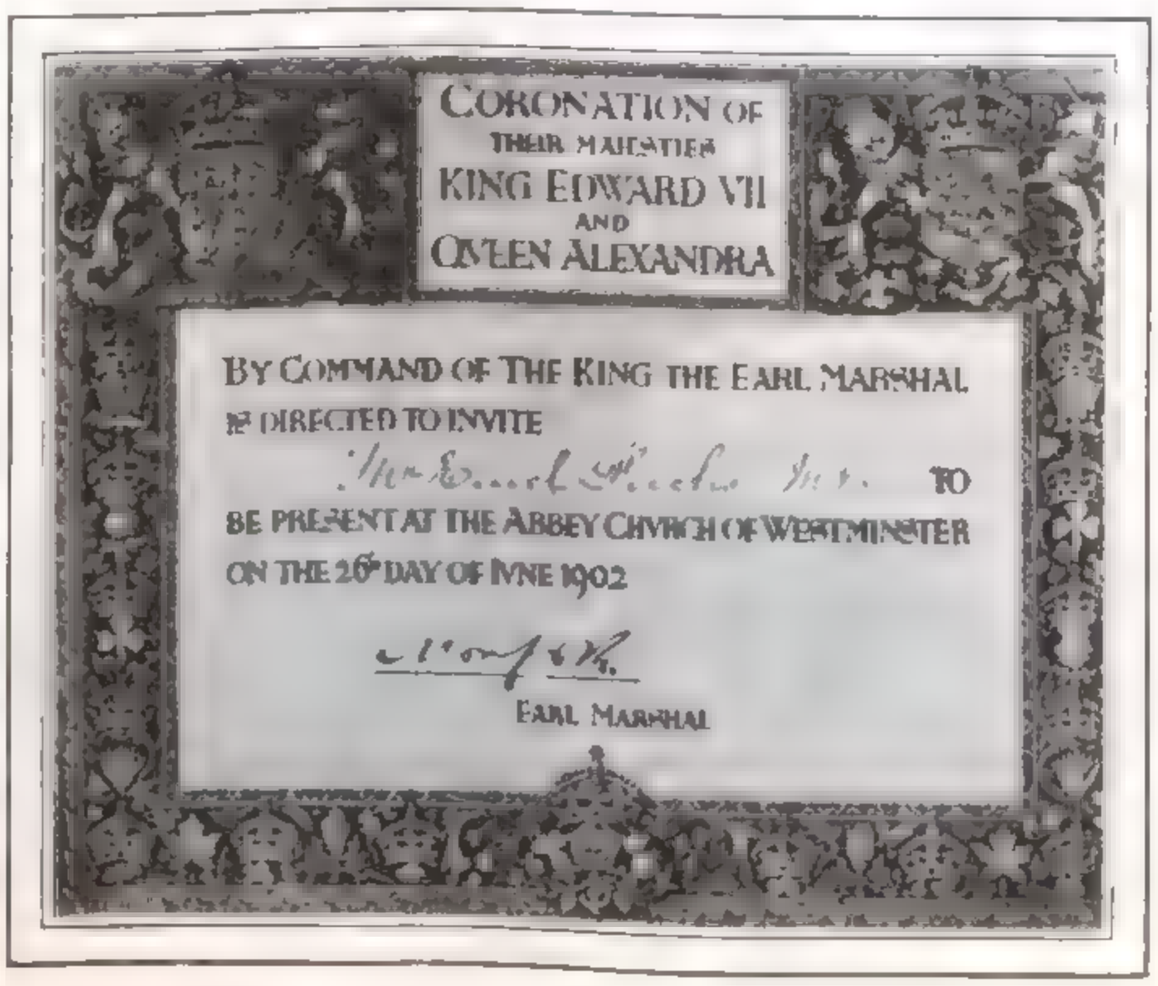
The more I worked in oil the more fascinating it became. It seemed to fill a gap in my existence. Many orders for portraiture could not be so successfully executed in sculpture as in painting. The moment color is the dominant factor, clay, marble and bronze cease to be the correct media, and if an artist employs them in these circumstances it is only because he is not able to do otherwise. Fortunately I was no longer compelled to do this, and soon was making a clear distinction among my sitters as to whom to portray in the one and whom in the other medium. Two commissions which I had on hand were manifestly problems of color. One was that of Maud Ashley, the very attractive daughter of Sir Ernest Cassel; the other, the Marquess de Soveral, who was the Portuguese Minister to the Court of St. James's. He was favored by the gods—not good-looking, but different from anybody else. His face was nearly as round as a billiard ball and the few remaining hairs on his head were carefully parted. He had bushy eyebrows and wore a heavy mustache, most punctiliously turned up, and an imperial, all of which were jet black. His cheeks were shaved, but the hair growth was so strong that it gave his skin a bluish tinge, which earned him the nickname of blue monkey. He was an amusing and keen-witted man.

One night when he was dining at the house of Sir Ernest Cassel, the financier, who shared equally in the friendship of the King, His Majesty was present and suddenly called across the table: "Last night I saw the revival of Oscar Wilde's Importance of Being Earnest. Do you know it, Soveral?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "but I know the importance of being Sir Ernest."

A party without him seemed incomplete. He was equally at home at Sandringham, at Windsor, Sunderland, Devonshire or Dorchester House. When the father of the present King of Portugal came on a visit

(Continued on Page 109)



The BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PHILADELPHIA

Chestnut at Ninth Street

TO those travelers whose business or pleasure or friendly visitations may bring them to the City of Philadelphia:

Be it known that, on the fourteenth day of the first month of this present year, in this city there was open'd to the public a new and most modern hostelry and one of great size.

So large, indeed, is this new inn it towers sixteen stories from the ground, and in it are contain'd more than twelve hundred guest-rooms. In all the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania there is no tavern so large as this, and few in all the world more spacious.

Each guest-room has the outside light and air, and to each such room there is adjoin'd a bathroom fitted with all conveniences that skillful craftsmen of the day may bring.

Three eating-rooms do well and most compleatly serve "the inner man". There is a splendid formal dining-hall; a grill—"Poor Richard's Room"; a coffee-room, for those in haste at meal times.

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(Continued from Page 106)

to London, Soveral gave several parties at the legation which were the talk of the town. At one of these, a dinner, the King made him a marquess. Shortly after this a relative died and left him a fortune.

When I commenced his portrait the question of uppermost importance was dress; he was known as one of the best-dressed men in London. Men's clothing seems so simple that it was astounding what an infinite variety he achieved in frock coats, light waistcoats, ties and spats. We went through his wardrobe to make the final selection, and the quantity of suits it contained seemed incredible, veritably an embarrassment of riches.

The first pose he assumed was so characteristic of the man that I promptly adopted it. He was seated in a chair with his legs crossed and his hands resting upon one of his countless canes, which, in this instance, was the King's latest Christmas gift and was crowned by an immense lapis lazuli. In his right hand he held the ubiquitous cigar, the size and quality of which were rivaled only by the King's own brand. The Duchess of Manchester, whose brother owned plantations in Cuba, arranged that they should both be supplied with the best cigars to be procured.

During his sittings there was never lack of company; visitors were so many that I was vividly reminded of Velasquez's immortal Las Meninas. As a natural consequence, criticism started with almost the first stroke of the brush. It was an easy way to show one's deep interest, friendship and devotion to the sitter, quite indifferent as to the feelings of the artist. Luckily, he was too well accustomed to such fulsome praise to have it affect his equilibrium, and he continued his regular and intelligent sittings, thus enabling me to make a good likeness of him.

Young Cassel's Raise

Maud Cassel was the only daughter of Sir Ernest. The story of Sir Ernest's life reads like a fairy tale. He came to London when still a boy and entered the banking house of Bischoffsheim & Co. in an insignificant capacity. There he soon gave evidence of extraordinary ability and he advanced rapidly. One day the house was confronted with a difficult situation, the handling of which presented seemingly insuperable obstacles to all. Young Cassel suggested a solution which appeared to be feasible, and was intrusted with the task. Having accomplished it successfully to the complete satisfaction of his superiors, he was called into the office and informed: "We are entirely satisfied with the manner in which you have discharged this undertaking and, as an indication of our appreciation, we have decided to raise your salary to five hundred pounds.

Young Cassel calmly replied, "I suppose you mean five thousand pounds."

Whereupon everyone looked with astonishment at everyone else, but Mr. Bischoffsheim retorted just as calmly and promptly, "Yes, sir."

He was soon made a partner in the concern, but the flight of his imagination probably soared too high and his vision was too magnificent for them to follow; so they parted and he went into his own business. In a modest three-room office, his transactions embraced the whole globe. He negotiated for railroads in the most inaccessible parts of Sweden, Russia, Mexico; with Baron Hirsch, whose firm friend he was, he planned the complete system of railroads for Turkey and Anatolia. Loans of such magnitude were arranged that even the Rothschilds would have considered twice before entertaining them. No proposal was too big for Ernest Cassel. His name became a magic word in the world of finance.

One day, so the story goes, a man approached Lord Rothschild with a scheme for the irrigation of the Nile Valley. Since the days of the Pharaohs similar projects have been promoted. The Nile, like any other stream, is dependent for its water supply upon the moods of Dame Nature. Some years there is such an abundance that the banks overflow; in other years the drought causes a catastrophe equally disastrous. If only the supply might be regulated, it was believed that Egypt would know such an era of prosperity as only one's wildest dreams can conceive. This man, then, was received by Lord Rothschild, who, after hearing his plan, said sarcastically, with a shrug, "Such fantastic ideas find encouragement only with Ernest Cassel."

The man probably did not even know at that time who Ernest Cassel was, but he soon learned. Cassel listened to him and asked him to leave his papers to study, promising to return them in a few days, which he did. Then Cassel chartered a steamer and invited on a trip to Egypt a party of friends, financiers and others, including Sir George Baker, the famous engineer who built the bridge over the Firth of Forth, and Sir John Aird, the contractor.

And while his friends enjoyed themselves, he spent his time investigating and planning and calculating. A few years later this problem, which had baffled the engineering world for centuries, was solved by the genius of one individual. And, as was predicted, irrigation brought untold riches to the country. The cotton crops were uniform from year to year; the value of the land rose accordingly; and it would not be surprising to know that, in spite of his fabulous wealth, old Rothschild regretted he had not been a bit more generous with his time and attention when the little unknown man laid before him the product of his fertile mind.

Ernest Cassel had many admirable qualities, the most important of which was his ability to remain silent. Every man knew he could go to Sir Ernest and confide his most precious secrets with the knowledge that they were buried, never to come to life again through any act of Sir Ernest's. He was lavishly generous and always headed any subscription list for a worthy cause.

For years he was in charge of the King's financial affairs, even while he was still Prince of Wales. He could be the best of good friends, but also he had his dislikes, and in these instances he knew how to express them.

He lived in Grosvenor Square when I first started to work for him on his medallion and a marble bust for his daughter. Later he bought Brook House, in Park Lane, from Lord Tweedmouth and redecorated it—actually, he rebuilt it—until it became one of the show places of the town. The entrance hall was in blue marble from a quarry which had just been discovered in Canada, and this was the first of it to be used. It resembled lapis lazuli, so the effect may be visualized.

The house contained an abundance of the rarest pictures. At about the time when he moved into the new house he learned that Arthur Davis, one of the South African mining magnates, was in difficulties and was compelled to sell his collection, which contained choice Romneys and Raeburns, obtained before collecting had become the fashion and while he still had a wide choice. And he chose well. Sir Ernest—as he was since the Queen's Jubilee—bought up the entire collection, which appeared to far greater advantage in Brook House than it could have in Davis' flat in St. James Place.

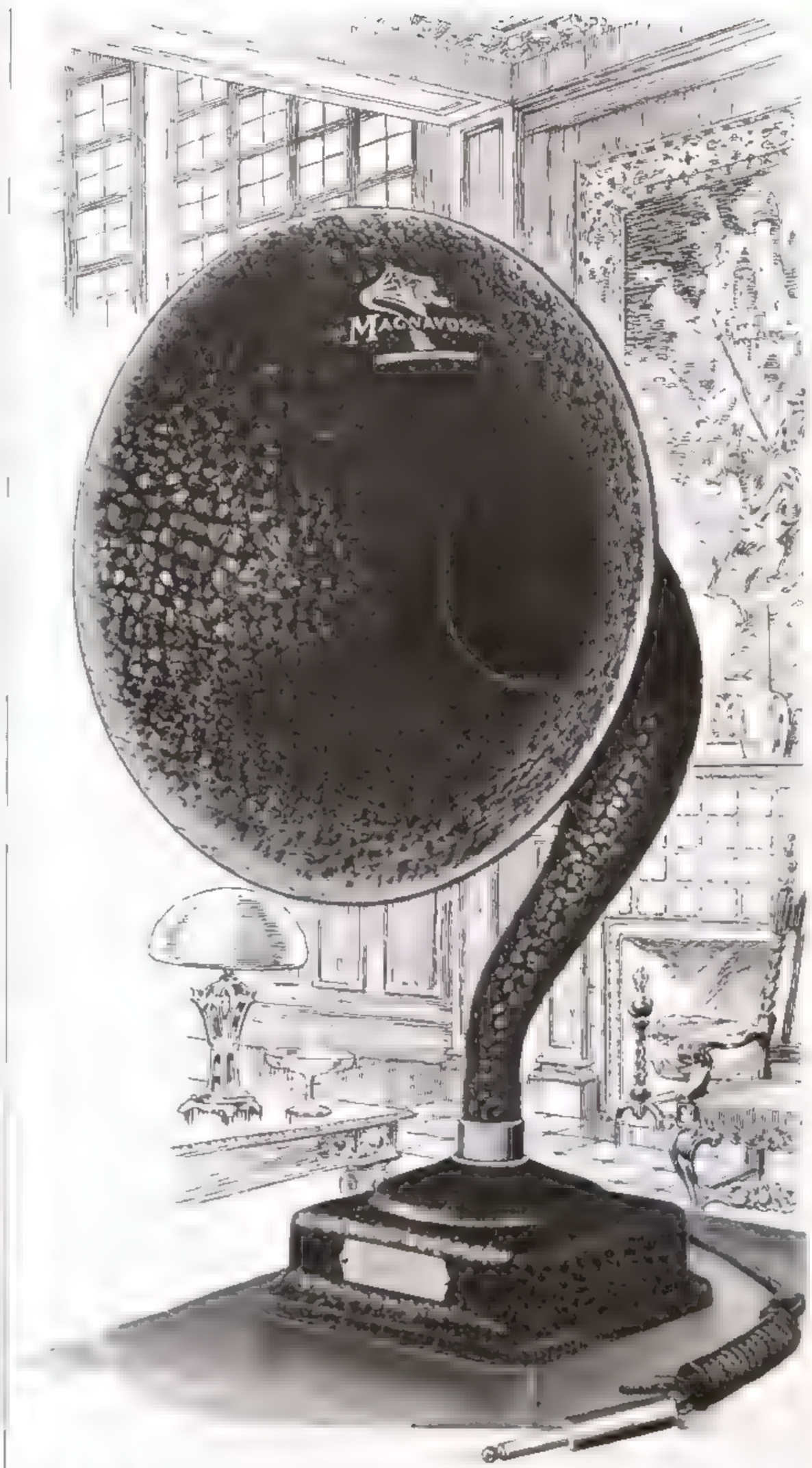
Sir Ernest's Daughter

During the racing seasons, twice a year, Moulton Paddocks, his house at Newmarket, was the scene of many notable parties. The King dined there often, as well as in the town house.

His daughter Maud was the most sympathetic and delightful of women, absolutely unspoiled, and with a full understanding of the needs and feelings of others, perhaps partly due to the fact that she herself had been a sufferer for much of her short life. Her husband was Wilfrid Ashley, of the Shaftesbury family, and a member of Parliament. The marriage was an ideally happy one and she bore him two children, both girls, the elder of whom, Edwina, recently married Lord Mountbatten—a grandson of Queen Victoria—and last year visited the States with him.

Many artists were permitted to work for Mrs. Ashley, for she was devoted to art. Laszlo and Zorn painted portraits of her, the better of which was that done by Zorn, and I likewise was granted this privilege, and made the bust of her as well. Alas! Like Lady Alice Montagu, her visit to this world was of but short duration, and in the prime of life she left it. Her husband had a memorial placed in Rumsey Cathedral, which he asked me to design. The group represents a woman seated on a cenotaph with a child on either side, whom she has taken into her protecting arms. Above is a medallion of Mrs. Ashley with the inscription:

"Once didst thou shine a morning star
among the living;
Now, no more, thou shinest an evening
star among the dead."



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The physician who cared for Mrs. Ashley as a child was Sir Felix Semon, the friend of her father, Sir Ernest Cassel. He was a throat specialist, esteemed as one of the best in his profession and consulted by Queen Victoria and the other members of the royal family. In a conspicuous position in his office a table had been placed containing a mighty array of photographs of celebrities of the stage and the opera, each inscribed with a flattering dedication to the physician. His wife was a singer of talent, a pupil of the famous George Henschel, who himself sang with much sentiment and understanding. Sir Felix was socially ambitious, and he and Lady Semon could be seen at all the first nights, big concerts and public dinners of importance. He was an excellent after-dinner speaker and had a remarkable memory for funny stories. Often when he was called for attention to the King's throat, which troubled him sometimes as a result of excessive smoking, he took occasion to repeat the latest jokes, to the keen amusement of those who happened to be present.

One day he regaled the King and the Duke of Connaught with some of these stories, which were particularly funny and were met with roars of laughter. Emboldened by their reception, he ventured to tell of an incident at the Queen's Jubilee, when she raised one of the professors of the medical college to the rank of Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. The man was exceedingly vain and anxious that everyone should know of the event, so when he entered the lecture room he took a piece of chalk and under his name he wrote his new title. After the lecture, when he was leaving, he turned again at the door for a last proud look, and saw that someone had added "God save the Queen." This story was harmless enough in itself, but not a muscle of the faces of his listeners so much as quivered, and Sir Felix discovered himself in a painful extremity. He bowed himself out and for some time his services at court were dispensed with. Poor Sir Felix was much distressed, but he was helpless to change matters, until one day Sir Ernest took occasion to tell the King that Sir Felix was slowly fading away with grief; so the King sent for him and forgave him. But he had had a useful lesson which served him for the future.

This little story reminds me of another which I hope is not too generally known to bear repetition. This occurred at Balmoral. After dinner, while Queen Victoria was conversing with an ambassador, her attention was drawn to a far corner where her gentlemen and ladies in waiting were assembled and whence floated repeated outbursts of suppressed laughter, in which the Queen felt she would like to participate; so she inquired what it was all about. Dead silence. Again she asked the question. One of the ladies in waiting stepped forward and explained the little joke, which, though also quite as harmless as that of Sir Felix, was not what the Queen had expected. With a stern face she announced, "We are not amused."

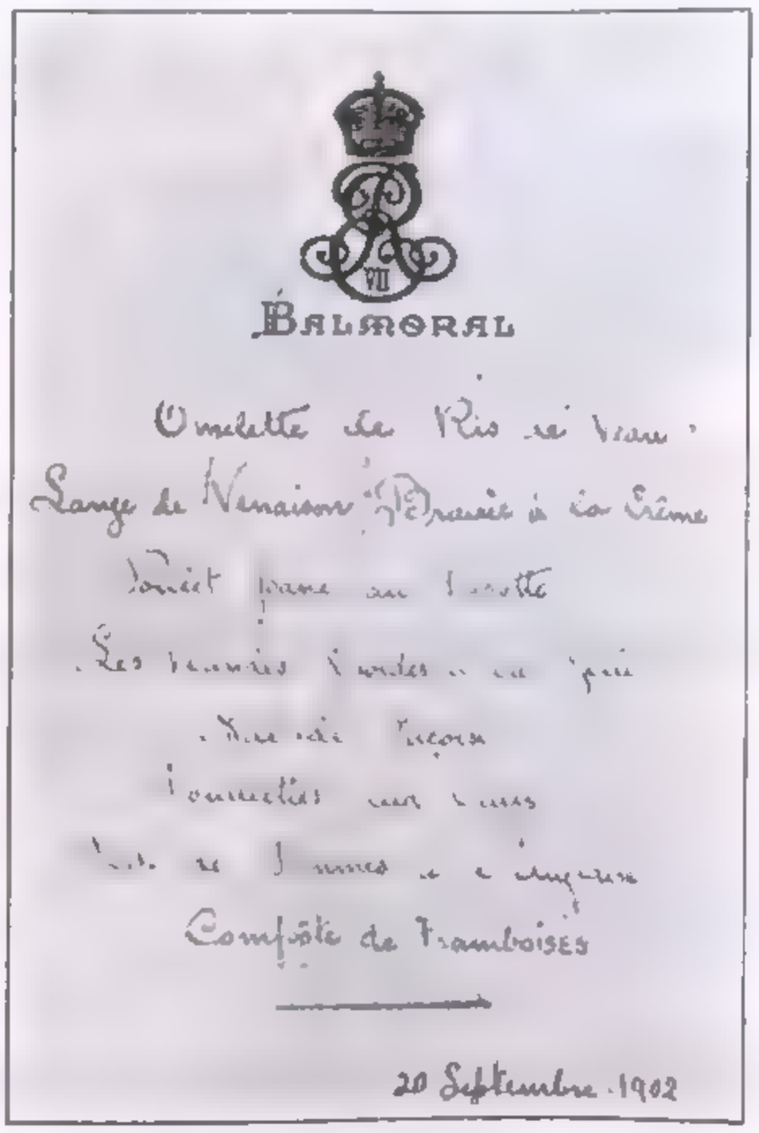
Lady Jeune's Receptions

One of the most prominent women of that time was Lady Jeune, the wife of Sir Francis Jeune, President of Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, later better known as Lord and Lady St Helier. Their house in Upper Wimpole Street was the rendezvous for many illustrious people, mostly in public life. One might call Lady St. Helier a political hostess. Her daughter, a really handsome girl, assisted her admirably at her receptions, and afterward married that St. John Brodrick so well known in Parliament, and later as Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in various other cabinet posts, including First Lord of the Treasury. The marble bust I made of her husband has been permanently placed in the Law Courts.

Lady Jeune's sister Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale—who exercised her prerogative to this title only by courtesy, even after her marriage to Major Sir William Eden Evans-Gordon—was also actively engaged in politics, but lacked that subtlety possessed by her sister. It would seem that her one political achievement was the bringing about of her husband's election to Parliament. She must have learned from her sister the benefits of extensive hospitality. Her dinner parties were far too large for the size of her dining room and she gathered together all sorts of people.

The present John Pierpont Morgan was a guest at one of these crowded dinners and smiled good-naturedly at the efforts of the servants to squeeze through the small remaining space.

There was no comparison between the culinary offerings of the Marchioness and what one might confidently expect at the Bischoffsheim house in Park or Lane, or in her country place, Warren House, near Stanmore, where the viands approached the last word in gastronomic creations. Mrs. Bischoffsheim modified the, probably to her, slightly more vulgar saying, to—"The way to people's hearts leads through their throats." She understood better than most hostesses how to make her guests happy, the secret being to leave them to their own devices. Some played golf while others motored or went on long walks with kindred spirits, or sat at cards the entire day. Mrs. Bischoffsheim stipulated only that they return for meals. I knew one counsel of the Austrian Embassy, Count B ——, who,



A Luncheon Menu

even after his transfer to Constantinople, spent his vacation at the fleshpots, except that he preferred Stanmore's to those of Babylon, for which no one could possibly blame him.

It was at Stanmore that I first met Prince Francis of Teck, the brother of Queen Mary, probably the handsomest man I have ever seen. In all my recollection there was only one other who could compare with him, and that was the late Archduke Otto of Austria, the heir presumptive to the crown. Prince Francis was not only good to look at but was a most agreeable man to meet. Absolutely democratic, he lived the life of a private gentleman in his flat in the Marylebone section, and, as may be inferred, was the most popular bachelor in London. His interest in art brought him often to my studio and in his spare moments he would sometimes pose for me. I thought it a great pity not to preserve those manly features for the future. When he died, quite unexpectedly, Queen Mary asked to see the unfinished portrait, and bought it. Fortunately the face was done, and work on the hands sufficiently far advanced so that the picture could be completed without much trouble.

On April 22, 1901, I received the following note from Sir Arthur Ellis:

"*Dear Mr. Fuchs:* The King wishes you to come with me on Thursday next by twelve o'clock midday train from St. Pancras to Sandringham, for one night, to go over the question of the Church monuments, etc., and I am desired to let you know this."

His Majesty had expressed the wish to erect a memorial to the late Queen, for which a space was to be cleared, and it was decided that all that part at the left of the altar should be reserved for the purpose, as this memorial would be more important than those which would remain.

When all these details had been settled the King invited me to stroll with him in the grounds. In the course of our walk he turned suddenly to me and said: "I would like to speak to you about the coronation medal. The time is approaching when the matter will have to be given consideration. Have you any views on the subject?"

"I have, sir," said I. "A few days ago while visiting Sir Arthur, I happened to notice a plain bronze medal which Napoleon the Great had arranged to have issued from St. Helena after his death to his former generals, the poetry of which impressed me: 'Napoleon, to his companions in glory, his last thoughts from St. Helena.' It bore the date of his death, May 5th, 1821. A wreath of laurels was around its border. This seemed a little heavy for the medal itself, but should Your Majesty approve of the idea, I should be happy to submit designs of what I have in mind."

This was my first intimation that the King wanted me to design the coronation medal. I was commissioned also to make sketches and drawings for medals for Art, Science and Music, all to bear on the obverse the image of the King and Queen. In fact, the year 1901 brought me a great volume of work for my royal master. In addition to all this sculpture I made two memorials of Empress Frederick, who died that August—one for Sandringham and one for Balmoral; and also a bust of Queen Victoria for Balmoral.

The Coronation Medal

For the coronation medal I had sittings from both Their Majesties during the spring and summer. The reverse was to be plain, with only the initials "E. R. VII." This medal was accepted just as I submitted it. The border was composed of a delicately formed wreath of laurel surmounted by a crown, through the cross of which ran the ring to which the ribbon—dark blue with a purple stripe through the center and two white stripes at the end—was attached. The demand for a coronation medal to be sold to the public became so universal that the firm of Elkington, who looked after the striking and finishing of the official medal, asked and obtained permission from the King to issue one for which they were allowed to use my portraits reversed—that is, they faced right instead of left.

The wreath around the border and the crown were omitted. This medal gave me a chance at a more elaborate reverse side, although naturally it had to be treated more or less conventionally. I depicted Britannia resting on her shield ornamented with the royal arms, with Westminster Abbey in the distance.

This popular medal was to be issued in different sizes in gold, silver, copper and even tin, and sold throughout the United Kingdom and in the colonies. Schools would offer it for prizes; some of the gold specimens would be inserted in cups or plates to make distinctive and valuable gifts. Up to the time when it was announced that the coronation would be postponed on account of the illness of the King, about 950,000 had been sold and, at the last moment, 40,000 were canceled.

The medal for Art, Science and Music gave me excellent scope for the reverse. I had a free hand for the design, and the one accepted was of three figures grouped around a fountain of truth and beauty, from which they drew their inspiration.

The medallion of Queen Victoria for Sandringham Church was somewhat larger than the others and was supported by the figures of two angels. When the legend for

(Continued on Page 113)

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(Continued from Page 110)

the inscription was submitted, the King altered the wording, which I reproduce here:

"In dutiful and beloved remembrance of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, this monument is erected by her sorrowing and devoted *son, Edward R. & I. and daughter Alexandra*"—the italicized words being in his own handwriting.

During the month preceding his coronation the King's duties pressed so heavily that those immediately about him wondered how he managed to survive the tax upon his energies. But in spite of it all he took the keenest interest in the progress of the memorial to his mother.

When the day of the coronation approached I received the official invitation to attend the ceremonies in the Abbey; but what immeasurably touched me was this note from Miss Knollys on June twentieth:

"*Dear Herr Fuchs:* The Queen thinks you may like to have one of her tickets for the Triforium in the Abbey for the Coronation.

"In greatest haste."

In consequence of this I believe I was one of few who could boast of having two tickets for this rare and impressive ceremony.

One day while painting Maud Ashley at her home, she received the call of Lord and Lady Normanton, whose country seat was in Somerley near Ringwood in Hampshire, where they spent the major part of the year. My portraits pleased them to the extent that they asked me to paint some for them too. Subsequently I went down to prepare for my work there. Somerley comprised an estate of several thousand acres with an imposing manor in stone which closely approached the Italian Renaissance in design. It was built by the father of the present peer, who filled it with many beautiful pieces of furniture, china and silver, but took especial pride in his picture collection, which was so large and important that the walls of the gallery he added to the house for the purpose were covered to the ceilings with paintings. He possessed the chiaroscuros for the window of the New College Chapel at Oxford by Reynolds, as well as his Miss Falconer by Moonlight. He had a large Sir Thomas Lawrence and a Constable, several Gainsboroughs, Guardis and Canalettos.

Each article of furniture in this vast gallery had been selected with infinite patience and understanding and without regard to the cost. The present peer married a Miss Byng, of the Strafford family, and she guarded all these treasures with jealous pride. She it was who, wishing to add to the group of ancestors, had invited me down to paint the Earl. The light coming into the gallery from the top changed throughout the day with the sun, which made it impossible to work there, inspiring as such a studio would have been, but conditions in the billiard room were better, and, as it was little used, I painted there.

Margot's Comment

The generous permission accorded to inspect the pictures and art objects attracted many visitors. One day while I was working, Mrs. Herbert Asquith came over with a party from a neighboring estate and, after having made a tour of the house and gallery, came to have a look at the portrait. The sitter and Lady Normanton welcomed an opinion from so keenly critical an eye, trained among priceless pictures.

She cast a cursory glance at it and remarked to the châtelaine: "Why don't you have your husband's portrait painted by a real artist?"

On September fifteenth I received this note from Balmoral:

"*Dear Mr. Fuchs:* The King desires me to say that he should be glad if you could come here on Saturday next (leaving London on Friday evening), so that he may be able to discuss with you the designs of Craithie Church memorials.

"Yours very truly,
"KNOLLYS."

The two memorials in question were to Queen Victoria and to Empress Frederick; the first a bust, to be placed in a niche cut in one of the monumental granite columns, and the other a medallion.

Balmoral Castle, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, belonged originally to the Farquharsons and then to the Gordons; it went afterwards to the Fifes, the last male descendant of whom was the Duke of Fife who married Louise, daughter of King Edward. Balmoral was bought by Queen Victoria in 1856 and it was the favorite home of the Prince Consort, who built the castle of granite in Norman style. The approaching visitor is greeted by the sight, many miles distant, of the big tower with its snow-white turrets. It is surrounded by mountains which protect it from the sudden onslaughts of an inclement climate. The interior is decorated with dignified simplicity and an eye to comfort rather than luxury, though this may have been only the impression produced by the general effect on me.

I spent most of my days preparing a series of rough sketches so as to have them in readiness for the King when he should arrive. There was a large house party including the Prince and Princess of Wales; Count Mensdorff, of the Austrian Embassy; Sir Michael Herbert, British Ambassador to the United States, and Lady Herbert, who was a Miss Wilson, of New York; Reuben D. Sassoon, the noted sportsman and friend of the King; Sir James Reid, private physician to Queen Victoria; Lord Mount Edgcumbe; Lord Farquhar and his deputy, Sir Charles Frederick; and Eduardo de Martino, marine painter, who was a favorite with the royal family and was often invited. Whenever the King went on a yachting trip or to Cowes, Martino was asked. His art being so limited in scope, the King's entourage would buy his marines or have him paint pictures of their yachts. Lipton was one of these firm friends "who make salt sweet and blackness bright." Although slightly paralyzed, Martino was always in good spirits and full of fun, always drawing little marines on the menus with a few well chosen lines, which he would present to a fair neighbor, adding a gallant phrase.

The night after my arrival, before going in to dinner the royal family held their usual little circle. I was standing somewhat at a distance, unobtrusively, when I noticed that the King while addressing someone in front of me, had fixed his glance on my coat. Before I could investigate to learn the cause of it, he called me to him and inquired why I did not wear the coronation medal. I had to admit that I had received none. At this moment the doors were thrown open and the party proceeded into the dining room. It was rectangular, as was the table. The guests numbered thirty-five or forty. The King sat at the center with the Princess of Wales on his right, while opposite sat the Prince of Wales with the Queen beside him. There were more gentlemen than ladies, so that De Martino and I found ourselves together at the end of the table.

After we were seated a party of bagpipers entered, gaudily dressed in their Scottish kilts and, playing their weird airs, marched three times around the table—quite an impressive ceremony.

The favorite dish of the evening seemed to be marrowbones, of a size such as I had never seen before. They were served daintily wrapped in napkins tied with ribbon. The marrow had been detached from the bone and replaced in it, and was eaten with specially made spoons with long handles. They seemed to delight everyone. De Martino, too, thoroughly enjoyed his, and had scarcely finished when a servant placed before him a huge dish of spaghetti. Poor Martino! He nearly fainted. At first he did not know what to do, but when he saw the King looking at him and smiling, he had to smile too and tackle his unwelcome course. Fortunately I alone heard his comments in Italian, and was glad, because they were not suitable for everyone's ears.

This most considerate attention the King wished to pay him was not quite fully appreciated because De Martino, ignorant of the treat in store for him, had helped himself twice to the marrowbones, which, in view of their size, was a brave undertaking.

Next morning the King sent for me rather early, and before discussing the program of the day he handed me a case containing the coronation medal, saying, "I am sorry you should have been overlooked; it was an oversight, and besides"—with a twinkle in his eye—"you ought to have one since it is your own work."

Difficulties of Sculpture

That evening at dinner the other guests wore their miniature decorations, which is the correct thing to do when in civilian clothes, and I blazed forth with my large medal, by royal command, but not in accordance with my own wishes.

During this short visit I crowded all I could into my sketchbook of portraits of the notables present, who I am sure must have heaved a sigh of relief when I left.

There was an abundance of commissions for portraits, far exceeding my fondest expectations. They averaged twenty paintings to one single bust, and that probably of someone already departed. Not seldom had I to do the portrait in painting when I felt the subject was an excellent one for sculpture, and so informed the sitter. But portraiture in sculpture somewhat resembles the taste for an oyster, in that both are acquired, except that so far the oyster still seems to have the preference. When people once learn to appreciate the difficulties represented by a likeness in marble or bronze and the art in it when it is a success, then I am confident this method will be more generally patronized. As to the difficulties—a face on canvas presents only one view, which, if likelife, is all that is expected of it. But a portrait in the round is a multiplicity of presentments from all angles. How frequent it is that the artist can obtain a good likeness in profile, when the bust would be hopelessly unlike in full face, or the contrary; which explains why patronage is denied to sculpture—the risk of failure is too obvious. In this branch of art there is no possibility of impressionism. The few attempts to introduce such practices have proved their fallacies. Those masterpieces of portraiture which gave to Rodin his name and just fame were his early works, on which he spent infinite care and time to finish them with that incomparable skill in caressing the marble, which he understood better than almost any other sculptor. When, as in later years, he left most of it in the rough, Nature's divine hand was infinitely greater and preferable. One look at his Balzac will illustrate my meaning.

Some time ago I visited an exhibition of portrait sculpture by a man well-known here and abroad, all executed in that school which attempts to express boldness by indistinctness and slurring. To employ the chisel for an impression of sketchiness seems to me like speeding in an automobile de luxe over a country road filled with cobblestones. Sketching is an art. It is the gift of expressing with full, well-defined strokes a hasty impression; and if each of these strokes testifies to the mastery of the artist the sketch often stirs the imagination by its freshness and spontaneity to a greater degree than the finished work. But to look at a sketch by a dauber is like having to read a sentence with every word misspelled.

Some of my sitters of that early period were Mr. and Mrs. Moberly Bell. Mr. Bell was the manager of the Times, a big man in stature and in mind. His head was large, with an aquiline nose, a firm mouth and a bold forehead. I enjoyed painting him, although I wished myself sufficiently advanced in my technique to let myself go as

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I did in black and white. His wife's portrait presented those problems which confront each painter who tries to portray feminine beauty in its maturer form, without adding to his palette the two essential colors known as kindness and consideration. This picture was not appreciated by the family, and forms part of my own collection. I console myself with the reflection that even the renowned Sir Joshua was not spared the disappointment of finding that some of his sitters saw themselves with "that inward eye" in an image which differed so materially from his own.

An amusing old fellow was Martin Colnaghi, the picture dealer from Pall Mall. He was a type—small, nearly eighty years old, but as agile as a lizard; longish hair curled over his ears, full white beard and mustache; and tiny eyes which saw far more than one supposed. He had a remarkable flair for old masters and bought up Frans Hals canvases long before they began to be coveted. In fact, after he had accumulated them, he also understood how to arrange for their distribution. I considered it a compliment that he should have cared to pose for me, and a greater still that the picture should have been purchased by a client of his, who took it to Germany with the intention of presenting it to a museum. If this was ever done, the echo of its report has not yet reached my listening ears.

With our new enterprises there are always critics galore—those kind friends who are so concerned for our welfare that they will stop at nothing to save us from failure and ridicule, for which they feel certain we are destined. They are the same friends who will be the first to welcome us into their outstretched arms if those predicted failures should turn out successes.

It is far from my intention to give the impression that I was one of those overwhelming successes. But once started on a clearly defined path, I persistently followed it so far without regret. And my failures have been useful in teaching me what to avoid the next time. But in art, as in other walks of life, one has to go on, satisfied with the happiness which every branch of creative occupation offers in such abundance, and with the knowledge that when the time comes that final judgment is pronounced, however adverse it may be, we shall at least be spared from hearing the decision.

Tailor Turned Art Critic

But I must admit that I was filled with joy and pride and a world of courage when, in the spring of 1903, the King commissioned me to paint his portrait, which was to be presented to his German regiment, of which he was the honorary colonel, for their messroom. He offered me a studio in Buckingham Palace, where it would be easier for him to give the necessary sittings. His valet brought the uniform and decorations, and initiated me into their intricacies. But the uniform was of German origin. The sleeves were broad and clumsy and did not fit properly. Therefore the King suggested that a partner of his tailors come and look at them and recommend the changes needed. The man came promptly to criticize—and criticism it was! After he saw my poor sleeves he left not a shred of them. I had to paint them over and over again. They gave me almost more work than the rest of the portrait, because in his officious way he took his task too seriously and the suggestion to criticize too literally. How I did wish that he would accept me as a customer of his, so that I might have my little revenge!

May, the month of the opening of the Academy, saw the King's portrait not quite finished. It is a long-established custom that the royal family selects an evening to visit the Academy privately and undisturbed. As a matter of courtesy the council, headed by the president, assembles to receive its royal guests and accompany them through the galleries. On these occasions Their Majesties invite such of their friends as they wish to honor in this manner.

That particular morning I had a sitting with the King, who, before leaving, handed me a ticket and said, "We are going to the Academy after dinner, at about nine o'clock. Will you please use this ticket?"

I bowed and thanked him, but during the day could think of little else. Knowing that since the incident of the postage stamps I was *persona ingratissima* with the Royal Academy, which I could hardly explain to the King, I did not foresee an especially agreeable meeting. Neither were my misgivings unfounded. Almost apprehensively I presented my ticket at about a quarter to nine o'clock at the landing to the big staircase, at the other end of which waited in nervous suspense Sir Edward Poynter, in his presidential robes with the chain, and the other members of the council. The outpost in gold-braided uniform inquired my name, which he reported to the group above. Consternation was noticeable, even at a distance. But there was my ticket and my name—two indisputable facts; and I was bidden to go up. The president bowed formally to me; if the others did the same it was imperceptibly. Sir Edward obviously considered this an inopportune occasion for presenting me to them. Sir George Frampton, whom I had met at the house of Lady Lewis, was present in his official capacity as a member of the council, and came up to shake hands with me, which was the extent of our conversation. Meanwhile the president and his council had retired to another position.

The next arrival was Sir Arthur Ellis, who was not long in discovering and appreciating the humor of the situation. Here was I, a guest of the Academy, so to speak, left to myself in a remote corner where I had to seek refuge in order to protect myself from the chilling atmosphere which surrounded me. He joined me, and we went together to behold the exhibits pending the arrival of the royalties.

Alma-Tadema's House

With the appearance of the King all was changed. With that exquisite *savoir-faire*, which was his own, he brought life into the assemblage. He spoke to everyone and, of course, made no exception of me. The Queen and Princess Victoria and their retinue all showed me greater consideration than did my fellow artists. When the visit came to an end and the royal party had taken leave of the proud academicians, I felt tempted to say to the president what Réjane once said to an illustrious neighbor of hers who had neglected her throughout the dinner: "Now, please let's talk of something else."

Not all artists took such an attitude toward me. The Royal Society of British Artists, of whom Whistler was a former president, invited me to become a member, and I was happy to accept. The Langham Artists Society also elected me into their council, and I can recall many pleasant hours spent with them. Even a few Royal Academicians kept up an intercourse, which one should imagine to be natural among a community of artists. One of these was Alma-Tadema, known for his true fellowship. No artist was to him too small to extend his outstretched hand to. His studio was only a short distance from mine, and sometimes on his way to town he would drop in.

He was rather a short man with a large head; his hair and beard, which had been golden, had turned almost completely gray. Always amiable, jovial and happy, he was liked by everyone. His art was then at the height of its appreciation, and at about this time he sold one of his pictures for twelve and another for eighteen thousand pounds, which contrasted sharply with the prices obtained by other immortals. His house, in Grove End Road, was one of the sights of London, probably even unique in the world. The studio was paneled in light wood richly carved; the ceiling coated with silver and toned down to an agreeable gray. The furniture had all been designed by himself. There were seats along the walls like Grecian benches. There were vases, urns and colored glass in profusion. Beautiful tissues, from the daintiest gauze to the heaviest brocades richly interwoven with threads of gold and silver, lay about luxuriously.

From the studio three steps of highly polished bronze led to a little atrium or cortile, in the center of which was a sunken basin lined with colorful mosaic, the same material with which the floor was laid out. At night this room was illuminated only by concealed lighting; and in the daytime the rays filtered through the colored glass windows, and lent it all that effect of Oriental richness which is the dominant note of Tadema's pictures. Here were the oleander trees with their blossoms of red or pink, which he liked so much to introduce into his paintings and so offset the cold whites of his marbles. A door of solid bronze also highly polished separated his studio from the rest of the house; it led immediately to a smaller semicircular space, one half of it paneled in white wood, while the other half formed a sort of conservatory leading into the garden. These panels were covered with pictures—the offerings of his host of artist friends—and included a Sargent, a Solomon, a Poynter, a Boughton, a Seymour Lucas, a J. J. Shannon, a Luke Fildes, a Mesdag and many others. Through this miniature gallery one reached the dining room, richly furnished in carved oak, with old Dutch silver on the sideboards and shelves. The intimates of the house were also permitted a glimpse of Lady Tadema's studio on the first floor, a Dutch room with high studio window, filled with a hundred and one articles of bric-a-brac, for the accumulation of which I should fancy that her friends were responsible.

Theirs was a happy family, and a large one, too, because all their many friends claimed the Tademas for themselves. Once a week they would assemble there to feast the eye and delight the ear. It was one of the few places where Paderewski would voluntarily sit at the piano and caress the keys with his magic touch. The instrument was a masterpiece both as to quality of tone and decoration. The case was of carved rosewood in harmony with the furniture, and embodied those pure classical lines that appealed so strongly to Alma-Tadema. The cover bore affectionate dedications from Paderewski and those other artists who, unable to honor the host with palette or chisel, brought their musical offerings.

After the death of Tadema the family endeavored to dispose of the house in its entirety, and it is a pity this could not have been done successfully, instead of being sold piece by piece and once more scattered over the globe in all directions, to return perhaps whence they had originally been brought to form the treasure house of a reveler in colors.

Alma-Tadema's house was in the art colony to the north, in St. John's Wood, the colony to the south being in Chelsea. Both harbored great men, whose presence has made history and fame for those suburbs. Chelsea was more densely built up and on lower ground than St. John's Wood, which is on a higher, open plain, where every home has still its small garden, which is such a comfort to those who are compelled to remain in town throughout the year.

Most of my friends were in the northern colony. Not all of them were artists. One of them was Dr. Ludwig Mond, whose house was quite near to mine.

Eventful Years

I had known Doctor Mond since my early days in Rome. Like Sir Ernest Cassel, he was a self-made man. Both came to England from the Rhine province in their youth to seek better opportunities than Germany held for them. Mond was a chemist and perfected a process of manufacturing soda which made him rich at a time when he could indulge his love for the old masters whose works were then still at his bidding. He spent his winters in Italy, especially in Rome, and each year added to his representative collection, which, now that his widow has passed away, has reverted to the National Gallery. It contains an early Raphael, two Botticellis and a Titian—today priceless treasures. In the assembling of his gallery he sought the advice and counsel of Doctor Richter, an accredited authority, whose daughter is now a member of the scientific staff of the Metropolitan Museum. With such a man to guide him, Doctor Mond was spared many of the pitfalls and disappointments nowadays so frequently encountered by collectors.

His son, Alfred, later Sir Alfred Mond, became a pillar of the Liberal Party and was a member of the Lloyd George Cabinet, as was Lulu—Lewis—Harcourt, mentioned earlier in these memoirs. He was Commissioner of Works in the Asquith Cabinet, a position for which he was ideally suited. He had love for art, and understanding too. From the beginning of our acquaintance I had done work for him and his family. It was through him that I came to know the Sheridans, his cousins, as their mothers were daughters of the eminent historian, Motley. He brought Mrs. Sheridan, Senior—the mother-in-law of Clare Sheridan—to my studio, and I designed for her a memorial to her two departed sons, which was placed in the little church at Frampton.

Evidently unclouded happiness on earth has fallen to no mortal's lot. When Bellona's trumpet blasted over the continents and kindled the passions of mankind, its echo reverberated even in the tranquillity of the studio; it resounded a thousandfold in that delicate instrument the euphonies of which we distinguish by the name of art.

There was no more peace within oneself when everything outside breathed strife; the walls of the studio seemed like the barriers of a prison. The time had come when one felt that to linger on would mean to overstay one's welcome.

When I found myself isolated and abandoned overnight, Lulu Harcourt showed sympathetic understanding and loyalty and stood by me in a manner I shall never forget. The saying that "if once an Englishman is your friend he is your friend for life" has never been more strikingly confirmed. Although then a member of the cabinet, he never hesitated about coming to my studio, thus affirming his belief in my allegiance to England, which he had never any reason to doubt. When it became evident that the conflict would be prolonged, he advised me to return to the United States to await his word to come back. He wrote frequently and proved by word and deed his unshaken faith.

An American Commission

After the signing of the Armistice I became restless and homesick for England and my studio, which I had religiously continued to keep against the day when I should be able once more to resume life in that abode which held enshrined my happiest memories. I wrote to Harcourt about this. I also deputed a friend, who was just then returning to England, to discuss with and learn from him his opinion about my contemplated return. To my regret I soon received this letter:

"*My dear Fuchs:* It was very kind of you to send me your peace medal, which was delivered to me personally by Sir J. Leigh Wood.

"I wrote to him and I dare say he will send you my letter, and said that you would be wise not to return here till perhaps late in next year. By that time the anti-foreign feeling will have begun to die down more than at present, and you will find things more comfortable. . . ."

But apparently the fates had decreed otherwise. A short time after this, like a bolt from the blue came a commission for a statue of the late H. J. Heinz, of Pittsburgh, toward the erection of which in the administration building, ten thousand workmen had contributed to honor the friend who had been a father to them. As the sketches progressed, the work increased in importance, a verification of those words of Schiller's:

"*And the much makes the more.*"

In the final form the design had expanded to a memorial with architectural background and allegorical sculpture, and it took me the greater part of three years to complete it. It overshadowed and caused me to discard all my plans for the future. It made me feel that after many years I was confronted with a propitious opportunity to establish myself once more and, so to speak, take root in this new country which I had been learning to love more and ever more. No flower will bear too frequent transplanting, and I had had a diversified experience in countries and people, as well as in a variety of occupations. The time approaches when the wanderlust should have abated, that rambling spirit of youth, leaving in its place the longing for the calmer pursuits of life and for meditation and reflection.

In the meantime two other occurrences influenced my decision for the future. One was the loss, by death, of my friend Harcourt; the other was the termination of the Crown lease on my studio, of which I had been the fortunate holder for twenty-one years.

Since the boundaries of my kingdom are the walls of my studio, and since the same sun shines as kindly here as it does elsewhere, I decided that here I would remain. There are two forms of hospitality—the aggressive, perhaps the more welcome and it may be even the more flattering; but there is also the passive, which allows for one's inclinations and respects one's idiosyncrasies. And it is that form which this country has lavished upon me, and for which I am deeply grateful.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Fuchs. The sixth will appear in an early issue

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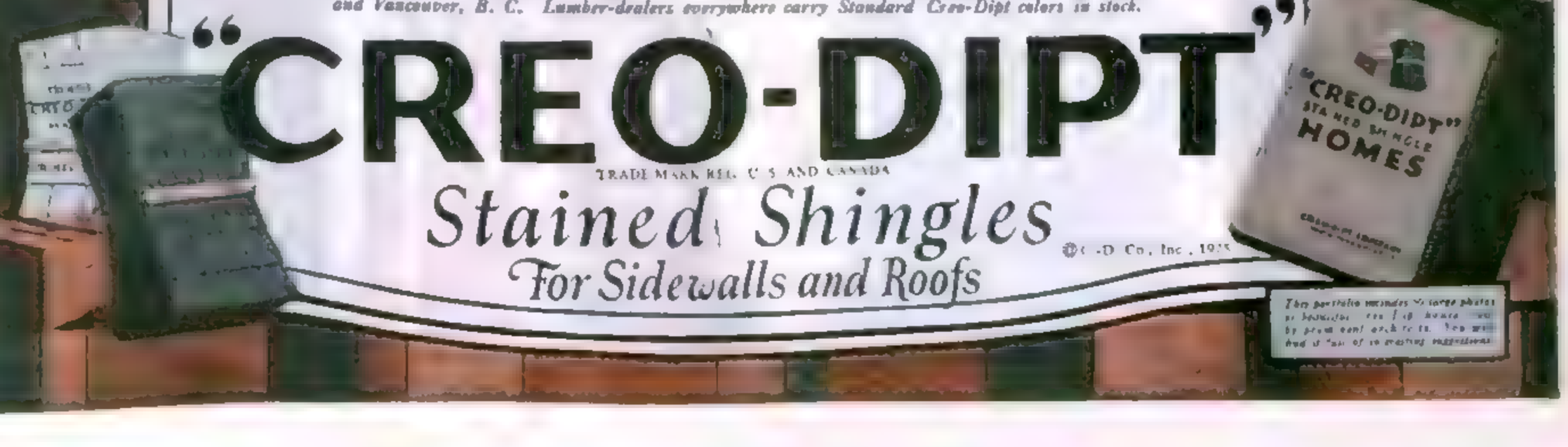

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"IF IT'S HEAT YOU WANT YOU CAN DO IT BETTER WITH GAS—IT'S CLEANER"

THE TALE OF UNCLE SAM'S VOYAGE IN AN IRRIGATING DITCH

(Continued from Page 9)

thought: "If money for development is provided its expenditure must be watched. Inexperienced beginners must not be allowed to waste it."

Exit totally from the consciousness of the Fact Finders the true pioneer, whose capital was in his heart, who founded American agriculture, whose homestead shack, now preserved as a keepsake in the shade of his garden, is a more impressive symbol than any engineering feat of the United States Reclamation Service. It is if you see it. In place of him an idea, supposed to be modern, that has been borrowed from the Old World. The idea is that the Government must father and mother agriculture. Having taken over the task of bringing water to the desert, on the ground that private initiative was unequal to the task, it is further obliged, according to that notion of the Fact Finders which is beginning to prevail among us, to assume all the problems of the settler. It must see that he is not cheated when he buys the land. It must prepare the land for him, level it, ditch it, fence it, seed it. It must provide him with money at a rate of interest lower than a bank can afford to charge—money to build him a barn and a proper house, to equip the farm and stock it; and having done all this it must tend him, instruct him, bring to him from the nearest agricultural college the knowledge he will not go after, because—Page 100 of the Fact Finders' report—"experience has demonstrated abundantly that the farmer as a rule does not go to the experimental station to seek the information he needs"; and then it shall watch him to see that he does it, or else he will be wasting the Government's money.

What becomes of that "independence of the people concerned" which for a moment in the introduction was thought essential? The settler will still have, no doubt, the independence to complain. He will still be free to say he cannot pay, and demand relief. Then what? Can he be made to pay? Could he any more be sold out for an unpaid government loan than for refusing to pay the Government for its dams and canals and the water he uses according to his bargain?

Requisites for Success

But here is fiction—a kind of flabby, popular fiction. Although the idea of him is almost lost, the self-reliant pioneer agriculturist has vanished neither in figure nor in spirit. The fact that he is scarce is easily explained. He would never have come to exist at all in a state that had been willing to do everything for him.

It is just as far true today as it ever was that what a man needs in order to succeed in agriculture and to acquire ownership of land upon which to exercise his art is: First, knowledge; second, the habit of industry, and, third, a good wife. If he has only these three requisites he will find capital. It will be thrust upon him together with the land, for the simple reason that much land is idle and capital is anxious to be profitably employed. Both the land and the capital are seeking good farmers with helpful wives.

Take it in the Milk River Valley of Montana. There may be said to exist the accentuation of every disability under which Federal reclamation labors. At a cost of more than $6,500,000 the Government has utilized the little Milk River to bring water from Glacier National Park around through Canada into Northeastern Montana. More than 46,000 acres of beautiful land are thereby irrigated. No assessment of construction cost has yet been laid upon these acres. The Government has been unable to decide what would be a fair charge in the complicated circumstance that part of the expenditure seems properly chargeable to the motive of protecting a national water right in the Milk River against a competitive right asserted by Canada. So no settler on this project has ever known what his final obligation to the Government would be. Here as on every other Federal reclamation project there is a triangle of interests.

There is the interest of the Government that has spent its money to build the irrigation system. There is the interest of the private landowners who hold the land for sale and meanwhile lease it out to tenants or keep it in wild hay. Thirdly is the interest of the settlers on the land.

Good Work by Mormon Farmers

The Milk River project has never been popular. How to get it settled with small farm owners who will practice intensive agriculture has been the despair of the Government with its large investment unproductive, and of the private owners who hold the unimproved land for sale, some of it in large tracts, some of it in small parcels adapted in size to irrigated farming. There is nothing the matter with the land. Yet tides of excited land seekers have passed over it. They have gone farther west. Those who settled the Montana triangle in 1914, 1915 and 1916 rushed to that experience through this lovely, irrigated, unoccupied valley. Why? Because dry farming in wheat is a gamble; irrigated farming is work.

Recently the private landowners of the Milk River Valley got an idea. They would try Mormons. They brought some in, then a few more. Only those Mormons would come who had no capital. That made no difference. They had what the land and the capital sought—namely, knowledge, industry and good wives. The Mormon presidents were wise. From time to time they came over to see how their children were getting on in the new land, and before going back they invariably said to the managers of the experiment, "Don't let them have too much land. Hold them down if possible to farms of forty acres." For if the young Mormons were permitted to engage too much land they might get to thinking in terms of land profit and forget the use of intensive labor.

Now what will you see in the Milk River Valley? You will see Mormons who came with no capital at all taking in one season crops of sugar beets and beans the gross value of which equals the price they have agreed to pay for the land. They are anxious to pay, but those who sold them the land say, "It is better to wait about paying. Get yourselves well settled. Pay us some interest the first year, full interest the second year, then begin paying the principal in the third year. Meanwhile build yourselves better houses and get some more animals. We want you to stay."

The private landowners and the bankers together are so wishful to develop dairying in the Milk River Valley that anyone of resolute character who knows that business and is willing to work at it may go there and begin without capital. They will not only find him a farm; they will find him a house, a barn, the cows and equipment, and carry him through the first year or two if they see that he knows what he is doing. But of course he must have the requisites. He must know as much about dairying as you would have to know about keeping a grocery store before you could expect to borrow money at the bank to start one.

All the reasons are apparent. The bankers and landowners are much more anxious to get this valley settled with good farmers than anybody is to acquire land by hard work.

Work does it. This is a truth one almost dare not utter. It is contrary to all political gospel; it outrages the current way of thinking. The usual retort is, why should the farmer work harder than anyone else? Hasn't the task been foreshortened in every other way of livelihood? Why should his be the one exception?

The Days They Work

Work as such is a natural curse. And it may be that no one's work should be harder than another's, only in that case, of course, it would necessarily follow that no one should have more than another, all of which pertains to another subject. This is this. A survey of 400 typical farms in Montana showed that sugar-beet farmers on irrigated land worked 178 days in the year, that general farmers worked 132 days, and that wheat farmers worked 90 days. It showed also that the returns per day increased with the number of days worked. Only the dairyman works every day.

The pioneer homesteader remembered by the Fact Finders was one who thought himself lucky to be able to work off the farm for wages in the time he was not farming. Whereas now on Federal reclamation projects you will find settlers who call frantically upon the Government's project manager to find them Mexican labor to weed their beets, instead of weeding one another's beets or permitting this drudgery to fall upon their families. Not so the young Mormon in the Milk River Valley. He stays in the field all day. At noontime his wife brings him his lunch and a fresh team, and his children weed the beets. Hard work, of course. It may be success in agriculture is too dear at that price. Yet these Mormons are happy and excited. They are winning the land.

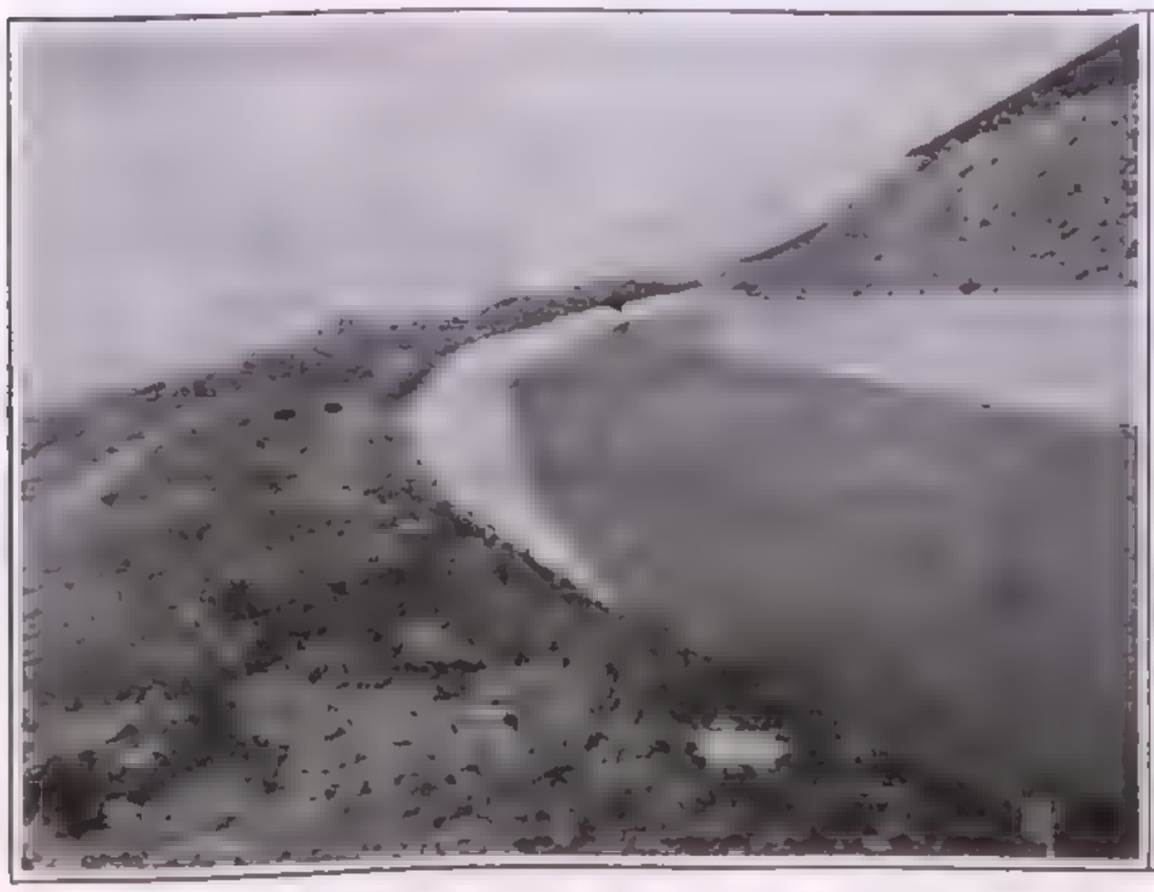
Nowhere in their report is the Fact Finders' crucial finding explicitly stated. It may not have been clearly perceived. It is this: With its reclamation adventure the Government has arrived at the ultimate dilemma. It cannot stop; it cannot go on without going very much farther. It cannot stop for the reason that a state shall not be abandoned by its Government. It is not permissible. The United States Reclamation Service having created a new and dependent state by irrigation, the Government is obliged somehow to see it through. And as for going on, it is of no use going on as before. The signs of failure are unmistakable.

An Ingenious Proposal

All this situation logically results from a kind of unconscious duplicity that has disguised the real meaning of reclamation from the start. The Reclamation Act was passed in 1902—twenty-two years ago. The theme was highly phrased, plausible, and coerced the mind. In the great desert and semi-arid regions of the West, so rich in mineral wealth, forests and potential water power, there never could be a proper civilization without agriculture. To establish agriculture it would be necessary to practice irrigation on a vast scale—only that, since the soil, even that of the desert, was very fertile and required but to be watered. Then it would bloom.

Private enterprise had already demonstrated the use of irrigation and the feasibility of it; also it had demonstrated the fact that commercially conducted it very often failed. Why that was, everybody forgot to study.

The argument was irresistible. Was it desirable that the desert should bloom? Yes. Was private enterprise doing it? No, not successfully. Only in the easiest places. Then was it not the part of the Government to do it in the name of public works? Many were already inclined to assent. But that was not all of the argument. One need not be romantic about it. One should look at it also in a practical light. The naturally arable free land in the public domain was about to be exhausted. The end of it was already in sight. When the last of it had been taken, as very soon it would be, then where should the homesteader go? But there remained in the deserts millions of acres of free land. Irrigate this desert land and you did two things at once: You made room for the hope and faith of the homesteader and you



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made it possible also for a proper civilization to rise in the West, one with an agriculture of its own. Moreover, it would cost nothing—positively nothing. Not only would the homesteader ultimately repay the Government the cost of these irrigation works, but the money to build them with in the first place—that need not come out of the Treasury. It would be provided in another way. Let all the money received by the Government from the sale of public land, from mining royalties on the public domain, and so on, be set aside as a fund for irrigation works, to be called a reclamation fund. It would be a revolving fund, perpetual. As the homesteader repaid the Government in one place the money would be available for new works in another place. Then of course everybody said yes. How could anyone say no to a costless program that should extend the fertile free domain, give the West a proper civilization, and add enormously to the total wealth of the country?

And all the time the true character of the pressure for reclamation, or what now we should call the propaganda for it, was unrecognized. This pressure came not from agriculture, not from the homesteader, not from any great vision of how best to develop the natural resources of the country. Its origin was in the one irresistible American passion, which is the passion to exploit the value of land. It came from the states that had vast areas of desert and arid land, worthless without water, salable if irrigated, and from all who would benefit directly or indirectly first by the expenditure of enormous sums of public money and then by the settlement of the reclaimed land.

Plenty of Cut-Over Land

No other conclusion will square. There was no possible way in which agriculture could be benefited by reclamation—that is to say, by the proposed addition of 1,000,000 acres of new land to the annual crop area. If it should mean only that the West became self-sustaining in food, with an agriculture of its own, the loss to existing agriculture both east and west of the arid regions would correspond to what the market in those regions had hitherto been worth. It turned out to mean much more. Products of irrigated farming in the West found their markets in the East, and the competition in some cases—as in fruit, melons, berries—was disastrous for the Eastern farmers.

As for the homesteader—as for any pressure from him for reclamation—it appears that so far as he was not the hero of a myth his spirit succumbed. It could not survive the Government's good attentions.

Then what of the vision? Was the Government's adventure in reclamation controlled by a view of how wisely to develop the natural resources of the country? If so, the view was warped. In the first place, there was then as there now is a great surplus of land, meaning both a surplus of acres and a surplus of productive power in the areas under crops. The real problem then was what it is still—how properly to utilize the power of the land already available or in cultivation. Everywhere you look there is a waste of land—corners unplowed, fields in forgotten fallow, farms on which the product might be doubled simply by deeper tillage and better methods of cropping. There is already enough unapplied knowledge in the Department of Agriculture at Washington and in the various state agricultural colleges of the country to increase the farm product two or three fold with no increase of acreage at all. In the next place, the total amount of arid and desert land irrigable by costly engineering works was very much less than the amount of arable woodland, brush land and cut-over forest land requiring only to be cleared.

This is exclusive of all necessary forest land. But clearing land is hard work. While the Government has been spending $50,000,000 to irrigate 1,000,000 acres of desert land the great lumber companies have left behind them more than that extent of rich cut-over land, to be had at a very low price by such as are willing to clear and settle it.

In a brochure entitled, Arable Land in the United States, Bureau of Agricultural Geography, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., one may read: "In the northern sections of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota and along the north Pacific coast, there is much forest and cut-over land which can be and is being made into farms, but at great expenditure of labor. In the south, from Virginia and the Carolinas to central Texas, a vast amount of cut-over land and woodland is being redeemed gradually for agriculture. It may be estimated that about two-hundred-million acres of forest, cut-over land and woodland in the United States, including that in farms, could be used for crops after clearing, or more than one-tenth of the land area of the country. If all this agriculturally suitable and cut-over land were made into farms averaging 160 acres in size, it would provide 1,250,000 farms, an addition of about 20 per cent to the total number of farms in the country. These wooded areas constitute the greatest unreclaimed agricultural resource of the nation, but the development of these lands must necessarily be slow, and should be undertaken only by men accustomed to hard labor and willing to endure privation."

Meaning the pioneer.

Suppose the Government had been thinking of the country as a whole, as a farmer might think of one large farm as a whole, what to plant here and what to plant there; and suppose then the representatives of a Western state had come to it saying, "We've got a lot of sagebrush land out there. The only reason it looks like a desert is it never rains. The land is all right. What it needs is water. Eighty miles north is a cañon with a river in it that's a raging torrent in the springtime and a withered memory in the summer. We want the Government to build a dam in that cañon to hold the spring flood and then a canal down to the land we speak of. It's all fine flat land. God Almighty left it that way to be irrigated. We'll make her bloom."

What would the Government have said, thinking of the country as a whole?

First it would have asked, "Why don't you do it yourselves?"

The answer would have been, "It's too big for us to tackle. We've irrigated a little of it piecemeal, but now we want to make one big development of the whole thing."

Then the Government would have asked, "What will you grow there?"

Answer: "Anything that grows anywhere. Wheat, hay, potatoes, fruit. Everything."

And the Government would have said, "There is already more land in cultivation and available than we know how to utilize properly. Millions of acres of cut-over forest land, north, south, east and west, that we don't know what to do with. Why begin to irrigate the desert for general farming? That will be the very last thing, because it's costly. Unless you can grow some special crop on your land there's no point to it now. Come back later."

But suppose they had come back the next year, saying, "There is a special crop we can grow out there on that sagebrush land if it's irrigated. We've found out what it is. Sugar beets. We can grow sugar beets wonderfully."

The Desert Mirage

And what would the Government have said to that, still thinking of the country as a whole? It would have been obliged to say: "In the Red River Valley they want four times as many farmers as they've got. They have more land than they can farm properly with the farmers who are there. And on that land you can grow sugar beets without irrigation. It rains there. If you want to grow sugar beets, that's the place. We speak of but this one valley. There are many like it, all calling for more farmers. Your desert will have to wait."

None of which the Government said or once thought of saying.

That the belief in reclamation was sincere is all aside. Everybody was sincere; not least of any, perhaps most of all, those from whom the pressure really came. When a Western man looks at the desert he sees a mirage that bewitches him. He cannot put it away. Millions of acres of worthless land, needing only water to turn green and lovely, to become arable, valuable, salable. You cannot reach him with a theory of letting it be. So long as it lies like that, unconquered, it will taunt him.

There were two saving ideas about reclamation at first. Both were left out of the law. One was to go slow and acquire experience. That was Roosevelt's idea. In his first message to Congress he said as to reclamation: "It would be unwise to begin by doing too much, for a great deal of useful knowledge will be learned by the early efforts, which must of necessity be partly experimental." The reclamation act provided differently, as you might suspect. It stipulated that the reclamation fund, derived from the sale of public lands, should be spent in the states where the lands were sold. An account was kept. The proceeds of Federal land sales in Montana were credited to the reclamation fund and earmarked to be spent in Montana for irrigation, and so with each of the sixteen states concerned. Thus each state came to have an individual credit in the reclamation fund, and each one demanded, of course, that its credit be spent on its pet irrigation project, according to the law.

The Reclamation Service in its second annual report said: "The unfortunate condition exists that the states and territories having the largest fund at present"—meaning the largest claims on the reclamation fund—"are those in which irrigation is of least importance. There the chief interest is not so much in reclamation as it is in having the funds spent in the state to promote general prosperity."

Eight years later, in 1910, Congress amended the law to read that the fund should be spent where irrigation was most needed, regardless of how it was derived; but it was then too late. Already twenty-four great projects were under way. The beginning had been whole-hogged. There was no waiting for experience. In the first year of the law four great projects were authorized; in the second year seven, in the third year nine, in the fourth year three. Naturally the Bureau of Reclamation could not stand against the clamor of sixteen states, each demanding that money be spent within it, as the law was. Having started all these immense works at once, the Reclamation Service very soon ran out of money. The fund was exhausted. Then either the work had to stop or the Congress would have to appropriate money to be loaned to the fund, which it did. So it was not a costless program, after all, and money did begin to come out of the Treasury.

A One-Sided Project

The Bureau of Reclamation was bound to approach irrigation from an engineering point of view. The survey was topographic. The engineer's word was final. Here was water that could be impounded in a certain place, there was the land to which it could be delivered, everything measured accurately. The Bureau of Reclamation was in the business of putting water on the desert that it might bloom. There was no economic survey—that is to say, no study of the question whether what the desert bloomed with was needed or could be sold at a profit, whether some particular desert area included by the engineers would bloom at all. In fact, the engineers carried water to thousands of acres that cannot bloom. Topographically they were all right; they looked like all the rest. Nor did it apparently occur to anybody in particular to consider the important economic difference between an irrigation project in the north where the growing season is 120 days and one in the south where the season is 240 days and water may be used all the year round. The engineering problems were all the same.

The other saving idea was implicit. If it had been written into the law the history of reclamation would be very different and there would be much less of it. Yet nothing about reclamation in the beginning was more clearly understood than this, that the Government's expenditures should be confined to free public lands in the arid regions so that homesteading might continue in the traditional manner.

The lie of circumstance was otherwise. Much free public land was not irrigable as such. This was so because there was hardly a source of water in the arid West that had not been privately preëmpted, and a private water right based upon appropriation and use is an inalienable thing.

You must know that the practice of irrigation is very old. One of the largest Federal projects succeeded a private project which had been built on the skeleton of a Spanish system that was there when we got the country, and this ancient Spanish system had succeeded a native Indian system that was there nobody knows how long before. American irrigation was begun by the Mormons seventy-five years ago in the Salt Lake Valley. The famous Greeley settlement in Colorado began in 1870. In the days of free range the big cattle and sheep ranchers controlled vast areas of mountain and desert grazing land by means of prior

(Continued on Page 123)

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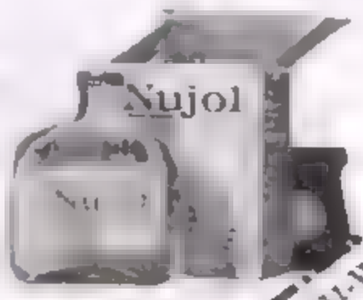

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(Continued from Page 120

water rights. Then here and there small groups of farmers began to practice irrigation, selecting, of course, the easiest places—that is, the places where water could be most easily diverted from its natural course. Next was the speculative exploitation of water rights on a large scale, often with disastrous results. Congress had passed the Carey Act, under which a state in the arid regions received the gift of 1,000,000 acres of public desert land provided it would try to irrigate it. The state in turn optioned this land to private land companies.

The way of the private land company was this: Having got the land at a nominal price from the state it sold it on the installment plan at fifty and seventy-five dollars an acre to prospective settlers, under promise to irrigate it. So far only a blue print and two contracts—one a contract on the part of the land company to buy the land from the state as desert land, the other a contract on the part of the settlers to buy it from the land company as irrigated land. The next step for the land company was to raise the money to build the irrigating works. This it did by selling bonds in the East. Wall Street bought millions of these water bonds, many of which were afterward repudiated because the irrigating works were either badly built or never built at all, in which case naturally the settlers could not pay, and as for the land company—it was gone.

This had been going on notoriously for years before the Government went into the irrigation business, and, indeed, one reason urged for its going into it at all was that private enterprise had proved itself incompetent to water the desert. It was not incompetent. The failure of so many commercial undertakings was owing partly to their highly speculative and irresponsible character, but even more to the fact that irrigated agriculture on a large scale was economically premature in this country.

There was the situation. When the Bureau of Reclamation began to look about for locations it found the arid West full of these private irrigation works, some of them succeeding in a small, cooperative way; some despairing in a large way, but existing nevertheless with prior and inalienable rights in the best sources of water and the choicest reservoir sites. In his third annual report the director of reclamation said: "Nearly every possibility of reclamation has been under consideration by somebody at some time, and while every effort should be made to avoid interference, it is not fair to the communities concerned nor to the commonwealth for the Reclamation Service to step aside in favor of speculative enterprises, especially when they would only partially develop the opportunities."

The Government Pays

This was to say obliquely that the Government's difficulty of having no place to put its reclamation works had been solved in a simple manner. It had been decided to buy out the private owners and go ahead. Salt River was a very notable case, and the first. There the site was perfect, the prospect desirable in every way. The only trouble was that it had already been privately developed—imperfectly, you understand, not as the Government would do it, and yet partly developed. All the irrigable land was privately owned; and all the irrigation works—that is to say, the diversion dams and canals—were privately owned. One thing needed was a great storage dam. At first the Government thought only to build that, and leave everything else as it was; but as the idea of the great Roosevelt Dam grew, one of the show dams of the world, it seemed disgraceful to leave everything else as it was. The canals were not first-class; there were faults in the system. So in the end the Government decided to buy out the private owners, take over the whole irrigation system and rebuild it. This was done.

Analyze what occurred here. The Government paid cash for the irrigation system it bought. The private owners, having received cash for their old system, got a new system instead and then twenty years in which to pay the Government for the new one, without interest. This happened elsewhere—at Uncompahgre, at Yakima, at Rio Grande, at North Platte, at Boise, at Newlands, at Orland, at Okanogan, in the Strawberry Valley. It happened generally, in fact, because the best opportunities for irrigation were found to exist not on public lands but on lands partly in private ownership, irrigated by privately owned water systems. Often there was public land lying about, and this wherever possible was included. But of all the lands irrigated by the Government at a cost of $150,000,000 in twenty-two years, two-thirds were privately owned and only one-third were public lands.

So it was that the idea of extending the fertility of the free public domain for the homesteader by irrigation became dim, and Federal reclamation turned out to be largely a matter of taking over private irrigation works and rebuilding them for the benefit of privately owned land.

The Government adopted all difficulties. It took every rôle there was—capitalist, proprietor, engineer, exploiter, land agent, creditor, manager—every rôle but that of settler. It does not wish so many parts. It is anxious for the settlers to form responsible associations that shall bind themselves to repay the Government for the engineering works and then take full control of them, to operate and maintain them privately. The settlers do form associations, but seldom do they assume any responsibility. Only the Government is responsible. Its project manager manages everything. He keeps the dam, tends the canals, divides the water, settles disputes and concerns himself with the general welfare of the settlers.

An Easy Creditor

This relationship is apparently interminable. The Government wonders why. One reason—perhaps the only sufficient reason—exists in the fact that the Government is creditor to all these settlers and cannot, as they very well know, enforce its claims against them. With the individual debtor the Government is exacting, unrelenting; with a large class of dependent debtors who have access to the professional sympathies of Congress, particularly when an attitude of paternalism on the part of the Government has created in these debtors a habit of expectation, its position as creditor is almost hopeless.

One of the successful projects is the Rio Grande, in New Mexico and Texas. The Bureau of Reclamation spent more than $13,000,000 there for engineering works. The Gateway Club of El Paso, seeking people to settle the land, says: "It was when the United States Reclamation Service built the famous Elephant Butte dam and constructed irrigating canals and drainage ditches that this virgin valley was transformed into one of the richest agricultural districts of America." That is so. Having spent $13,000,000 to accomplish this transformation the Government laid off $1,000,000 as not repayable, and assessed the balance of the cost at $90 an acre to be repaid in twenty annual installments without interest. This obligation of $90 an acre, says the Gateway Club of El Paso, is nothing—almost nothing—and its nothingness is "only possible because of the fact that the United States Government advanced the money." It is only $4.50 an acre a year, equivalent to taxes, or, as the Gateway Club says, "It amounts to paying off the principal in the form of interest"—interest at 5 per cent for twenty years, and then the engineering works for nothing as a gift. And proof of what the Gateway Club says is the fact that subject to this obligation land on the Rio Grande project sells up to $350 an acre. The average gross value of the crops in 1923 was $88 an acre.

Another very successful project is the Salt River, in Arizona. Here the Government spent more than $15,000,000 on the Roosevelt storage dam and to rebuild the old privately owned system of canals and ditches. Approximately $3,500,000 of this cost the Government laid off as its own loss, not chargeable to the land; the balance it assessed upon the land at $60 an acre. For ten years the Government conducted the project in an altruistic manner, minding the dam and delivering the water, until the debts of the water users for water used became very large, and nothing had been paid on the cost of construction. Then the water users agreed to assume full collective responsibility both for the repayment of construction costs and for the future operation and maintenance of the works, provided the Government would commute their arrears, increase its own loss and start a new slate. A bargain was struck on that basis. Since then, in a most enterprising manner the water users have converted what was primarily an irrigation project

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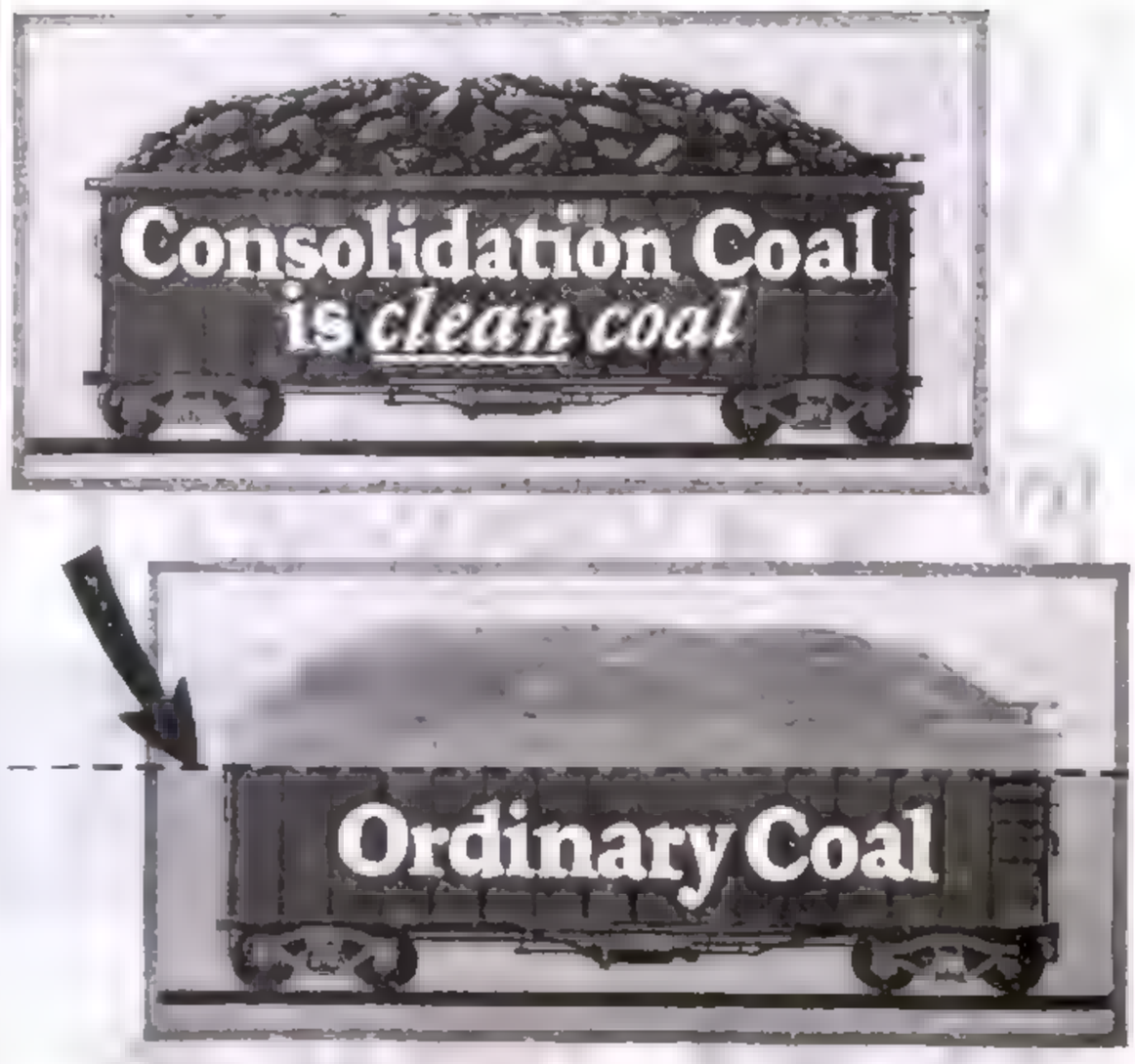

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(Continued from Page 123)

into what now may be called primarily a hydroelectric power project. Already they are selling enough power to outside customers, principally the mines, to meet their current payments to the Government; and they are selling to private investors 6 per cent bonds, with the proceeds of which they will develop more power. It is expected that in three years more their revenues from the commercial sale of electric current will meet their annual payments to the Government, the interest on those bonds, and all expenses of operation, with a balance over. Not only will their water not cost them anything; it will pay them for the privilege of irrigating their farms. Meanwhile the Government waits twenty years to get back its money without interest.

The first year of water from the great Arrowrock Dam on the Boise project happened to be most timely, almost providential. It is estimated that the difference between the agricultural product that year and what it would have been without the water was more than the cost of the dam. Yet settlers have clamored for relief. After seventeen years, on June 30, 1923, they were $338,554 behind in their payments on the cost of the engineering works and $403,525 behind with their water dues, meaning by water dues the annual operating cost of working the system and serving water to the land.

An official of one of the arid states, not unsympathetically interested in reclamation, once thought to analyze the vote in his community to see where the radical sentiment was. He found that the heaviest socialist vote came from the Federal reclamation projects, especially one where the settlers owed the Government $500,000 and where everybody enjoyed electric current from the Federal power plant at half the commercial rate.

How the land is owned is another thing. It may be illustrated on the Williston project in North Dakota, which is small enough to see. There the Government pumps water out of the Missouri River and delivers it through canals and ditches to 7600 acres of land. The source of power is coal; and for the coal the Government opened and developed in a scientific manner a lignite mine. Then it built a modern steam-power plant to convert the coal into electric current. There are eight boilers in the power plant, one always hot, sometimes two; four electric-generating units, one revolving. Never for more than fifteen days in the year is the power plant up to half capacity. Why? Because the water isn't used. The project is neglected. You may wish to look at it. The land is level, very fertile, perfectly adapted to irrigation. But only here and there do you see a farm that is being properly handled.

Absentee Owners

Who owns this piece, all in weeds? A local doctor. Who owns that one? An employe of the hotel. And that one? An employe of the railroad. And the next one? A man in Chicago whose name is forgotten. And the one over there? A banker in Wisconsin who took it for the mortgage. Why don't they keep their land in production—these absent owners? "They would," says the project manager, "only they can't get people to do it Some of them do it, as you see, in a kind of way. They hire somebody to put in a crop of beets at the beginning of the season. Then they begin to run me to death to find the labor to tend them, weed them and harvest them, and when it's all over it hasn't paid. You can't farm that way."

The absent owners, hoping sometime to sell the land at a profit, naturally do not wish to pay the Government anything. They haven't paid it, in fact never a dollar on the cost of construction, and on June 30, 1923, more than 60 per cent of the charges for the actual service of water used during fifteen years were unpaid.

The Fact Finders recommend that this whole Williston project be abandoned as a failure. While they were writing this recommendation the reclamation service was spending more money on a new concrete pumping station. You would go far in the northern climate to find a more desirable place for the practice of intensive irrigated agriculture; and what is true on every other Federal project is true also here: Those who know how and work at it succeed very well. It happens only that there are fewer of such settlers at Williston than elsewhere.

"There is no feeling on the projects for a repudiation of the debt to the Government," said the Fact Finders. Strictly, that is true. Repudiation is an obsolete word. Nobody says it any more. But there is much feeling on the projects for the Government to forgive them their debts. And there is a very general feeling for paying the Government last.

There is always a case for not paying. Sometimes it is a very plausible case, as, for example, where the cost of the engineering works assessed upon the land is much higher than the settlers understood it was going to be. This is a frequent source of deep complaint. Final costs in the average of all reclamation works exceeded the original estimates by approximately 50 per cent, so that the amount assessed upon the irrigated acres has commonly been more than was anticipated. However, it would be absurd to say that this fact is in any important degree responsible for the difficulties of agriculture. In the first place, the cost which was to have been paid in ten annual installments now is payable in twenty, so that in any case it amounts to hardly more than taxes. In the second place, if you cannot pay it you don't. In the third place, the land itself is valued at two, three, four times the amount laid upon it for the cost of irrigation, although without irrigation it would be worthless. You will find a man complaining that a construction cost of $75 an acre, payable in twenty years without interest, is too high, who holds his land at $250 an acre, subject to that obligation, regardless of it.

Requests for Relief

On the Uncompahgre project is a strange illustration. The Government spent there nearly $8,000,000. The cost assessed upon the land was $70 an acre. The settlers are hopelessly behind in their payments because first they were never anxious to pay, and latterly they have fallen into serious general trouble. Their farms and crops are heavily mortgaged. They owe more than they can pay. Well, what has happened? In the land boom five years ago many of the original settlers sold out to newcomers at $250 and $300 an acre and flew away with all the profit of fifteen years of Federal irrigation. The people now in difficulties are those who paid $250 and $300 an acre for the land itself. They paid too much. But having paid so much for the land that there is no profit in farming it, they appeal to the Government for relief. They demand that the construction cost assessed upon the land for irrigation works be reduced from $70 to $25 an acre.

To discuss in particular the misfortunes of agriculture on Federal reclamation projects is unnecessary. Irrigated agriculture is subject to all the ills and contradictions that beset agriculture at large, plus one fundamental error peculiar to itself—namely, that irrigation for general farming is before its time. Economically the country does not need it. For specialized types of intensive farming, and under certain geographical conditions, it is justified, and then it pays. But there are no such distinctions in practice. General farming is conducted on irrigated desert land where the cost of irrigation alone is more than the value of naturally arable land elsewhere, equally productive in the same crops. For instance, more than one-eighth of all the land in Federal reclamation projects is in wheat. Growing wheat for export on irrigated desert land is like growing potatoes in a greenhouse. More than one-third of all the land in Federal reclamation projects is in hay. It would be all right to grow hay on this land if the hay were fed there—that is, if it were converted on the farm into flesh and butterfat. Most of it is not. Hay is shipped in bales from irrigated land in the arid West into the Mississippi Valley, even to Florida; and they complain of the freight rate.

The sum of truth is this: First, that Federal reclamation after twenty-two years is proved to be not a success, looking at it from the point of view either of the Government or of agriculture; second, that the profit has been divided between the exploiters of land and the several states in which new communities have been created by Federal expenditures, neither party to the profit taking any part in the risk; and, third, that the immediate problem is how to save the projects already in existence by getting more people upon them, since the productive power of the land is not realized.

Would it occur to you that Federal reclamation might be somewhat in discredit? Not so. The demand for it is more ambitious than ever before. The pressure, once spontaneous and naïve, has become powerfully organized. The notion of spending for reclamation only the proceeds of public-land sales, mining royalties, and so on, is far behind. In place of it is the idea that it is the function of the Federal Government to develop the natural resources of the country for the benefit of states.

Thus the states of Washington and Oregon combine for the Columbia Basin project. Their cut-over forest land is increasing very fast as lumbering proceeds; their chambers of commerce spend large sums of money annually for land-settlement work, which is to get more people on the land already available for agriculture, even irrigated land; and yet they propose that the Government shall dam the Columbia River and thereby irrigate 3,000,000 more acres of semi-arid land in what is known as the Columbia Basin. This one project would cost more than the Government has spent on all Federal reclamation work to date. They had General Goethals, who built the Panama Canal, to make a report. He did not confine himself to an engineer's conclusion; he touched also the economic, social and political questions, saying: "No apprehension need be felt about settlement of the lands after water has been placed thereon. . . . The project, because of the benefits that will accrue to the United States as a whole, is a national one and as such should be carried out by the Federal Government through direct appropriations." He estimated the cost at $254,000,000.

On the Goethals report Congress was induced to appropriate $100,000 for a preliminary Federal investigation. Meanwhile there is a Columbia Basin Irrigation League, with an office and an executive committee. In its last annual report the executive committee said: "C. J. Blanchard, statistician and moving picture director of the Department of the Interior, has prepared 2000 feet of film showing all phases of the Columbia Basin project. This will be used in our propaganda work in the East at a later date."

Now if you are minded to go to the land itself, you will see there miles and miles of abandoned farms with little unpainted shacks on them, all falling down; also skeletons of towns that started and stopped. What does it mean? It means that some years ago this land was settled by people who thought it was bonanza wheatland under a method of dry farming. There were two or three years when the wheat came, as happened in the celebrated Montana triangle, and there was the same hot ecstasy of unbegotten wealth. Then suddenly the mine failed. The wheat came no more. The people fled, leaving their mortgaged land behind them. The land is still there. It is partly owned by land companies, speculators and mortgage holders. Its value is nominal. But if the Government will spend $250,000,000 to irrigate it, then it will be valuable again, and salable.

The Boulder Dam Project

In the Southwest is a greater project still. Seven states are concerned—Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico, Nevada, Arizona, California—because all of them have rights in the Colorado River. They have got up a treaty among them to settle these rights forever. This they did to clear the way for what is proposed—namely, that the Government shall stop the cañon of the Colorado with a dam as high as the Woolworth Building, the spill of which would be a torrent nearly as great as that of Niagara. It is named Boulder Dam, from the site at Boulder in the Black Cañon. It is advertised to be the biggest job in the world. What it will cost nobody knows; maybe $400,000,000, probably a great deal more. That is not the point. The points are three, namely:

One: To control the cataclysmic springtime flood of the Colorado, which keeps everybody in terror from the point at which the river emerges from its cañon and begins to flow along a mud bank higher than the surrounding country. From this mud bank it is continually threatening to roll off into the Imperial Valley of Southern California.

Some of the valley is already watered by a canal that takes off from the Colorado River up there on the mud bank, runs around through Mexico and then back into Southern California; and the part of it so watered is agriculturally rich.

Two: By means of an all-American canal in place of the one that now runs around

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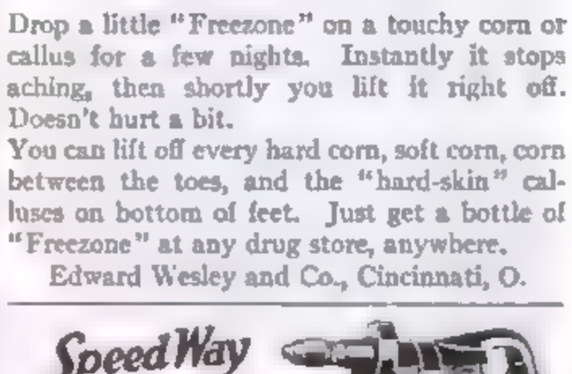
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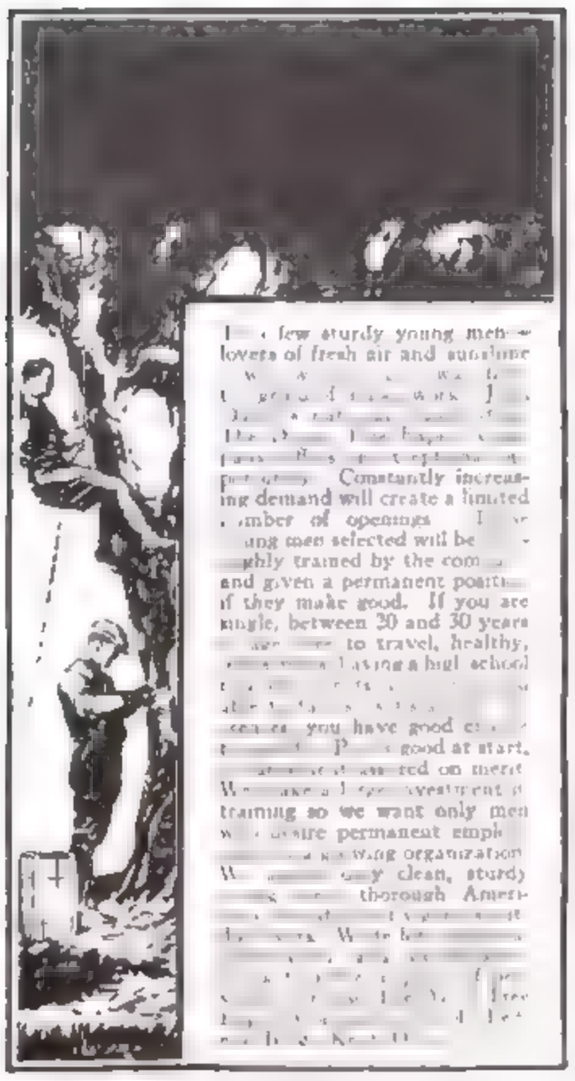
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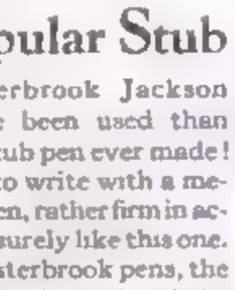

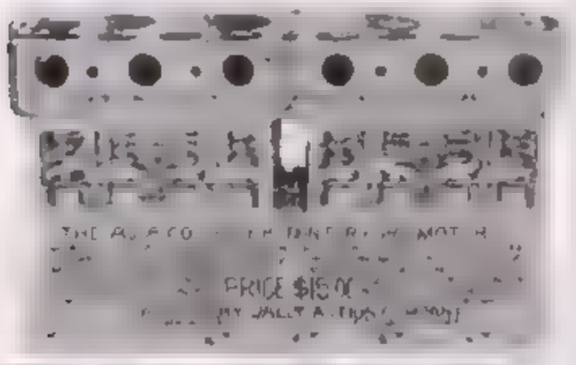

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through Mexico, to irrigate more of the Southern California desert, also desert land elsewhere, to a total extent of 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 acres.

Three: To develop an unlimited quantity of hydroelectric power.

Excitement about power is increasingly associated with thoughts of irrigation. Wherever there is a dam there is power. First pass the water from behind the dam through a power house, where it twirls a turbine wheel that spins an electric generator, and then let it run down to the irrigating ditches. The electric current from the generators may be carried hundreds of miles away on wires and made to light cities, turn washing machines and drive the tools of industry. In California they are mad about electric power. They do everything with it but eat it. Already it is so cheap that some of the oil people instead of wasting their own oil to pump with buy electric current for that purpose. Still, everybody wants more of it. Los Angeles is for Boulder Dam because she wants to increase both her municipal water supply and her command of electric power. When Los Angeles wants a thing she will die but she will have it. All her forty-four civic and betterment organizations are set for Boulder Dam. Even the women, as women, are organized for it. Nearly all of them stress the thought of opening new land by irrigation, and of giving war veterans preference as settlers, for that is supposed to be effective with Congress.

Mr. Thorne's Views

In the last hearing before the Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation of the House of Representatives, W. F. Thorne, of the Thorne-Hill Investing Company, was for the dam to be built by the Government for purposes of flood control and power, but as for the proposed all-American canal to replace the one that now runs around through Mexico, or as for any new irrigation at all, he said: "We shall not need for years to come any new areas of farm land created from deserts, swamps and forests. Our present oversupply of farm products constitutes an embarrassment of agricultural riches. . . . One-third of the leveled land under irrigation in the Imperial Valley in 1923 was idle. Practically all of the government reclamation projects are bankrupt—liabilities rather than assets. The very principle of the conservation of natural resources demands that we should not attempt to spend many millions for new reclamation projects until we need them. These lands cannot run away."

This is sense, as everyone knows who has regarded the subject. Yet you may be sure that the Government will not proceed with the Boulder Dam adventure unless the plans provide for more reclamation. Why should it? Private enterprise, under government supervision, stands ready to build the dam for all purposes of flood control and power. It has offered to do it.

The passion to act upon exploitable land, now supported by the demand for hydroelectric power, has literally nowhere to stop. No potentiality but has been explored and marked. Somebody's sign is on it. Hereafter it will be increasingly difficult to protect the reservoir and dam sites in the national parks. Sherburne Lake in Glacier Park has been converted into a reservoir for the Federal reclamation project in the Milk River Valley. The Hetch-Hetchy, in Yosemite Park, has been delivered to San Francisco.

Recently Montana took it into her head to dam Yellowstone Lake, which is the source of Yellowstone Park's wonders and amazing beauty. Where its overflow drops into the cañon occurs one of Nature's most thrilling episodes. Senator Walsh introduced and resolutely urged a bill permitting Yellowstone Lake to be dammed. At the same time Idaho took it into her head to use certain lakes in the southwest part of Yellowstone Park as irrigation reservoirs; also it occurred to Idaho to drive a tunnel through the Continental Divide and take water out of Yellowstone Lake.

A mighty protest was heard in the East. The people of Montana and Idaho, speaking through their representatives in Congress and through their newspapers, took this protest badly. Representative Smith said: "It is just a question whether Congress is willing to allow the farmers living in Eastern Idaho to build reservoirs at their own expense to save for irrigation purposes the snow and rain which God Almighty sends for all of us, or whether a few splendid but overly æsthetic people who live in luxury in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities are permitted to make it impossible by defeating this legislation for these hardy pioneers who are reclaiming the desert to have $10,000,000 or $15,000,000 of crops each year."

The Montana people were less emotional, but very determined. First they said the purpose was to control the flood of the Yellowstone River and irrigate 700,000 acres of land; also they said that controlling the flood of the Yellowstone River in this way would mitigate the annual flood in the Missouri and Mississippi. The jealous Yellowstone Park people proved that the flood they were talking about came out of the Big Horn drainage basin. Damming Yellowstone Lake would not touch it. After that the Montana people stopped talking about flood control, but kept pressing their bill for a dam in the interest of irrigation and power. The dam, they said, would not injure the lake or starve the falls; it would be at last only a little weir dam to keep the lake six feet above its mean low level. But the Yellowstone Park people proved that even this would starve the falls two years in seven, according to the records. And as for an undertaking beforehand not to mar the scenery for the benefit of irrigation, they knew what that was worth. Anyone who didn't know might go and look at what was left of the beautiful Jackson Lake that lies in the national forest reserve southwest of Yellowstone Park. The scenery there was not going to be touched. All they would do would be to keep Jackson Lake a few feet above its mean low level in order to conserve water for the Federal reclamation project at Minidoka. But now in the springtime Jackson Lake is backed up so high that part of the surrounding forest is flooded; in the summertime, with the farmers down at Minidoka calling for water, its level falls until you see baked mud flats littered with the gray bodies of drowned trees. It is a ghastly view.

In 1919 the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Houston, stopped to look at the Yellowstone situation. He said: "Only one-half the arable land is cultivated. Only 12 per cent of that is properly farmed to pay. Before we destroy our scenic glories, which cannot be replaced, let us do better with what we have."

Obvious Conclusions

That made no sense to the Yellowstone Valley Irrigation Association, nor to Senator Walsh, who continued to press his bill authorizing the State of Montana to dam the lake; and when the bill did not pass, the Livingston Enterprise, that had said Livingston should be a town of 50,000 when the lake was dammed and 700,000 acres of land had been irrigated between where Montana ends and where it begins, declared in its headline: "Provincial East, Knowing Nothing of God, Passes Judgment on His Country." They have not given it up. They probably never will.

Certain rational conclusions as to Federal reclamation are obvious—too obvious perhaps. This new dependent state created unawares by irrigation is like any other state. It consists of people. Hence the weakness of rational conclusions. They avoid the human case. Combine the mistakes of bureaucratic enterprise with the hopes and errors of trustful, imaginative, inexperienced settlers solicited by government publicity to buy the land and you would know beforehand what to expect. But when that which you would expect has happened there seems no way in which the Government can act without scandal. It is not possible by any general act to separate those settlers who are really injured from those who only think they are. A government from its nature must act in general. Its moral responsibilities in this situation are particular.

With no selection, no foresight of consequences, the Government moved these people to the deserts. In its anxiety to get the land taken the Reclamation Service resorted to publicity and generally oversold the prospect. And the publicity of the Reclamation Service was worse than that of any reckless private agency, for the reason that people made no allowance for exaggeration and of course believed it entire. Was it not signed by the United States Government?

After having seen the Shoshone project, a part of which now is recommended by the Fact Finders to be abandoned, one reads with curiosity a government folder dated November 1, 1909, entitled, Irrigated Land: U. S. Government Shoshone Project: Wyoming, and begins to understand why men who knew neither the value of land nor the use thereof gathered up their families and brought them to the desert. Here was the perfect way of life discovered—comfort, excitement, scenery, security, easy livelihood and profit. Wheat sixty bushels to the acre, potatoes four hundred bushels to the acre, "and selling at from 60 cents to $1.50 a bushel."

The Government said it.

According to the Fact Finders, fourteen years later, the actual average yield on the best land is 19 bushels of wheat and 144 bushels of potatoes per acre; 11½ bushels of wheat and 73 bushels of potatoes per acre on the next best land.

Drainage Works

"The soil," said the Government's folder in 1909, "is so rich that no fertilizer is necessary for the production of abundant crops. This fertility is due to qualities inherent in the soil itself, the soluble elements essential to plant life, instead of being dissolved and carried away by thousands of years of rainfall, having been preserved in the ground, awaiting only the magic touch of water to change the bare brown desert into luxuriant green fields."

Said the Fact Finders, fourteen years later: "The lands on the Frannie division are of such low agricultural value as to make it impossible for them to pay the cost of operation and maintenance of the irrigation works, much less to return the construction costs."

"In all the projects," said the Government's folder, "ample provision has been made to carry away the seepage and to prevent the rise of alkali and other injurious salts to the surface of the land. The Shoshone district has the additional advantage of excellent natural drainage, as the region is underlaid with gravel and the lands here contain but little alkali."

The general experience was that after a few years of irrigation ground water began to rise, because in an arid country there are no natural drainage ways, and as it rose and the alkali came to the surface, then the Reclamation Service began to consider drainage, and enormous drainage works were undertaken to save the projects from becoming water-logged or turning into salt fields. The cost of these drainage works was added to construction account and assessed upon the acres. Those who first settled the Shoshone project under the assurance that drainage was already provided for assumed an obligation to pay the Government forty-five dollars an acre for the irrigation works. Since then thirty-five dollars an acre has been added for drainage, and even yet the problem is unsolved. In 1923 the Fact Finders reported nearly 8000 acres damaged by seepage.

You see from the Shoshone illustration that while certain rational conclusions as to Federal reclamation may be clear enough, a difficult and very complex moral dilemma remains. The Government cannot plead the doctrine of *caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware!—because people trusted it implicitly.

It cannot behave as a private enterprise might in a similar situation. But what shall it do? Where shall its blame end and that of the settler begin? On the same Shoshone project there is very good land, not so good as the folder said, yet good enough, with fresh water wells and prosperous agriculture.

Every individual misfortune on a U. S. Reclamation project will be found to combine in variable proportions these two constant factors, namely, bureaucratic stupidity and bad personal judgment. The moral is that the Government ought not to find itself in this situation. The fact is that it does.

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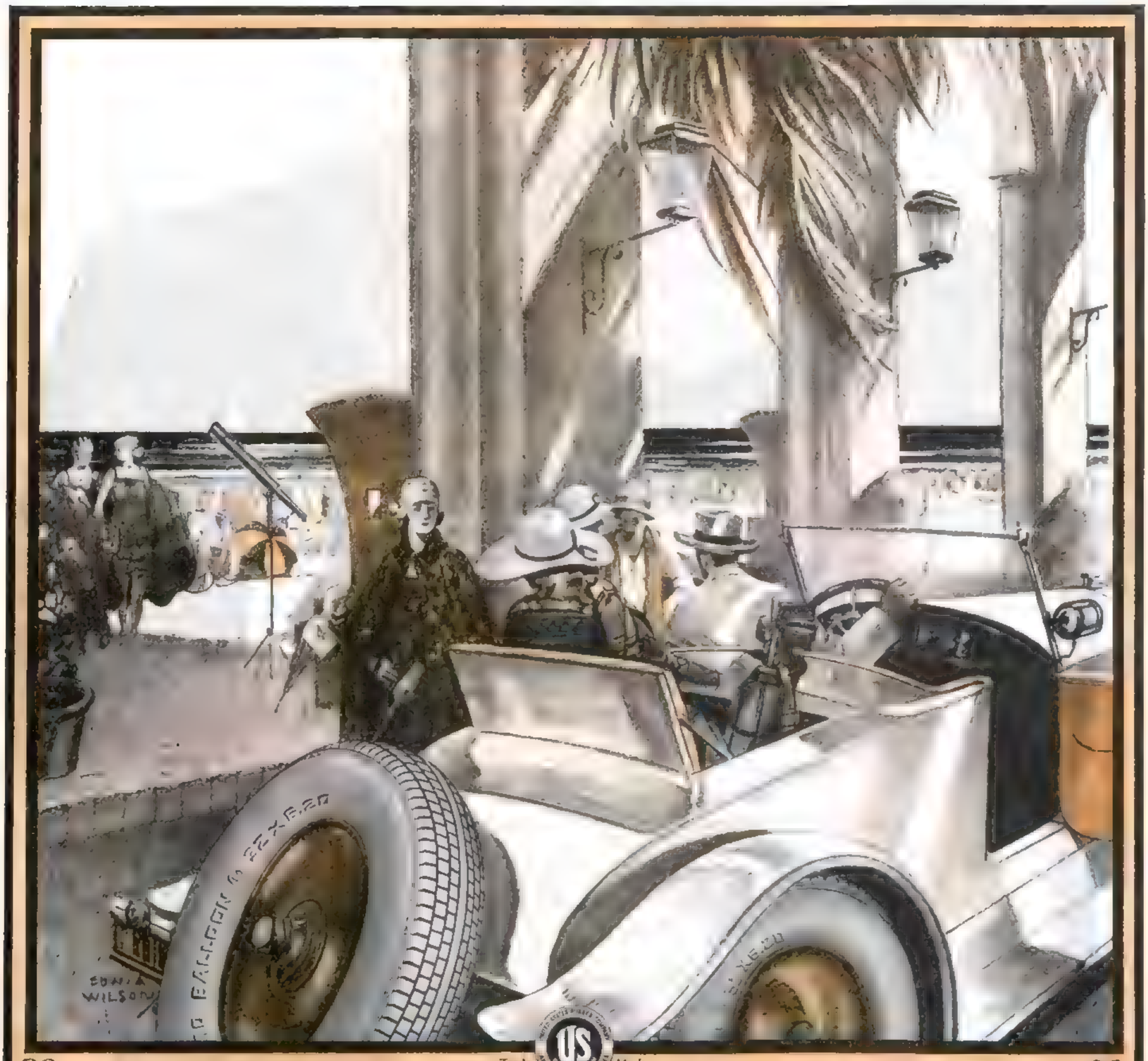

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THE POETS' CORNER

The Timeless War

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Of a thousand vanished years,
Of fame that cried to the ancient stars,
Of miracles, joys and tears;
For valor and faith can never die,
And the world still rings to the Infant's cry
That shattered the temples of heathenry
And shivered the Æsir spears.

Or ever the womb of Asia knew the stirring
of man to birth
The gods of day and the gods of dark strove for
the rule of earth;
The tocsin rang in heaven and hell, and before
the beginning of time
The flame of that war it flared and fell over
the primal slime;
And the Great White God who is over the gods,
who knows not time nor space,
Looked down on the war of the gods of the
earth from his own dreadful place,
But the little gods they knew him not, for a
veil was over his face.

So Balder died of the magic wound that Loki
the crafty wrought,
And Phaëthon fell to his burning end, and
Osiris the Bright was nought,
And out of the seventh heaven and down to the
seventh hell
A flaming comet of death and sin, the Master
of Evil, fell.
And the Great White God said, "The time is
come, let there be night and morn:
Let land come forth from the water's face, and
life from the Vast Forlorn."
So into the welter of warring worlds the chil-
dren of men were born.

A thousand years and a thousand years, and
a thousand years thereby
The gods of day and the gods of dark strove for
mastery,
And the spoils of the war were the new-earned
souls of the hapless children of men,
Who knew not mercy, nor love, nor hope—but
life and death again.
And they wist not whence the favors came, nor
wherefore they knew the rod
Till Moses won to the mountain top where
never a man had trod
And Israel looked on the tables twain whereon
were the Words of God.

City and Kingdom rose and fell, in clamor
and strife and fire—
Assyria, Persia, Hellas, Ur, Nineveh, Sidon,
Tyre—
Till with the legion's ordered march the Ro-
man Eagles came,
Till Gaul and Egypt bowed in fear before the
Roman name.
But the gods of day were waxing weak and
the light was waning low,
And boldly up and down through the earth did
the lords of evil go
With lust and rapine and cruelty, and the
world was ordered so.

Sudden and awful Whisper spread over the
voiceless sky,
And through the temples of Dagon rang an ex-
ceeding dreadful cry,
And fear was on Baal and Ishtar, and they
fled through the dark afar,
For out of the East there rose and grew a won-
der, a light, a star,
A wonder, a light, a star where lay the Infant
of Mystery,
He who should bruise the Serpent's head be-
fore He died on the tree,
Whose voice shall sound till the end of time
though His face we may not see.

There is no truce yet in the war of the gods, the
powers of wrong live on,
The Master of Evil still has sway, though the
old dark gods be gone;
But a new White God endures that war, whose
sword is sharp for the fray,
And you shall come to his standard's foot and
no one shall say you nay.
For here is a Captain who recks not of words,
so be it you serve aright;
With honor and valor for shield and sword you
shall scatter the gods of night,
And in glory and hope shall you find reward
when victory comes with light.

—*Wilfred Bovey.*

In Reply

I AM content thus in your thoughts
Sometimes an hour to live.
I am content if through your dreams—
So fair, so fugitive

I sometimes pass as longings pass
That cannot be fulfilled;
As visions pass, of youth, of love—
As songs pass and are stilled.

I am content only to be
A shadow swept between
The instants of your life—a strange
Dim figure, dimly seen.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

The Lake in the Hills

A LITTLE lake waits blue for me,
A little trail winds high;
There will be treasures new for me
Beneath a new-lit sky.

A little lake sings low for me;
Its lullaby will bless,
And water lilies grow for me
In drowsy loveliness.

O mountain tops, that will for me
Wait cool, I'll come where you
Hold in your fingers still for me
A little lake of blue!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Somewhere

THERE'S a peak that beckons, a port that calls,
A lake that lures and a sea that thralls,
And I want to get out of my own four walls
And beat it away to Somewhere!

There's a sun that shimmers, a breeze that croons
Of fronded palm trees and blue lagoons.
And the drowsy glamour of tropic noons
Is drifting to me from Somewhere!

Afar from politics, crimes and courts,
From business troubles and stock reports,
On sun-drenched beaches my fancy sports
Or treks on the trail to Somewhere!

And I think, "I'm weary of stress and strife,
Where work and worry and noise are rife,
And I want a taste of the wanderer's life
Along on the trail to Somewhere!"

But what's the use? I may dream of flight
To lands of wonder and rich delight,
But the ties that bind me will hold me tight
And I never shall get to Somewhere!

—*Berton Braley.*

HOW I FOUND MYSELF

(Continued from Page 52)

recall that Smith is the man who worships Theodore Roosevelt?

I was brought up among a nest of kinfolk, to use the expression of one of my numerous uncles. Father was a fairly prosperous miller and our home seemed to be the family meeting place. Some of these relatives were veritable terrors; it was nothing unusual for my father's elder sister to lecture mother for twenty minutes during dinner—usually on the subject of economy. My mother's mother took a fiendish delight in harboring her first unfavorable impression of my father. I think the whole outfit of them did all they possibly could to furnish grounds for anything from divorce to a flock of murders, but neither my father nor my mother was ever ruffled. They had a way of looking solemnly penitent during these impolite proceedings, and then, at the first opportunity, exchanging winks that were as solemn and owlish as you can imagine. The first time I ever saw father wink in that manner I thought there was something wrong with his eyelid and that it fell involuntarily.

My bedroom adjoined that of my parents, and one evening after a family gathering I heard mother say, "So that's the kind of a man I married in my youthful innocence, eh? You may escape the police in this world, but you'll sizzle in the next."

My hair was rapidly rising on end with terror, when I heard father reply, in a calm voice, "I doubt it, Martha. If I understood correctly, I'm too mean to burn. It looks to me like I'm going to go plumb free." Then I heard both of them chuckle.

Whenever they needed any assistance from one of these relatives—such as an aunt to take care of the children for an afternoon or a cousin to run an errand—they were always able to pick out the right one to do the job. They had a rarer gift than I realized at the time.

Since the war I have had occasion to look about for prosperous little businesses that were desperately in need of larger quarters and move them into great big plants originally designed for something else, but abandoned, cheap and convertible to new uses. Some of these big plants were abandoned after their war work was done. Quite a number of them were leaning heavily against banks that wanted to get their money out of them.

It doesn't always happen that the owner of a prosperous small plant realizes his opportunity for national distribution. He may be a timid sort of person. If so, it would be up to me to use my own judgment in enlarging his scale of operations. That would inevitably mean financing him. If he didn't care to undertake such responsibility, then I had to make it my own promotion and borrow the money myself, but continue to work with him. He would supply the ability and I would supply the confidence in that ability. It is an amusing combination, viewed from the outside, but it works well in practice.

In recent years most of my operations have been thrust upon me. I no longer go out looking for something to promote. Bankers are as human as the rest of us and have built up a very complimentary tradition about me; namely, that I can't fail. I hope they are right. I don't know everything about industry, but most problems have a peculiar way of working back to human relations as a basis.

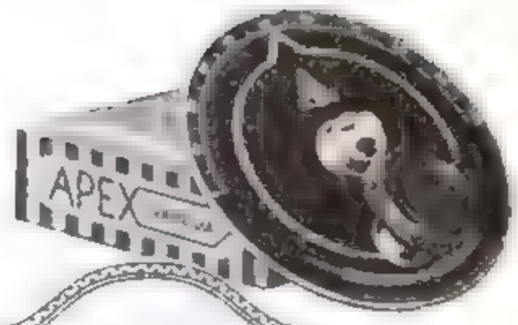
By the way, this recalls the most notable and biggest failure of my career. The story will make a fitting close, because in this highly personal narrative I have followed the advice of my banker friend and tossed modesty to the winds.

I had obtained ratification of a plan for consolidation of three small industries, a new trade-mark, a national advertising campaign and national distribution. The head of this new corporation came to the bank with me to sign a note for one hundred thousand dollars. The banker was delighted with the whole plan and eager to see the new business launched under such auspicious conditions. He was a large, scowling, nervous man who habitually overworked, and it was affecting his general health.

The manufacturer was rather nervous, too, that day, because he had never before signed a note for one hundred thousand dollars. He squirmed around in his chair, picked up the morning paper and tried to read it while the banker collected the necessary documents. Finally he folded up the paper and absent-mindedly tucked it into his coat pocket.

"That's my paper," the banker said, catching a glimpse of this thoughtless maneuver. "Someone's always walking off with my paper. I haven't read that paper yet. Put it back on the desk."

Well, gentlemen, that blew up the deal. I never did get them together again. I might add for the benefit of any of you who are contemplating careers as promoters that if such an outcome for three months of hard work wouldn't make you laugh you haven't quite got the sturdy sense of humor necessary for the business. Every promoter falls down now and then. Something just about like that newspaper incident is usually the cause.



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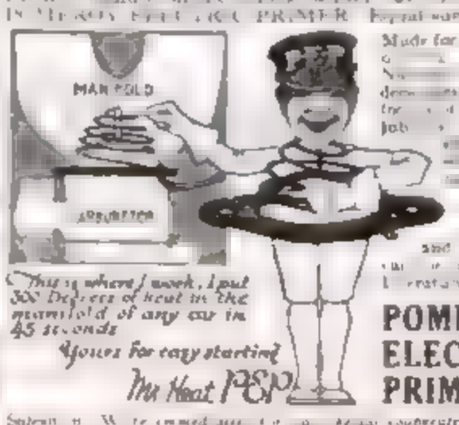
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ARE WE OVERSELLING?

(Continued from Page 39)

The trade association can perform usefully and constructively, but not when its major effort is directed toward influencing legislation or devising means of getting the lion's share of the business of the country for its particular line. The wisest trade associations are coming to this viewpoint. One of the most influential national organizations has for the past two years dropped all plans for instructing its members how they shall make more sales, and instead has conducted an intensive campaign looking toward the elimination of waste.

"We have figured out," the president of this association told me, "that more bankruptcies come about through overselling than underselling; and that the individual business man will always be energetic enough in the actual vending of his goods. What he needs is to be shown how he can economize. Elimination of waste automatically makes good business because the public can afford to buy merchandise on which the price is not inflated by useless expenses."

As an example he told of his experiences in connection with a wholesale firm in an Eastern state. It was an important firm, with more than a hundred employes, its salesmen covering half a dozen states and doing business with several thousand retailers, but for several years it had steadily lost money. Finally affairs came to the point where it was a case of getting extra capital or going into bankruptcy; a conference of the creditors was called and the president of the trade association was invited to be present.

The managing director of the embarrassed firm was an optimistic person who explained to the creditors that outside the detail of being unable to pay its debts the firm was on a splendid basis, because sales records were constantly being broken; with a hundred thousand dollars extra capital to be used for further expansion he was confident of spectacular success. This bright view of the situation fell flat because none of the creditors felt like putting up an extra hundred thousand dollars, and the managing director confessed that he had no clear idea of where to look for such a sum. The books showed a large volume of sales each year, but also a large net loss; to continue the business seemed to promise further loss and consequently less salvage for the creditors. The president of the trade association was asked to give his opinion, and he answered that he would do so if he could be granted a few hours with the firm's records. The meeting was adjourned until afternoon, at which time he pointed out what he thought was the trouble.

Unsuspected Costs

"I believe this firm has got into difficulties," he said, "because it has been run on the idea that its sole function is to sell as much as possible, no matter what conditions may be. I find on the books more than four thousand accounts, and from those I have examined I judge that fully half the number represent loss instead of profit. Everywhere there is evidence of overselling. The firm's salesmen are going into territory where the business is already covered by wholesalers in more convenient centers, and they are trying to make up for the handicap by go-getter methods. I see accounts on the books from villages so small that purchases cannot possibly amount to enough to warrant calls more than two or three times a year; and yet the salesmen have been calling every month, for fear, I suppose, that some competitor might get a five-dollar order in the meantime."

Someone asked the association president if he had any constructive plan by which the firm might be put on a more solid basis.

"I have a plan," he answered, "but it will take considerable courage to put it through. My advice would be to lop off at least half of the accounts on the books, dropping those where the evidence shows the business is forced, and be satisfied with what is left. It may be with all this overselling eliminated expenses can be cut down to the point where there will be a little profit even on half the sales."

The optimistic managing director set up a loud protest at the idea of trying to make money in such a piking way. He was all for expansion, for putting out more salesmen, for forcing business. Also for an extra hundred thousand dollars to put these ideas into effect. The trade-association president interrupted his protests with a question.

"Do you know," he asked, "how much it costs to fill and ship an average order sent in by one of your salesmen?"

The managing director did not know exactly, but supposed it must amount to twenty-five or thirty cents.

"Your estimate is not quite high enough," the president answered. "My trade association has recently gathered figures on the subject and we find in this line of business that the minimum cost of filling and shipping the simplest order is just about two dollars. This takes into account each operation from the time the postman hands the letter into your office and the letter is read, an acknowledgment dictated and typed all down the line to the time when your shipping clerk turns the package over to the errand boy to carry to the parcel post."

Selling at a Loss

"That two dollars is an expense that you can't possibly get around; the only way you can minimize it is to get people to order in larger quantities, because the cost of filling a big order is proportionately less than a little one. Now your books show that about half the orders sent in by your traveling men are so small that the mere cost of filling eats up more than the total profit. And you get so many of these little orders because your traveling men are out with instructions to pester and hound the trade no matter what conditions are. Go-getting will always produce some results, because there is always a certain number of men who will weakly hand out a little order so as to rid themselves of the pest; but on the other hand there are business men—usually the most important ones—who resent such tactics and refuse to have dealings with the firm that connives at them.

"My remedy for all this would be to quit trying to do business in territory where common sense shows some other wholesale house can handle the trade more economically, and to quit sending salesmen every few days to villages where there isn't enough business to warrant it. You can explain politely to the dealer who scatters his buying in little amounts that he can help to better conditions if he will concentrate his buying with one wholesale house. Naturally you will be glad to be the wholesaler of his choice, but in case he prefers someone else tell him it is good economics anyhow. Then make it an object to those dealers who give you the bulk of their business. Figure out the savings that accrue from ordering in larger quantities and pass each dealer the amount to which he is entitled at the end of the year. If he is wise he will in turn pass the saving along to his own customers, and business all along the line will be stimulated because the public will be able to get a little more for its money. I think the plan will work. Anyhow it's more genteel to try to smash sales resistance through economy and lower prices than by forcing your salesmen to go out and make holy nuisances of themselves!"

The trade-association president's plan was accepted and has worked successfully. The wholesale firm was saved from bankruptcy. With approximately half the number of accounts on its books it has in two years regained nearly the old-time volume of business and is earning reasonable profits.

We cannot claim to be the world's premier business nation if, with all our machinery of efficiency, we continue to have more bankruptcies than other nations. In a way, big business itself is on trial. During the past twenty-five years there has been a steady tendency in the United States to change from small, individually owned enterprises to great combinations of capital and talent. If big business cannot serve the public as well or better than little business, the pendulum will surely swing back again.

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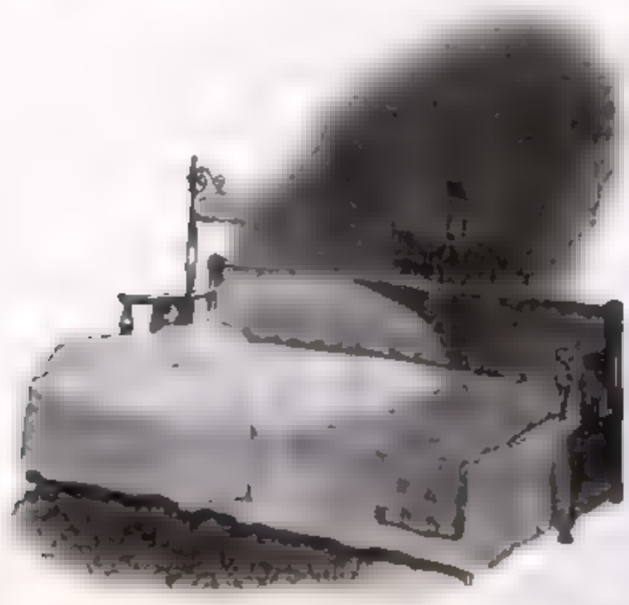

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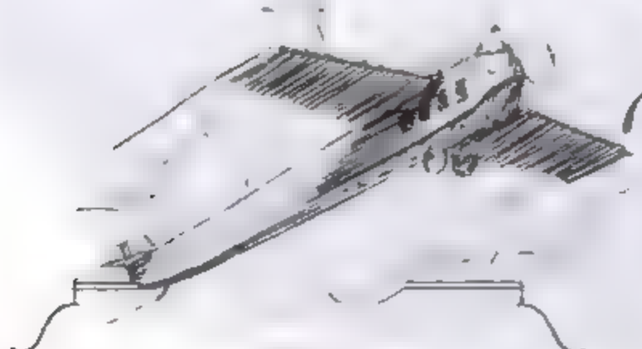

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SAFE LUBRICATION

WHEN THE WAR GOD WALKS AGAIN

(Continued from Page 4)

upturned faces emphasized the deep sinister drone of aëroplanes invisibly maneuvering in black night high above the dazzling white radiance of the slowly sinking parachute flare.

"Confound the brutes!" said the infantry lieutenant to an artillery observation officer at his side. "That's the eleventh I've counted tonight since ten o'clock. We've had one almost every twenty minutes. And they've been doing it all over the position—not much about us they don't know. Look, there's another one, and another—dozens of 'em!" Through the local effulgence could be seen, distant along the ridge and to the rear of it, a suddenly appearing series of hanging stars that shed a similar downward-cast white radiance. "Ah, here come our machines, thank heaven!" The drone of aëroplanes overhead was perceptibly reënforced, was mingled with sharp and vehemently rapid tiny hammerings—passed away quickly, their origins still invisible, into the distance. The parachute flares began at last to diminish in their brilliance. They burned themselves out, sank, mere glowing points, to the ground. The black night once more swallowed up the thousands of toiling men.

"Brutes!" said the infantry lieutenant again vindictively, as the last sound of aërial battle died away.

"Well, they haven't done all the devilishness that was expected of them anyway," remarked the gunner with philosophy. "There's been no bombing of capitals, as all the newspapers predicted there would be."

"Not good enough," replied the infantryman grimly. "Both sides can bomb capitals, and both sides know it." He turned to answer a sergeant major who came up out of the night, electric flash light in hand. "Good! Man the machine-gun posts! See that the men get a meal. Stand to at 3:30."

The sergeant major saluted, vanished again into the blackness. The two officers remained standing on the brink of the trench.

"Pretty near finished?" queried the gunner.

"Another quarter of an hour and we're ready for anybody. And Lord help him!"

"Yes, Lord help him!" agreed the artillery officer. "The whole countryside back of the ridge is thick with guns. Our friend the enemy is going to get a surprise if he comes blundering into this. Under our fire it'll take him a couple of days to get his heavy artillery into position. I don't see how he can possibly attack tomorrow, do you?"

"Orders are to stand to and the utmost vigilance from dawn on," replied the infantryman. "The staff expect something—reconnaissance in force perhaps."

An hour later both officers stood side by side on the fire step of the trench, looking out over a descending bare slope that was dimly revealed, plain of all obstacle, in the cold gray half light from the eastern horizon. Close to them, against a traverse, crouched the artillery observation officer's telephonists, testing communication to their battery by voice and buzzer. Against the other traverse a corporal sat stolidly on guard over a large horn. All along the zigzagging trench, to the limits of visibility, was a buried line of men in shrapnel helmets, gas masks bulky on their chests, who stood alert, with rifles in their hands, or grouped themselves in significant attitudes at the machine-gun embrasures. The ridge was ready to flame forth death from end to end as soon as the enemy should show himself. But he was yet invisible. The ridge waited in profound silence. The sky lost its grayness, became translucent.

Suddenly, from behind, came a rapid series of multiplying, intermerging, feverishly continued small detonations. The two officers on the fire step switched round abruptly. The greenish sky, beyond the sharp silhouette of the ridge above them, was thickly dotted with little black points that swelled into dark smoke balls as they gazed at them, that were incessantly renewed in ever greater numbers along a belt that seemed to stretch from horizon to horizon.

"Antiaircraft!" exclaimed the gunner.

Both officers whipped out their field glasses.

"Yes, there they are!" said the infantry lieutenant, his binoculars to his eyes. "Swarms of 'em! Big bombers!"

"Looks to me as though they were over our heavy-gun positions; but I don't hear any bombs."

They listened. The thudding, heavily rumbling concussion of exploding bombs was happily absent. There was only the excited rapid detonations of the light antiaircraft guns and the dull petty popping of myriads of shells bursting without cessation across the sky. Apparently among those shells, squadrons of immensely high aëroplanes wheeled like gnats.

The subaltern turned for a glance at the air in the direction of the enemy. He uttered a sharp ejaculation.

"Good Lord! Look! There they come—more of 'em—hundreds of 'em!"

That now luminous greenish zenith which was flecked with fragments of cloud taking color from a yet unseen sun was in fact populous with a host of tiny machines that every now and then gleamed in reflection of the sunshine already suffusing those upper altitudes. They came swiftly, in swarms. The coalesced deep drone of their engines filled the air.

"By Jove!" The infantry subaltern's exclamation came on a note of awe. "He must have concentrated every machine he's got!"

"Looks like it," agreed the artillery officer, watching them through his glasses. "Impossible to count 'em. Where the devil are our chaps, I wonder?" He swung his glasses round to the sky behind the ridge. It was now streaked with long wreaths of lazily drifting smoke, and multitudinously dotted still with ever new shell bursts from, it seemed, every antiaircraft gun in the army. "Ah, there they are! Regular dog fight going on up there!"

The swarm of aëroplanes was in fact eddying here and there in wide circles of movement, like gnats in commotion. And every now and then a gnat dropped downward, came hurtling toward the earth, every moment larger, more distinct, till the flames licking vertically upward from its wings were plainly visible, till it dropped sickeningly out of sight behind the silhouette of the ridge.

"But they haven't a chance against such a crowd as that!"

The swarm that had come up from the direction of the enemy had now passed overhead, joined the wheeling, maneuvering throng of gnats in the sky behind the ridge.

"Where's he getting them all from, I wonder?" said the infantryman. "We could have bombed his aërodromes if we knew he was preparing this concentration."

"You're thinking in terms of the last war, my son," replied the gunner. "Close-up aërodromes sandwiched between a casualty-clearing station and an ammunition dump. There was never any need for it with machines flying at a hundred miles an hour. Those fellows started two or three hours ago from a fan of bases hundreds of miles behind his frontiers, and now, as you say, they're concentrating on us every machine they've got—and we're putting up against them, glory be to the god of water-tight compartments, the squadrons attached to this particular army. Even if we've sent out a general S O S, it will be an hour or so before the air squadrons of the other armies can come into action. A nice example of the doctrine of the selected moment anyway. We couldn't keep all our machines in the air waiting for his particular zero hour."

"Some of them are going back, thank the Lord!" observed the infantryman fervently. "Look! Squadrons of 'em!"

Flights of those high-up gnats were in fact passing swiftly across the sky in a reverse direction.

"Going back for more bombs to temporary aërodromes prepared for 'em twenty or thirty miles back," said the gunner. "You'll see 'em again in less than an hour."

"Bombs?" The infantryman repeated the word with a nervous incredulity. "But I haven't heard a single bomb explosion!"

"No," agreed the gunner grimly. "But listen to that!" The rapid detonations of the antiaircraft guns had perceptibly diminished. "Half those guns have ceased

If - - -!

WHEN a boy darts around a corner directly in your path. When another motorist cuts across your bows—all the skill and caution in the world won't avert an accident. There's only your brakes between you and trouble. If these brakes go back on you - - ! **IF!**

One out of every four motorists you meet is driving with his brakes in dangerously poor condition. How about your own? Are you *sure* they are 100% efficient or will you know they are not—*after* the smash-up?

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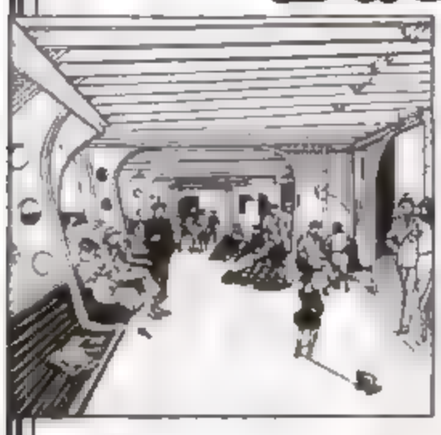

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fire. You don't imagine all those fellows are out for an early morning joy ride, do you? There are other sorts of bombs than high-explosive ones."

"Gas!" exclaimed the infantryman.

The gunner nodded. He was a gunner with a professionally trained imagination.

"Gas; and if I'm not mistaken, the biggest concentration that has ever been put onto a battlefield. There are at least five hundred bombers up there. They can each carry a ton of gas-producing bombs, perhaps more. Give 'em two journeys each—that's a thousand tons of gas; and believe me, my son, a thousand tons of gas was never thrown onto a limited battlefield like this in so short a time. No possible concentration of artillery could do it—guns waste seven-eighths of their potentiality on the weight of the shells. And it would flood the whole area. They're not worrying about us for the moment; they are drenching our gun positions from end to end."

"Still, you chaps can fight your guns in gas masks, can't you?"

The gunner pressed his lips together. He looked haggard in a sudden anxiety.

"If the gas masks are efficient. Let's hope they're not using any new stuff we haven't provided for." He turned to his telephonists, crouched against the traverse. "Get onto the battery."

He waited a moment or two. The telephonist called up to him, "No answer, sir."

"Try the buzzer," ordered the officer.

Again there was a pause—in which the infantry subaltern switched his glasses to yet another dense flight of aeroplanes speeding across a sky now yellowed by the emerging sun—and then again the telephonist reported, "No answer, sir!"

"Good God!" exclaimed the gunner. "They can't be out of ac——"

His last word was swallowed up by sudden raucous hootings, long and loud, all along the trench front. The corporal sitting in charge of the great horn struck the plunger of his instrument at the first sound, added its deafening clamor to the din. It was the gas alarm.

In an instant every man had slid his helmet onto his arm by its strap, whipped his respirator over his head, adjusted it, replaced his helmet. The trench was suddenly inhabited by strange beings, grotesque, unhuman in their facelessness.

The subaltern cursed within the imprisonment of his mask. Even with long training, there is nothing so repugnant to the soldier as the donning of this shrouding hood, where, his nose held in tight clips, he can only breathe—and that no longer with full lungs—through his mouth. He feels isolated, shut away from his fellows. His potentialities for action are terribly cramped, diminished. Orders are transmitted with difficulty. There can be no bite of food until the invisible danger is over and the mask removed—who knows how many hours hence? The subaltern turned to the gunner, put his head close to the other's, shouted, "Well, we'll give his infantry hell, anyway, when they come up that slope. They'll have to wear their masks too."

But the gunner took no heed of him. He leaped down to his signalers at their instruments, began furiously to tap the key of the buzzer. The subaltern saw him order one of his men to follow the telephone line back. Possibly there was a fault. If not — But no, that possibility could not be considered; the whole defense was relying on those massed guns.

The subaltern's attention was suddenly diverted. From the bare slope below him came a reiterated series of dull thuds. He swung round, saw through his mica eyepieces a long wall of smoke shoot upward. Overhead half a dozen aëroplanes were flying at tremendous speed parallel to the trench front. Objects were dropping from them—objects that when they touched earth became immediately an upward-bellying cloud. Smoke bombs! A smoke barrage! They were coming then! He jumped up on the parapet, glanced along the stretch of trench assigned to him, saw that every man was alert at his post. Then he jumped down again to the fire step, stood, with only his head exposed, watching, waiting. At any moment now would come the storm of shells which would herald the attack.

But it did not come. Not a gun spoke from the direction of the enemy. Behind him the detonations of the antiaircraft batteries had practically ceased—came only in weak and spasmodic bursts. The silence was uncanny. Right along the front, barring vision, was the dense screen of smoke. What was preparing behind it?

In that smoke cloud, or in rear of it, a terrific explosion shot suddenly skyward in a sheet of dull-red flame and upflung dark fragments. One of their land mines! But what was it that had touched it off? In another moment he saw—the nose of a tank emerged from the smoke in swift approach—tank after tank in line. Now! He waited for the appalling crash of their own artillery barrage for which every observation officer on the front must instantly have signaled. There was none. The lack of it gave him a turn. Only, after an interval, spasmodically, there was, far back, the thud of a gun and almost simultaneously a shell burst, now here, now there, along the front, among those swiftly approaching blind-snouted monsters. The artillery defense was paralyzed! The trench line defended itself—vomited from all its length an unceasing shower of trench-mortar bombs that exploded virulently around, in front of, and even on the upward-rushing monsters that emerged endlessly out of the smoke screen.

They were firing, those tanks. He saw their guns spitting without cessation—guns of a larger caliber than mere machine guns, firing small shells. Their missiles slashed past him, exploded with an apparent petty harmlessness on the parados of the trench. The nearest of the monsters reared itself, quite close, to climb the parapet, which crumbled under it. It was not only firing guns; it was spraying out some sort of fluid through nozzles like the nozzles of fire hoses that traversed an arc. He was not touched. What was the matter with him? Why was the trench silent? He was reeling, grasping for support at earth that ran down between his fingers. His sight was going. He faintly saw a line of tanks dipping into the trench, climbing up out of it, streaming up to the summit of the ridge. He had a half vision of a second line of tanks, immediately behind them—huge, monstrous, bigger than he had ever known a tank to be—then blackness.

Back two or three miles at the other side of that ridge, the officer commanding a section of the defending tanks had rushed out of the farmhouse which was his billet at the first hooting of the horns. A row of his uncouth monsters was drawn up in the orchard, and their crews were scrambling into them, one man on the heels of another. They were going aboard in accordance with the overnight corps order to be ready for action at 3:45; but at the ominous warning of the horns they accelerated to a more than routine rapidity of movement. As he ran, the officer glanced up to the dawn-irradiated sky overhead, saw the gnatlike aëroplanes wheeling in swarms. Beyond the hedge of the orchard, in the next field, an antiaircraft gun on a motor truck was banging away furiously, its muzzle elevated almost to the vertical. Something fell with a long swishing rush, a heavy thud. He did not stop to ascertain what it was. He dashed up to the command tank, pulled himself through its open doorway.

"All aboard, sir," said a sergeant crouched within.

He pulled the heavy steel door to with a slam, locked it fast with a turn of a lever. Inside was a gloomy half light that filtered through thick narrow prisms of glass. The electric lamps jumped into radiance. The officer glanced round at the men standing by the central engines, racing now with their clutches out, at the gunners on their bicycle seats against their embrasured weapons, at the wireless operator squatting with the headpieces over his ears, at the driver and the subordinate officer commanding the tank itself sitting on two of the three elevated seats in the little conning towerlike space forward.

"All present, sir," reported the sergeant. "Gas alarm on."

The officer nodded. It meant that all vents were closed, the cylinders of compressed oxygen functioning. The tank was of the newest pattern—gas-tight when these precautions were taken. He turned to the wireless operator.

"Get onto the other tanks. Find out if they are ready."

There was a crackle of tiny blue sparks on the miniature operating board as the man manipulated switches and a key.

"All O. K., sir," he reported, after a moment.

"Pick up H. Q.," ordered the officer. "Report ready for action."

"Report acknowledged, sir," came the reply a minute later. "Stand by for orders."

The officer clambered up into the third seat, left vacant for him, by the side of the

(Continued on Page 137)

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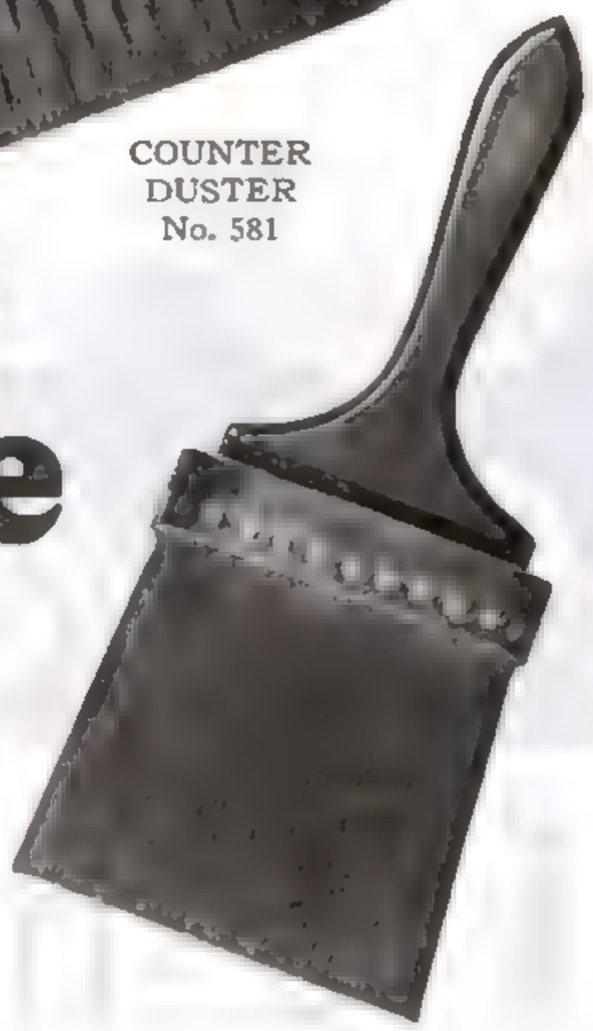

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THE SPEAKING LIKENESS

REICHMANN COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 134)

O. C. tank. That officer, a pleasant-faced, fresh-looking lad, grinned nervously at him, covering the emotion of imminent action for the first time. The O. C. section gave him a cheery word. He could sympathize with his junior's feelings. At the very end of 1918 he also had taken a tank into action for the first time—one of the slow old tanks that couldn't do more than eight miles an hour on the flat. This machine could do twenty over almost anything, was twice the size. He wondered whether battle would be as terrible now as it had been then. It could not well be worse. He had known tank crews to go mad under the strain in those old days. He wondered also when their ordeal would start—glanced at the clock on the instrument board in front of him. It marked 3:50.

Within those thick steel walls only the most violent outside sounds could penetrate. The engines, their capacity to start having been tested, were now shut off—it was suicidal and against orders to burn oxygen unnecessarily. It occurred to him suddenly that he ought, however faintly, to hear the detonations of that adjacent anti-aircraft gun if it were still firing. There was not a sound of it. Outside, in the orchard, the lower sections of the tree trunks were half hidden in a creeping grayish mist that spread and spread.

"What's that, sir?" asked his subaltern, pointing to it through the narrow thick glass of their view slits. "There wasn't any fog when we got aboard."

"Looks like gas," he replied.

He remembered suddenly that long swishing rush, that heavy thud, as he had dashed for the tank. A gas bomb from those planes? He half twisted in his seat, spoke down to the wireless operator:

"Tell No. 6 to go up to the antiaircraft gun at the other side of the hedge and report what's happening."

Looking through the side slits he saw a cloud of bluish exhaust gases spurt suddenly from under the tank farthest away, saw the endless belt of the caterpillar track suddenly move, saw the monster crawl slowly out of the line, twist off at an angle, push half through the hedge, stop. Almost instantly his operator reported:

"No. 6 reports A. A. gun out of action, sir. Crew gassed."

The section commander pressed his lips together. He pondered for a moment.

"Ask if gun crew were wearing masks," he said sharply.

The operator transmitted the question. The answer came almost immediately:

"Yes, sir."

Again the section commander pressed his lips together. His face set hard over thoughts he did not communicate.

"Tell No. 6 to resume station," was his only comment.

But the subaltern in command of the tank had been listening.

"They were wearing gas masks, sir!" he exclaimed. "Then ——"

The section commander silenced him with a look.

"Perhaps they did not have time to adjust their masks," he said, with a harsh curtness of tone. "Anyway, we're gas-tight here."

"Sure!" agreed the lad, forcing his nervous smile a little. "We're the one effective fighting machine nowadays, sir. I've always said so." He said it now for the benefit of the driver at his side. The man had gone suddenly deathly white. "We're all right, whatever happens."

The lights had been switched off again until needed, and they sat in the gloom of the tank, waiting. Not a sound came to them from outside. Nothing happened within the radius of their eye slits. Only that spreading grayish mist thinned and thinned until it was apparently quite dissipated. The tree trunks of the orchard were once more visible to their bases. Within the tank the only sound was the faint hiss from the carefully controlled oxygen cylinder that was renewing the atmosphere they breathed. The wireless operator was fidgeting with his gadgets.

"Crowd of S O S's coming through, sir!" he reported suddenly. "Mass attack of enemy tanks on front line."

The section commander stared at the man, and then jerked his head forward, listening with all his faculties, all his old experience of war revived in him. Where was the thunder of the artillery barrage of the defense? Motionless as they were, it ought to be plainly audible. The tank ought to be quivering with the concussions of thousands of guns firing at their maximum. There was not a sound. He put his ear in contact with the metal wall. Nothing! Yes, he caught the concussions of distant small-caliber, quick-firing artillery—the enemy's certainly; they had the double beat of guns pointing toward one—tank guns, probably. But the barrage—what had happened to the barrage? That silence was uncanny, sinister. He visualized the mass of battery positions his tanks had passed through the night before, remembered that there was an eight-inch-howitzer battery just at the other side of the farmhouse. Why was that not firing? They waited in a silence of the dead.

"S O S's still coming through, sir," reported the wireless operator. "They seem to be having a messy time up there."

The section commander answered nothing. His attention was suddenly attracted by a motor bicycle coming at breakneck speed along the road to the farmhouse. Its rider was shrouded in a gas mask. He jumped off his machine, commenced to run clumsily through the orchard toward them. But before he had run a dozen yards his hands went up to his throat, clawed, shot out in a double gripe at that clear air, as though it were unbreathable. He pitched headlong, lay still.

The section commander heard low exclamations of horror from the gunners at the sighting slits behind him, heard the wag of the crew say, "Who's for opening the windows, boys, and getting a breath of fresh air?" The facetiousness, grim though it was, relieved the strain. Just as well, perhaps, that the men should know that the apparently normal air outside was poisoned. They'd fight the tank to the last—when the moment came.

The wireless operator spoke again:

"S O S from Tenth Division to all tanks, sir—go forward at once."

The section commander grunted. The Tenth Division was away to their right.

"We're corps troops—can't take division orders. Get onto corps H. Q."

There was a moment or two of silence.

"Can't get communication with corps H. Q., sir."

"Try army."

Again a silence.

"Can't get army, sir—no reply. Can't hear 'em talking, sir, to anyone."

The section commander swore under his breath. What was happening? A sense of immense disaster, out of vision beyond those confining steel walls, in that uncanny silence—no, not quite silence; he could faintly hear the quick discharges of small-caliber artillery—gripped him, held him awed. The wireless operator spoke suddenly, excitement in his voice:

"From tank H. Q., sir, to all tanks: Go forward at once, sections independently, unless under control of superior officer. Engage enemy tanks wherever found. Fight to the last."

The section commander's voice came quick, hard-toned, in answer:

"Signal to section: Advance in echelon of tank intervals on command tank. Forward!"

He made a gesture to the subaltern at his side. The driver, on the third seat, started his engines with a roaring whir that intensified suddenly to a deafening clamor within that confined metal space as he slipped in his clutch. The endless caterpillar tracks commenced to move. The near-by tree trunks in the orchard slid back behind them. A small one stood directly ahead. They did not divert for it. It bent, snapped in front of them as they touched it. The tank went over it as though it were a feather. The section commander glanced round through the side slits. The other tanks were pulling out after him, in echelon behind one another. All were now in motion. He signaled—verbal orders were now impossible in the ear-shattering noise that filled the tank—"Full speed ahead!" A brick wall in front of them went down as though it were made of dust. The tank's nose dipped in a sickening vertical drop to a sunken road, jerked up again, with a jar and jolt and a fierce acceleration of its machinery, as it clambered up the bank and fell with a crash to level keel.

Ahead was a large field of standing wheat. In that field was a line of heavy guns, their muzzles pointing toward the enemy. They were silent. As the tank drew near, the section commander saw their crews—lying motionless, gas masks on. A wreath or two of the grayish mist was still drifting over them. The tanks passed through the battery, between the intervals of the guns.

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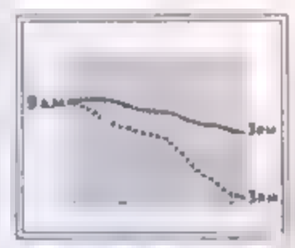

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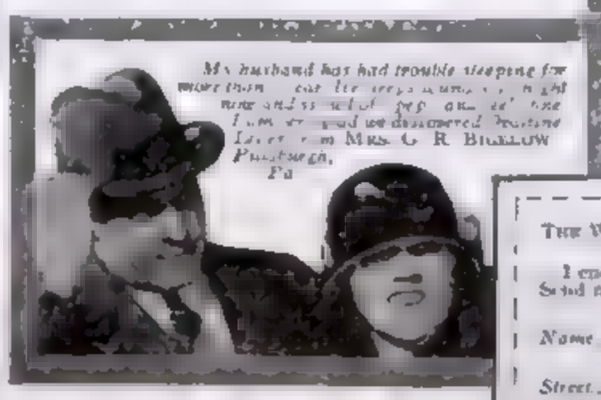

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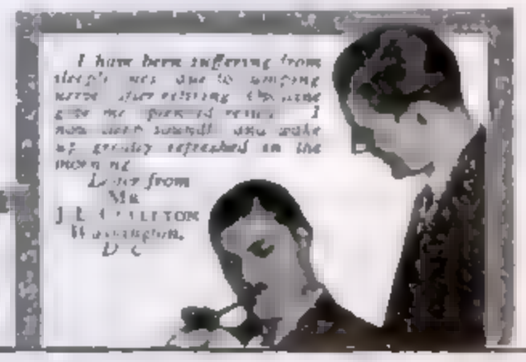

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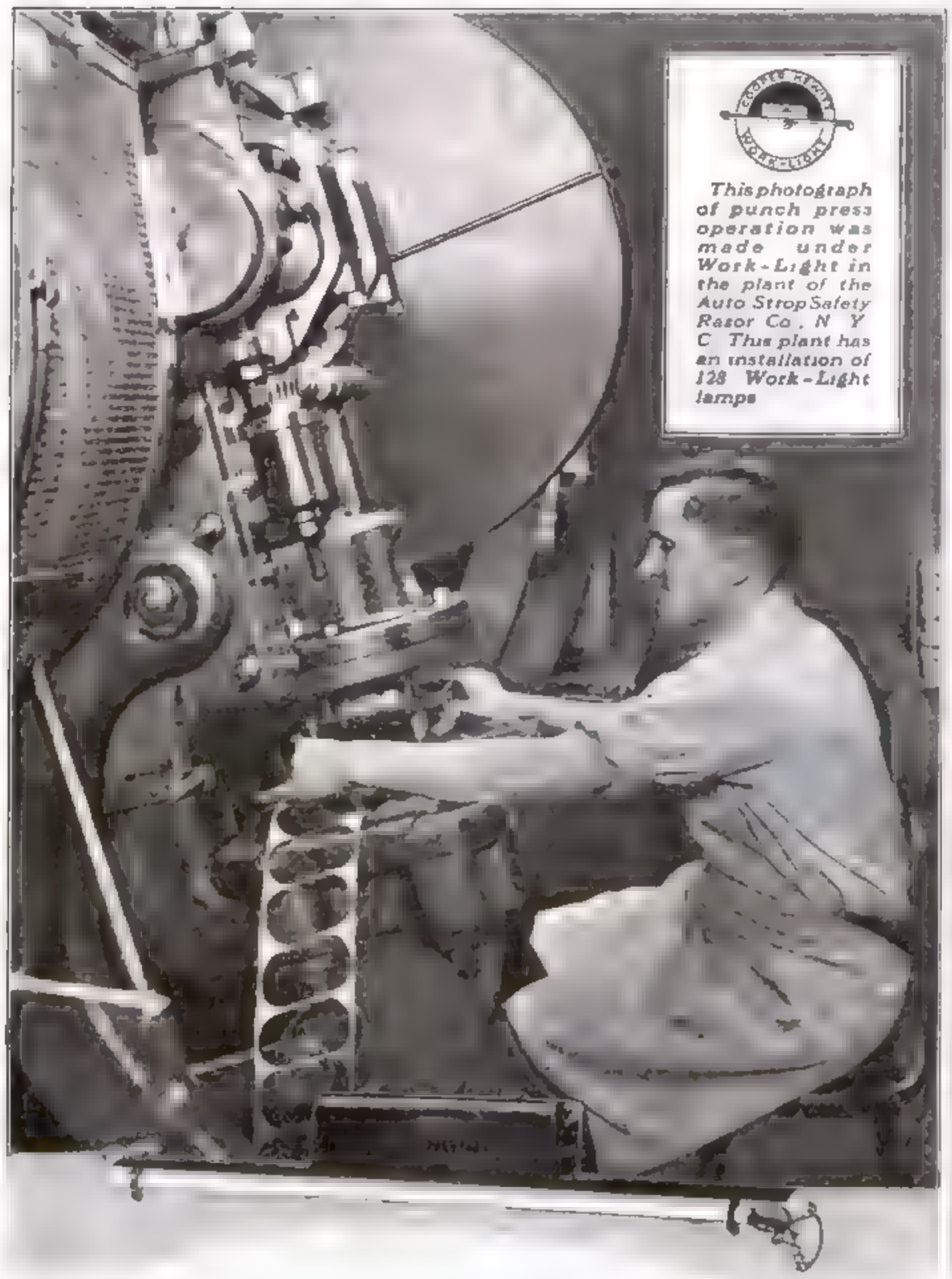
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The wheat field dipped to a hedge and a green hollow. In that hollow was infantry in formation, lying down. Reserves waiting for the order to go forward. For a moment the section commander thought of altering course to a flank to avoid them. Then he saw that in all that mass of prone men no one moved. He set his jaw grimly, let the tank roll on. So far as he could see, to right and left of him, there was nothing in movement on that battlefield—yes, far away to his right, another section of tanks, recognizable as their own, was likewise going forward.

They went on, over all obstacles, at a pace that was twenty miles an hour where there was a clear run. The tank lurched and swayed, lifted and pitched, now on its head, now on its tail—crashed and wallowed, like a small ship in a hurricane. The heat inside became furnacelike. And wherever they saw men, those men were dead. The tank smashed its way through a coppice of saplings where field kitchens smoked with no one to attend them, plunged through a brook over which the grayish mist lay like steam, emerged to an upward-stretching slope of clear country.

The section commander's eye was caught by a first sign of life in this death-stricken land. Distant perhaps a mile, to his left front, a field battery on a high knoll, half protected by a group of trees, was in furious action. Its detonations were quite inaudible, but the twinkling gun flashes were plainly to be seen despite the now full though horizontal sunshine. Doubtless, by its lofty position, it had escaped the heavy low-lying gas that flooded the country around it. Quite evidently it had target in plenty.

And then, beyond, away on the flank of that battery, at the other side of the group of trees, he saw a cluster of swiftly moving vehicles appear on the countryside. His experienced eye recognized them in an instant—enemy light tanks! They were maneuvering to attack that battery.

He scribbled an order on the pad in front of him—"Section change direction on battery in action. a. a. a. Objective light tanks. a. a. a. Independent fire control tank commanders. a. a. a. Section open battle intervals on command tank"—passed it down to the wireless operator. He thrust the carbon duplicate under the eye of the subaltern in command of his own tank. The great machine slued round, went at full speed up the slope toward the battery. If they could only get there before the enemy tanks! If the battery could only realize its danger!

Apparently the battery did. While they were yet half a mile distant he saw some of the guns manhandled round, saw them spit at the small tanks—there were six of them—that approached, zigzagging, at a tremendous speed. He saw the shells burst around and over them, saw the small tanks open fire. He could not see the enemy shell bursts, but apparently they were effective. The battery was almost instantly silenced.

So far their own approach seemed unperceived. They were within a quarter of a mile of the hostile machines. The section commander cursed suddenly through his teeth. They had been spotted. The enemy light tanks swerved round, made off. There was a thudding reiterated crash from his tank, spurts of dusty flame from the enemy. Both sides had opened fire at the same instant. A serious of violent blows on their armor—harmless—a little inferno of shell bursts over and on the enemy—and four of them were stopped, gashed open. The two others held on at a crawl, were splashed over by explosions, were suddenly rent and riven, overturned. The section commander glanced back into his own machine. It had suffered no damage. The enemy tanks were only whippets. They hadn't a chance, he thought; like a fight between destroyers and battleships.

He held on his course, climbing swiftly up the slope, came to the summit, overlooked an immense expanse of downlike country to the ridge whereon their defending front line should be intrenched. That distant ridge was now whelmed in smoke, and from it, far down the hither side, streamed tanks—not in mere sections, but in squadrons—like a gigantic fleet, hundreds of them. Away across the landscape, in three several places, sections of their own tanks were fighting desperate and impossible battles, moving the while at top speed against adversaries in overwhelming number. Farther away still he saw an attack by their own whippet tanks headed off and stopped by a swift maneuver of enemy whippet tanks, for all the world like a destroyer action at sea. No infantry, no artillery, was anywhere visible. The battle was between tanks, and tanks alone—between an enemy who was all tanks and a defending force whose tanks were the comparatively minimal number mobilized to act as an adjunct to other arms that were now obliterated.

Across that battlefield the grayish mist lay in long wreaths. And even where the atmosphere was apparently clear, it was—the proof had been dramatic—poisoned with some new gas against which their pattern of mask was useless. One shell gashing their armor, thought the section commander, and they were all dead men.

But he did not hesitate. Half a mile below him, coming diagonally up the hillside, across his front, was a squadron of heavy enemy tanks—battleships of the modern battlefield—twenty-four of them, in a spearhead formation. He scribbled an order: "Section will concentrate its fire on leading enemy tank and then in succession of leaders. a. a. a. Maintain intervals follow me."

If only they could get between them and the dazzling horizontal sun! The heavy machine hurtled down the hillside, shook to the crash of its own guns. The other tanks of the section had fired simultaneously. They had got their first salvo in. The leading enemy tank seemed to blow up internally in one tremendous explosion An instant later the second enemy tank disappeared likewise in a great fount of flame and smoke. At the same moment a rippling flash spurted from the gun turrets of those opposing machines that had a clear field of fire—misses, thank God! in their own vertiginous rush—the bunch shook itself out in maneuver, presented a long line of gun turrets focusing on them.

"If only there were more of us!" thought the section commander. "And we shall have to evolve tactics for this kind of fighting."

The professional cells of his brain worked with flashlike rapidity at this supreme moment, even as his own guns shook the tank with their concussion, even as that long line of hostile guns spurted, and amid an inferno of shell bursts there was a tremendous stunning thud.

The section commander glanced back into the interior of the tank. Beyond its darkness, there was a jagged rent, through which blue sky showed. The subaltern at his side collapsed against him. What was the matter with him? What was the matter with himself? He could scarcely see, could not move. With a queer last impulse he forced his dimming vision to sight of the clock on the instrument board in front of him. It marked 4:25.

At 5:45 A.M. of that same morning the commander in chief of the victorious force stopped his roomy staff tank between the country house and the parallelogram of statue-sentineled water, where some dead swans were lying with wings outsprawled upon its surface. Without opening the apertures of his tank, he looked up at what had been the headquarters of his opposite number. The house was riven in twain. Not a soul moved about it. The aëroplanes that dawn, dropping their combination of high explosive and gas bombs, had done their work completely.

The general gazed at the wreck for a moment and then sighed. He turned to his chief of staff.

"We were military attachés together in the old days," he said. "A good man; but archaic—quite archaic. I wonder whether he had time to realize that he died in a historic moment. We've seen the last of infantry, and unprotected, limber-drawn artillery on a battlefield, poor devils! We've inaugurated a new era today, and who knows what will be the end of it? Landships as big as dreadnoughts, perhaps, fighting high-speed battles of maneuver across every sort of country short of a mountain or a marsh."

"Speaking as an ex-infantryman, sir," remarked the chief of staff, "I say, thank God!"

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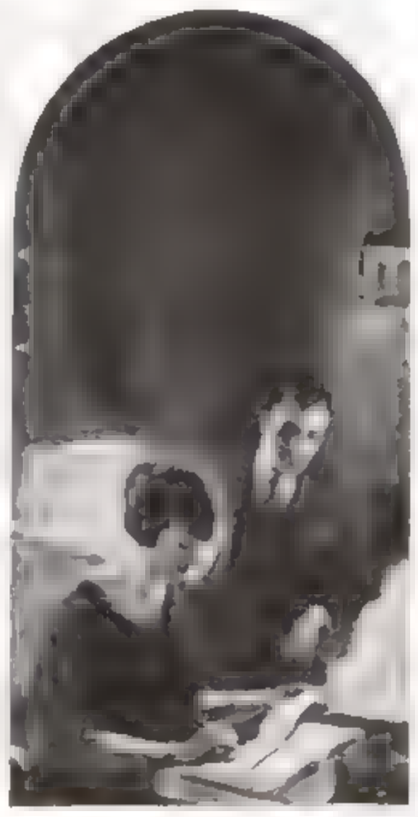

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I PROMISED TO PAY

(Continued from Page 13)

deferred-payment privilege. This is variously interpreted by the individual establishments. It may mean one-fifth down and one-fifth every month for the next four months. Or it may mean a ninety-day credit extension, with the possibility of further deferment at a carrying charge of 4 per cent. Or it may resolve into any one of a dozen or more other arrangements between the house involved and the customer.

Some houses have extended the installment privilege to all merchandise except wearing apparel. Likewise, customers are asking with increasing frequency that purchases be put on next month's bill. This is particularly true after the middle of the current month, when such requests come in dozens to a credit office. A thoughtful anticipation was indicated by a number of houses which agreed publicly to put any purchases made after the middle of October on the January bill if the customer so desired. That amounted to a sixty-day deferment without charge. And yet the bankers are opposed to extensions of time, and at a national meeting the collectors agreed to do all in their power to shorten the time payments.

But whatever the cause, whether it is overexpenditure or poor investment or an unforeseen rainy day, when a man refuses to pay his account he belongs to the collection manager. And the collection manager's way, like that of the well-known transgressor, is hard.

Often enough he is poorly housed; and though I am thoroughly conversant with the fine-feathers-do-not-make-fine-birds bromide, I know how much more convincing I can be with a new hat and gown. I have found collection offices in little ill-furnished rooms which might better have been used for a small supply outpost. It seemed to me that it was the customers who ought to be ashamed that they owed bills, not the management. However, there were a few collection managers whom I would never have dared to refuse to pay, so impressed was I by their excellent and adequate quarters.

Routine Collections

Then the clients of the collection manager are by no means the cream of the establishment; rather they are the skim milk from last week's milking. All the hard-luck tales are his by inherent right, for a man does not come to the office to tell about his prosperity. If he is prosperous, he pays his bills. But he may come in answer to a collection letter.

These letters, incidentally, are a usual part of collection routine. Generally, there are three or four or five form letters which are sent automatically when a bill due at the beginning of one month has not been paid by the middle of the following month. The first form is a gentle reminder:

"We notice that you have not paid your January bill. Doubtless it has escaped your notice. Now that we have called it to your attention, will you take the necessary steps to liquidate it?"

If the customer answers, the collection department is surprised and gratified. If not, after the lapse of a week or ten days another missive follows:

"We wrote to you on the fifteenth instant in regard to your unpaid account. If there is any good reason for delay we should be glad to learn of it. Otherwise we shall expect a liquidation on receipt of this letter."

Every letter thereafter becomes more insistent, until the customer is notified that his account is about to be turned over to an attorney for collection. Of course, the forms are not always followed; and as soon as the customer gives a personal or written answer, the case becomes a special and is handled on its own merits. In discussing the efficacy of letters, a collector said:

"I try to anticipate my customers' excuses in the special letters, and thereby save a sort of correspondence repartee. But sometimes I am outgeneraled. One woman who is notoriously slow pay wrote:

"'When I received your letter, I asked my husband if his tailor ever asked him for money and he said that it was ridiculous. If he did, we would not trade with him. But I am willing to give your house another trial.'

"I had to write her an educational letter next time. Another woman ignored the financial question between us entirely and announced that Fido had just died and she had no heart to think of anything but her loss. I felt like answering that we were thinking about our possible loss, too, and our hearts were likewise affected. But such a letter would not have benefited us."

This man registers his fourth communication. He estimated 50 per cent response to his second letter and 25 per cent to his third. If there is no answer, the customer generally draws a visit, provided he is within calling distance. But sometimes he has changed his address and has taken care to leave no forwarding instructions. Such a customer has a special name; he is called a skip. And skips are the bane of every collector's life. They are numerous enough to necessitate a skip tracer, or sleuth, as part of many a collector's staff.

Three years ago an unkempt individual parked himself in the general room of a credit office.

"I want to see Mr. Brown," he said.

"Mr. Brown is very busy," was the answer.

"All right, I'll wait."

"Mr. Brown is always busy."

"All right, I'm in no hurry." And for five days he kept a lonely vigil outside of Mr. Brown's office, addressing no one and comporting himself in quiet, unassuming fashion. But Mr. Brown felt that he added nothing to the picturesqueness of his office, and moreover he was attracting no little attention from well-dressed visitors.

A Professional Finder

"Show him in," ruled Mr. Brown. "I'll soon dispose of him." And then the man entered. "Well, what do you want with me?"

"I want a job."

Mr. Brown was puzzled.

"With me? Why, what can you do?"

"I can find things," was the answer, "whenever they are lost."

Mr. Brown laughed.

"Very well, I'll let you talk to our lease man. He will give you a list of ten pianos that are lost to us. See how you make out."

In a month the man was back with every instrument found. His experiences illustrate the keenness of mind required in a skip tracer. He traced one piano over ten moves in eight months. Finally he located it in a New Jersey suburb in a two-family house of very modest pretensions. He located a policeman and said, "When do you go off duty?"

"In an hour."

At the end of the hour he presented himself again.

"Want to make five dollars?" he asked.

"Sure, if it is all right."

"It is. I am going to a house, and when I look at you, you say, 'What do you want me to do?'" The policeman frowned in doubt.

"Yes, but what do you want me to do?"

"Nothing at all," was the answer, "except to ask that question."

They approached the house together and knocked. When the door was opened, the collector pushed the policeman ahead of him. But he spoke first:

"I represent Smith Brothers and I came for their piano. You stopped payments eight months ago." Then he turned to the policeman, who said in a throaty voice, "What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing!" shrieked the unwitting hosts. "Nothing! We will pay. We will pay now." And they did.

When he began tracing another piano he found that he was dealing with affinities, not married persons. The woman was married to a man who lived in Pittsburgh. The man's wife had vanished to parts unknown, but they were both using the man's name. He found three places where they had lived, and in the third place there were tales of a terrific scrap. If the result had been separation, the piano might be stored. The nearest storage house was within the radius of a mile. He dropped in. When a young clerk asked him his business, he said, "Mrs. Johnson wants to know how much is due on her storage bill." The clerk examined the books.

"Johns, Jones, Joyle," he repeated. "What name did you say?"

"I said Johnson, but I remember that she did leave it in her mother's name. I had forgotten. That would be Carroll."

"Sure," replied the clerk. "Here it is. F. R. Carroll, due five dollars."

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A DELIGHTFULLY chewy, creamy, delicious candy direct from the Boardwalk.

It's not too sweet—not too rich—never sticky.

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Twenty-five fascinating flavors that whet the appetite and tickle the palate.

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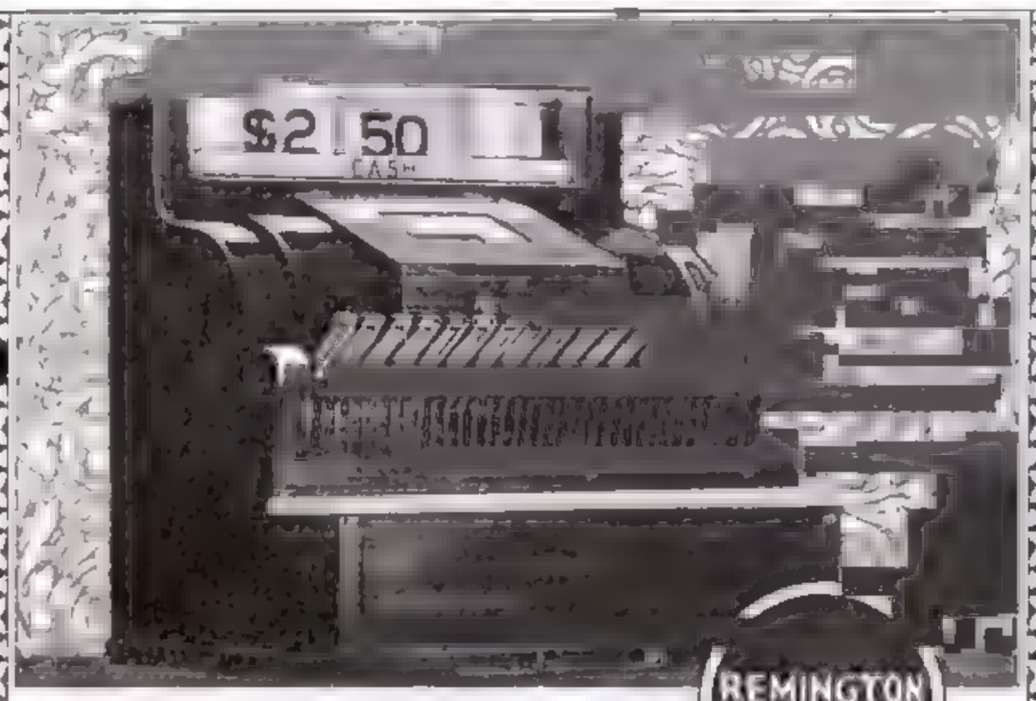

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So the woman had stored the instrument in her own name and not that of her temporary husband. He notified the house and it handled the question of injunction, bond and final return of the piano.

Numerous efforts have been made to decrease the possibility of skips. Moving companies have been asked to file records of their activities—name, old address, new address. A number of states even legislated in this connection. But enforcement was difficult and a test case in court brought the verdict of unconstitutional.

At a meeting of the collection men of one large city a representative of a telegraph company discussed further possibility of his organization's aid:

"When a customer shows stubbornness about payment, send him a wire."

A number of men indicated that they did send telegrams on many such occasions, after several letters had proved futile.

"Why not use a wire after the first failure to answer a collection letter?" he suggested.

Several objections were raised to this.

One man said, "It is not good business psychology. Some persons receive telegrams only to announce serious events—a death, an elopement, the hour of arrival of a friend. They would be deeply annoyed and perhaps alarmed by a wire."

"And they might be so angry when they did read it that they would be more reluctant than ever to settle," added a second. "Of course, such a message is feasible and justified after several letters have been forwarded and ignored. By that time collection is a serious event—to us, at any rate."

A further advantage was pointed out by the telegraph agent.

"In the case of skips it ought to be of real value," he said. "When a boy tries to deliver a wire he has much better opportunity to find the new address than a collector. If the address is within corporate limits, the message would still be delivered and a notation made so that the sender could be informed. If the man had moved from the city, the sender would be notified, of course, because of the additional charges and the further instruction required."

Collectors' Strategy

One man who resorts to the telegram frequently interspersed a word from his own experience:

"I never fail to include as part of my message 'personal delivery only.' And if the recipient lives in a small town, I add, 'Do not telephone.' With party lines and the general business of rural districts, such a warning saves our customer from needless personal embarrassment."

But sometimes persons have not moved. They are just permanently absent from home—to a collector. Ingenious devices are employed, therefore, to gain an entry. The one prerequisite seems to be that a successful collector must never look the part.

A collection representative had been trying for days to find Mr. Black at home. Finally he telephoned and asked for Mr. Black. As he expected, the answer came that Mr. Black was out of the city.

"Perhaps you can help me," he continued. "Do you know whether Mr. Black had a dear friend in Detroit, a lumberman? He left some insurance ——"

"What was the name?" The representative muffled a response, as the voice added, "Could you come to see Mr. Black tomorrow morning at ten? We expect him back by that time."

And the next day, after the insurance business had been easily disposed of because of a wrong name or a misunderstood address, there was opportunity for yeoman service in collecting an account.

Another device which brought about many personal meetings, to say nothing of encounters, was the visiting-cousin subterfuge, used by an enterprising collector. She would don a traveling costume, annex a suitcase, a magazine and a box of candy, and hail a taxi.

When she reached her destination she would say, "Cousin John did not meet me."

The dazed Mrs. John would disappear to whisper to her husband, "There's some relation of yours in there. Looks like she is here for a visit. You go in and find out, and you needn't be too insistent."

When "Cousin John" did appear, the shameless young person would say, "We may not be real cousins. But we ought to be, from all the letters I have written to you." And then she would get down to brass tacks. And once an interview is obtained, there is generally a plan of settlement. Debtors are notoriously craven in the face of creditors, but they seldom face them if they see the creditor first.

When a customer is traced to another city, the guaranty companies are often of great assistance in collecting the bill.

A young man had bought a washing machine on the installment plan. He made the first four payments promptly. When the fifth did not materialize, a representative was sent to his address. It proved to be his former address, for the man had betaken himself to parts unknown. A carefully worded telegram was returned with this information: "Mr. White no longer lives at 907 Main Street. He has moved to Winchester, England." The barrister listed by the guaranty company was sent full particulars. In two weeks word came from him: "Mr. White is a stoker on the railroad and professes himself quite willing to pay. Inclosed find three pounds as his fifth installment. A similar amount will be forwarded monthly." The total cost of handling this collection for the house was a little less than seven dollars.

An Unusual Case

Another young scion of a prominent family had cast himself for the rôle of black sheep. His relatives had published notice to the effect that they would not be responsible for his accounts. Nevertheless, by a clever bit of chicanery, he managed to take with him when he cleared the city quite a nice assortment of merchandise from a large department store. He was traced to Atlanta, Georgia, to Dallas, Texas, and finally to Los Angeles. The attorney at Los Angeles had strange news to impart. The young man had held for six months an excellent position with a leading concern. He was reported engaged and was generally liked. The truth of the matter was that there had been a complete about face. Whether he had tired of being a wastrel or whether his young fiancée had furnished a motive, the results were the same. When reminded gently of the large outstanding account, he sent an unusual letter:

"I am inclosing a check for $75. Next month I will send $50. By alternating the two amounts every other month, I shall have the bill of $375 canceled in six months. Is that plan satisfactory?

"I thought I had blotted Philadelphia from my record. But I had forgotten the red-inked page. I appreciate the courteous manner in which you have called this matter to my attention. I have been doing well here; so well in fact that it would hurt me bitterly to be discredited."

He covered the amount as he had promised, too.

The collection manager has to be keen, long suffering and calm as he deals out justice by telephone, by letter or in personal contact. It is often a heterogeneous cycle of folk who pass through his office. I asked one man to name the last three persons with whom he had had interviews. He smiled:

"You mean the last three interviews, I guess. I had a very upstage society matron on my hands for over half an hour. We may lose her patronage, but I am through wasting time on her. I told her as agreeably as I could that I was putting her account in the hands of our lawyer if it were not paid by tomorrow at five o'clock."

"How did she receive that news?" I interrupted

"She looked at me as if I were a gnat in the coffee and walked out. She was shortly followed by a happy couple. The woman probably found the first hundred and eighty pounds the hardest to acquire. The man was about the size of those French dolls that the girls carry. Their account was not large, but they were not paying it. I know how to terminate a conversation politely but very firmly. They came in, to continue a family argument. They have a joint account and each thought the other had made some unnecessary purchases. 'I pay when Minna brings back the rug,' affirmed the man. 'Rug!' shrieked Minna. 'You can say rug, with your house coat and your smoking stand!'"

"Who won?" I asked. He shrugged.

"It was a draw. But if they were noisy, you should have met the next group. A woman walked in with four small children, three tagging at her skirts, the fourth in her arms. 'My husband works,' she said. 'I came in his place. Your letter asks him

(Continued on Page 145)

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ARE you one of the thousands who, wondering what radio set to buy, are caught in the confusion of radio names and claims?

Radio, the wonder of the age, has passed through the experimental stages faster than any other industry. Out of this have come *four* main circuits or systems of radio reception. The first *three* of these were originally designed and perfected to receive and emphasize the staccato dot-and-dash of *radio telegraphy*.

The fourth, Neutrodyne, was developed after modern broadcasting began.

Neutrodyne followed broadcasting

In 1920, the broadcasting of music and speech, as a free public service for entertainment in the home, was begun. Immediately the electrical engineers sought to adapt the three existing systems to the new conditions.

In 1922, L. A. Hazeltine, Professor of Electrical Engineering at Stevens Institute of Technology, seeing the inherent difficulties in the existing circuits, took the factors of the new conditions and mathematically worked out an entirely new system of broadcast reception.

With nothing but Professor Hazeltine's figures to work from, a receiving set was built, and, marvelous to report, it worked perfectly the very first time it was tried. Distance, tone, ability to pick out any station anywhere, were right there in the first set built. It was a tremendous triumph for pure science.

The principles established by this first Neutrodyne are the identical ones embodied in every Neutrodyne set which has since been built.

Neutrodyne designed to receive broadcasting

The Neutrodyne system is *the* basic system of radio reception developed since broadcasting of programs began.

In order to protect the public from fraudulent Neutrodynes, the Hazeltine Corporation was formed, and Professor Hazeltine entrusted his great idea to just fourteen hand-picked, licensed manufacturers. These fourteen radio builders are grouped into one association, known as the Independent Radio Manufacturers, Incorporated. No other manufacturers may use the genuine Neutrodyne principle!

Neutrodyne superiorities

The definite advantages of the Neutrodyne are, first, *Selectivity*. You set the dials at predetermined points and hear only the one station you have selected. All others are rejected.

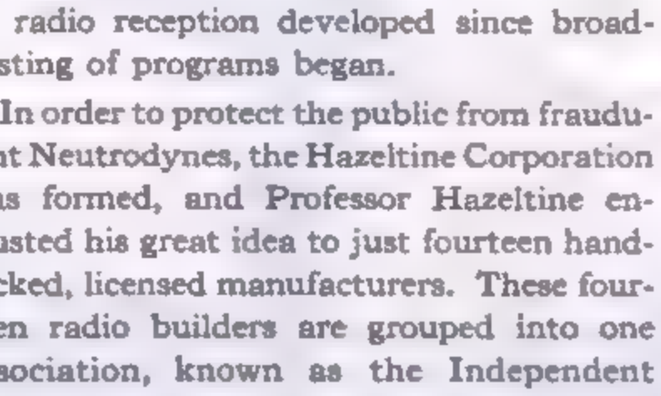
Clarity is the second point of Neutrodyne superiority. Neutrodynes create no squawks or whistles to disturb you or your neighbors. If all receivers were Neutrodynes, radio reception would be entirely free from squeals. Neutrodyne also guarantees perfect tonal quality. Reproductions are faithfully realistic, producing the high notes of the violin, the low guttural twang of the bass viol, the roll of the drums. Human voices, sung or spoken, *sound* human.

The third Neutrodyne advantage is *Distance*. If the radio waves from a distant city are reaching your neighborhood, your Neutrodyne will convert them into voice or music. Neutrodyne owners know that what *they* cannot hear, no one *else* can.

The fourth and perhaps greatest of Neutrodyne features is absolute *Dependability*. Neutrodynes never disappoint. If you invite guests to a radio party, your Neutrodyne will not fail you. Apologies such as, "It worked all right *last* night," are not heard in Neutrodyne-equipped homes.

Hazeltine Corporation *(Sole Owner of Neutrodyne Patents and Trade-marks)*. Independent Radio Manufacturers, Incorporated *(Exclusive Licensee of Hazeltine Corporation)*.

If it hasn't this label, it isn't a Neutrodyne. It is there for your protection.


LICENSED BY
INDEPENDENT RADIO MANUFACTURERS INC.
NEUTRODYNE
PAT MARCH 27 1923 AND APRIL 1 1924
HAZELTINE PATS. NOS 1450 080 AND 1489 228
OTHER PATENTS PENDING
REG U S PAT OFF
REG U S PAT OFF

NEUTRODYNE

Perfected Radio

California

Californians are *twice* as prosperous as the average American

MANY families that came to California with only moderate capital, ten years ago or less, are well-to-do today.

Californians, living more easily, more happily—with about twice the average American bank account—are exceptionally prosperous because the opportunities to get ahead are exceptionally great.

Greater prosperity everywhere

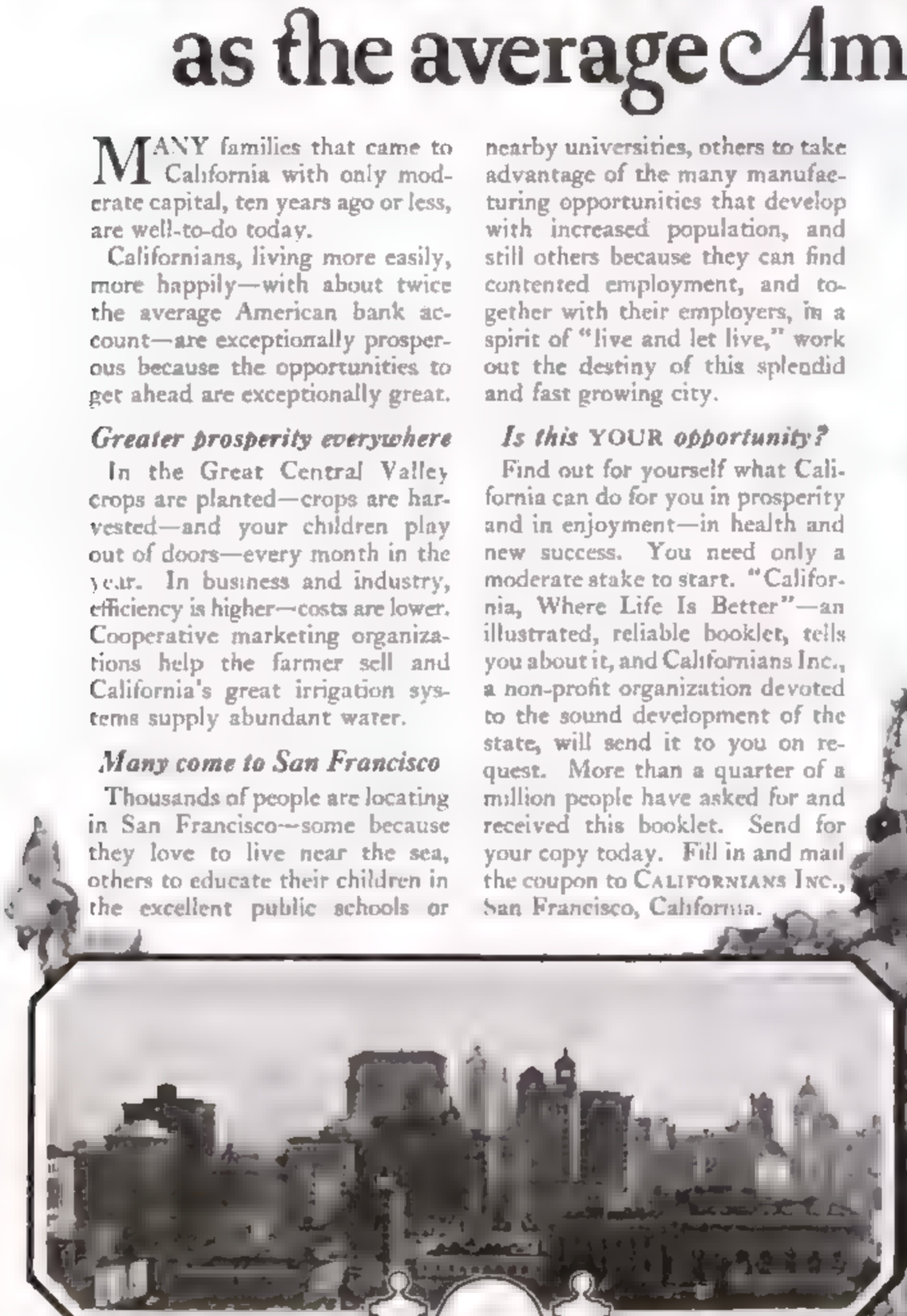
In the Great Central Valley crops are planted—crops are harvested—and your children play out of doors—every month in the year. In business and industry, efficiency is higher—costs are lower. Cooperative marketing organizations help the farmer sell and California's great irrigation systems supply abundant water.

Many come to San Francisco

Thousands of people are locating in San Francisco—some because they love to live near the sea, others to educate their children in the excellent public schools or nearby universities, others to take advantage of the many manufacturing opportunities that develop with increased population, and still others because they can find contented employment, and together with their employers, in a spirit of "live and let live," work out the destiny of this splendid and fast growing city.

Is this YOUR *opportunity?*

Find out for yourself what California can do for you in prosperity and in enjoyment—in health and new success. You need only a moderate stake to start. "California, Where Life Is Better"—an illustrated, reliable booklet, tells you about it, and Californians Inc., a non-profit organization devoted to the sound development of the state, will send it to you on request. More than a quarter of a million people have asked for and received this booklet. Send for your copy today. Fill in and mail the coupon to CALIFORNIANS INC., San Francisco, California.



A bird's-eye view of downtown San Francisco looking toward the Golden Gate

San Francisco –the Golden Gateway to California

In and near San Francisco are many fine golf courses

In San Francisco's Golden Gate Park the music camp is band plays out of doors all year 'round

A home overlooking San Francisco Bay

They came, they saw, they stayed

—How thousands of newcomers feel about life in California is indicated by these typical excerpts from letters to Californians Inc. We can put you in touch with the writers if you desire.

To be able to motor for hundreds of miles without leaving the concrete was to us a revelation, and even now we enjoy a 50- or 60-mile drive just as much as ever. Moreover these highways are a great help to us in our business. Our ranch, consisting of five acres of sandy loam soil, will easily accommodate 3,000 hens.

W. F. D., *Petaluma*

I have roses on my Christmas table from my garden, such as they pay a dollar apiece for in the East.

We can have all the beautiful scenery we want by just driving in the mountains on a Sunday. In every locality the scenery is different, and the rapid development here makes a continual change. A person does not get tired of California.

Mrs. I. E. M., *Orland*

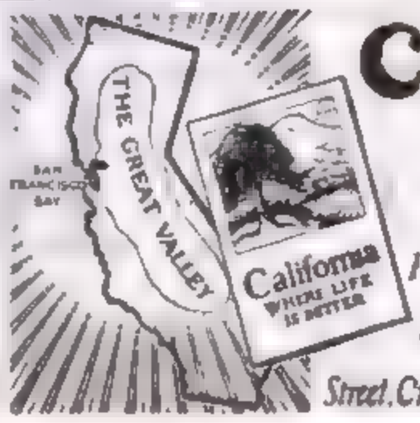
We came to California, bought 140 acres of land and started with fruit farming. We have invested all our money in California soil. All of us have worked hard. My husband, who was sick before, has become well. Our children have grown strong and healthy. All of us have the fortune to enjoy this sunny, health-giving climate and beautiful Nature. Mrs. A. F., *Loomis*

We farm eighty acres here, consisting of raisin and table grapes, peaches, and a few acres of alfalfa; besides having chickens and turkeys. I [illegible] in family besides wife and self.

We have no cold weather and no idle winters. We have good roads and A-1 highways, beautiful parks, and auto parks, every few miles. We can travel any time of the year in comfort. Outdoor bathing we never heard of before. There are flowers in California the year 'round. We have school busses to get our children and bring them home from school. There is no end of pleasure and there are plenty of opportunities for making money.

J. M. C., *Dixon*

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLET *about life in California*



Californians Inc.

Headquarters
SAN FRANCISCO

140 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 508

Please send me "California, Where Life is Better"

Name _____

Street, City & State _____

(Continued from Page 142)

about payment on our phonograph.' And then, as if at a given signal, the baby began to cry and every mother's son of them joined in. I may be a cynic, but I think she joggled the baby on purpose. But I did not allow myself to be discountenanced. I talked a little louder so that my voice carried above the din. When they left, I had the payments to date. She had actually brought the money with her and proffered it after I had failed to show interest in a tale of misfortune."

A collector must be ready to hear strange requests. A man had had a series of reverses. The collection manager gave him every encouragement, accepted very small payments graciously, suggested certain retrenchments and did not push the claim at all. And then one day the man appeared, wreathed in smiles as to his face and in a new suit as to his person.

"I will have money," he announced. "Here, read for yourself the letter."

And in sooth he had some justification. A cousin had died and left him his estate, amounting to eight thousand dollars. He was to affix his signature to several quite authentic papers and the money would be his.

"I will then pay you all," he assured. "In two months, anyway, I will have the money. So I date my check ahead sixty days."

"No, don't," said the collection manager. "If you want to bind the bargain, make out a note, due in two months."

The man was perfectly agreeable. But when I heard of the case, I wondered if I had guessed correctly the reasons for the refusal of the check.

"Simple enough," he explained. "A note proves liability. A post-dated check would not even come under the bad-check law if it were N. G. The law covers only checks that are tendered in exchange for merchandise."

The Final Step

Sometimes a collection on the surface appears to be poor business. It required the expenditure of eighty-three dollars to collect an account that amounted to only forty-seven dollars. When I heard the figures, I knew there was a joker. There was.

"We draw a large foreign trade in our basement store," was the answer. "Most of the people pay well and buy fairly. Not big amounts, but to the total of thirty, forty or fifty dollars in a month. If we had allowed that account to slip, we would have had a collection problem in every family in the entire neighborhood. We had to demonstrate that when persons buy and do not intend to pay, it does not go well with them. We established our precedent."

Of course, the last resort in collection is to file suit. This is decidedly the final step, because, aside from its unpleasantness, it means an enemy. And as one merchant computes his mathematical problems, one enemy equals twenty friends.

A number of retail credit bureaus have added or are by way of adding a collection department. One efficient bureau of some years' standing is enthusiastic about the advantage of the collection department. Its manager said:

"The information available in its files, as well as the coöperation of banks and all its other members, brings a pressure which gives the department a great leverage in collecting accounts. In the tracing of skips it is very efficient. In the latter activity, the public utilities such as gas and electric companies render the most complete coöperation by giving the bureau a record of their changes of meter. We have two employes whose sole work is the tracing of skips, and they are never allowed a moment's rest. Names that cannot be located by them appear in the weekly bulletin. This list serves two purposes. It indicates that those whose names are posted must be owing past-due accounts, and gives any member who has special information in regard to the whereabouts an opportunity of making it general for the good of the others."

Gentle Pressure

The protection is not limited to the member; it also extends to the unfortunate customer. A man of forty-eight had had forty-odd years of comfortable prosperity. And then by a series of fortuitous investments that bordered perilously on speculation he became quite rich. He built an expensive house, disposed of his small cars and added a number of large ones, bought a half dozen old masters and was ready to enjoy himself. His preparation for this happy state had taken him several years—a needless process, as it proved, for a hurricane changed him from a millionaire to a man who measured his wealth in mere thousands. With the outstanding debts natural to his previous financial responsibility, he anticipated bankruptcy as the next step, and he most assuredly would have taken it if a dozen creditors had swooped down upon him. But the clearance bureau asked him to call. When he complied, he was asked to make a careful statement of his assets and his liabilities. He was able to furnish this within a week. Then with him the bureau representatives mapped a scheme of time payment, with the settlements portioned among the various creditors. In two years he was again sound financially, and in another two years he had liquidated to the last penny, including all carrying charges.

A rather new credit bureau is just beginning to do collections. It does not even dignify itself with the title of department of collections. And yet when it received notice of six accounts in suspense, amounting to $387, it was able to collect in full before the week was ended. The method it followed was simple. It sent a letter which read:

"We are constantly revising our files from the records furnished us by our members. Among those we notice your unpaid account with Jones & Jones, for ninety-five dollars. As credit standing depends largely upon the record in this office, we do not believe you want this recorded in our files. Therefore we urge you to see Jones & Jones in this connection so that they can instruct us to clear your record."

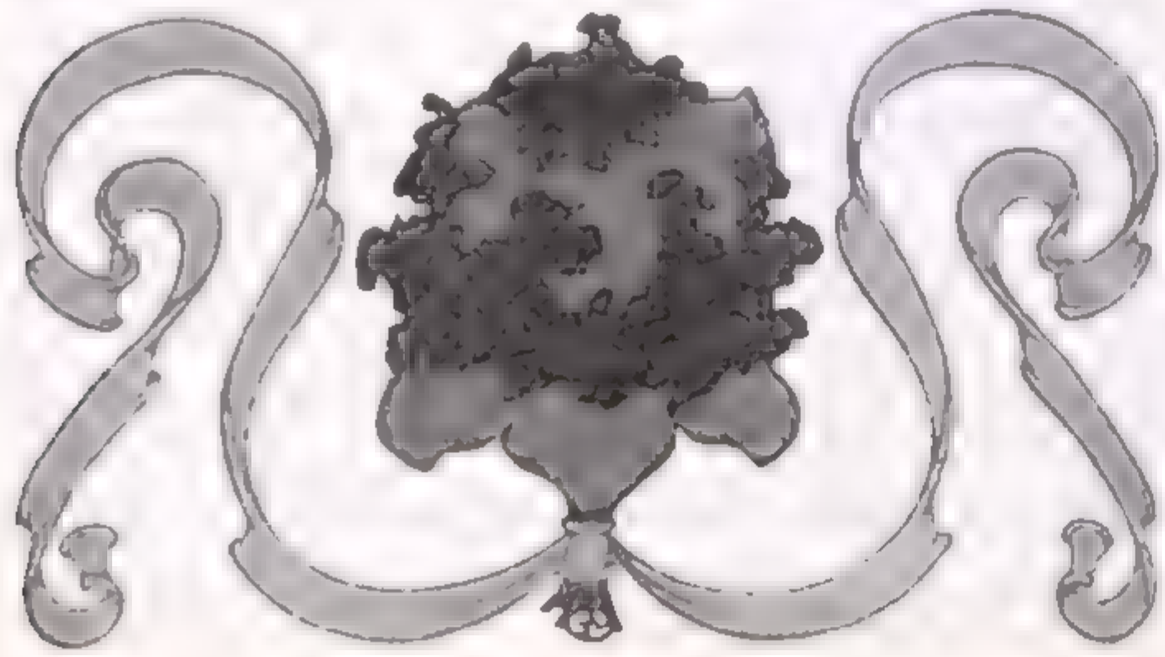
This same bureau receives about 250 names daily which have been charged off by members to profit and loss.

In discussing the loss accruing from nonpayment, a small per cent would be given, or rather fraction of a per cent, and then this remark made—I met it with slight variations again and again:

"Delayed credit causes higher prices, of course. But, of course, a credit business is as profitable as a cash, because there is provision made in the increased cost, which the public is willing to pay."

This seems a bit thick for the public, even if it does tacitly promise to pay as it piles up its purchases. I said as much to a collector. He gave a hollow laugh.

"Promise?" he said. "Never mind, we are here to make that promise good."



The FLORSHEIM SHOE

THE RUGBY
Style M 145
One of Many Styles

In Florsheim quality you will always find satisfaction. No shoe can give you more for what you pay. Refined in appearance—sturdily built for endurance.

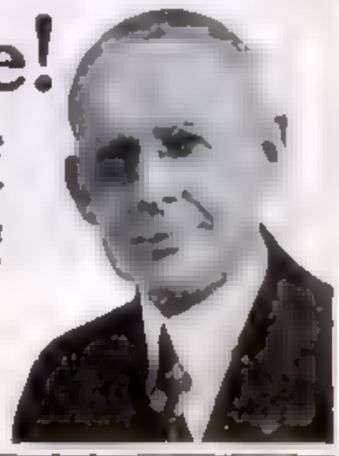
Most Styles $10

Booklet "Styles of The Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers - CHICAGO

Beats Owning a Store!

You can have a business of your own. Without saving a lifetime to get it. Without risking money in store fixtures and stock. Through a new selling plan that doesn't take a dollar! Let Wm. B. Garden tell you how:



Ask Garden—He Knows! Here's a man who dates his real success from the time he got out of small retailing—and got into large selling. The Simpson plan did it—without a dollar of capital!

"I only *thought* I was making money when I had a good [illegible] my store. After paying rent, clerk hire, insurance, etc., and *charging off my losses* from [illegible] and defunct credits—I had little left for the capital invested and the worry expended.

"Today I'm letting someone else bear all the burdens of the business. I have tied to an organization that has the money and the men and the *ideas* that make business *hum!* I'm making twice the money, with lots more *fun*, and the business I am building up is *permanent*. Here is my advice to anyone who wants to *make money:*

The Plan That Made Me Independent

"In January, 1931, I discovered the amazing system by which the [illegible] house of Simpson was putting virgin wool made-to-measure suits in the individual's hands for $31.50. I took on the marvelous Simpson line on the side. Soon I was selling three suits a day the Simpson way, at the Simpson price, to one of other make.

"The [illegible] full of individuality at such a close price [illegible] the new trade from all quarters. And my Simpson [illegible] began to repeat.

A Successful Business—But, Too Slow!

[illegible] twice as well [illegible] on the other [illegible] W[illegible] you rather be a small merchant [illegible] or a big money-maker?

I began getting orders in the evening, on the street; to and from work; my commissions began to grow like interest on money.

"I got orders galore from men who lived miles from [illegible] town who wouldn't pass my store once a month—men who had not even thought of looking for such an easy way to buy good clothes at such amazingly low prices. Eventually I sold my store to have more time for handling the demand for Simpson tailoring. That was the day my income started to *double.*"

To Men Who Seek a Real Business Opportunity

The new Simpson line is ready for the coming season—with 100 beautiful suitings in every imaginable pattern, and all the late colors—at $31.50! Also some striking virgin wool summer fabrics—at $21.50! Such a line sells on the spot. Our system of measuring is extremely simple. You need no previous experience. There are still openings for Simpson representatives—all or part time—but we urge *immediate* action if interested. Here's the coupon

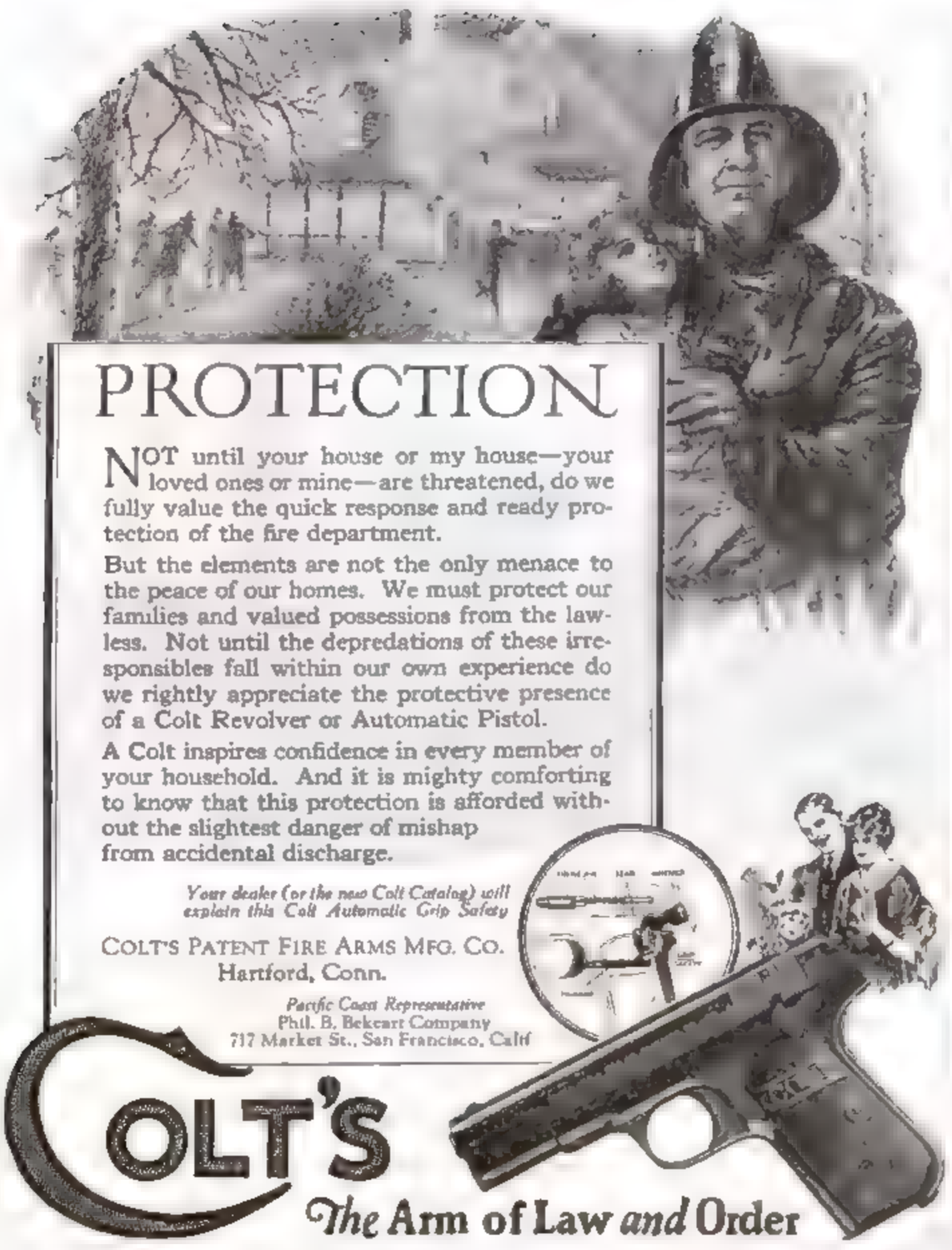
J.B. SIMPSON INC.
Dept. 1047 Chicago

WITHOUT OBLIGATION send me FREE and POSTPAID the new illustrated book—The Simpson Plan—and explain fully how Simpson representatives can start without capital or previous experience.

Name

Address

Territory Wanted



PROTECTION

NOT until your house or my house—your loved ones or mine—are threatened, do we fully value the quick response and ready protection of the fire department.

But the elements are not the only menace to the peace of our homes. We must protect our families and valued possessions from the lawless. Not until the depredations of these irresponsibles fall within our own experience do we rightly appreciate the protective presence of a Colt Revolver or Automatic Pistol.

A Colt inspires confidence in every member of your household. And it is mighty comforting to know that this protection is afforded without the slightest danger of mishap from accidental discharge.

Your dealer (or the new Colt Catalog) will explain this Colt Automatic Grip Safety

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.

Pacific Coast Representative
Phil. B. Bekeart Company
717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif

COLT'S
The Arm of Law and Order

The Curtis Publishing Company
376 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

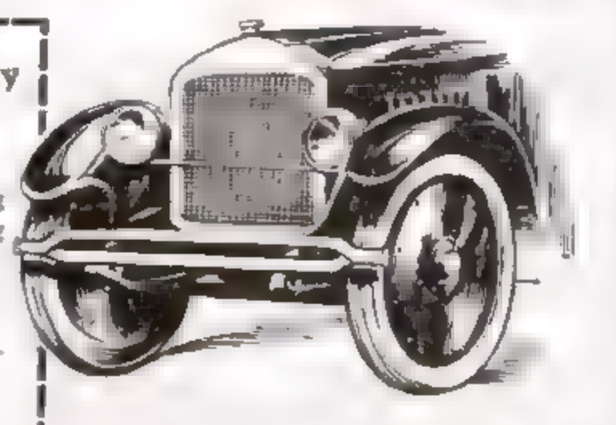
Without obligation to me, send along details of your spare-time money making plan.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____



Do You Want Extra Money To Pay for an Automobile?

IF YOU'RE buying a car or if you'd like to—If you need money for the "upkeep" of your old car—If you'd like to have some extra spending money—Or if it's just a case of wanting more cash to meet your daily expenses, here's your answer:

$3.25 in 2 Hours

With that record at the start, Howard Baker of New York won't be long paying for the new car he has just bought.

You Need No Experience

Without previous experience, without investing a cent, and in whatever time you can spare from your regular work, you can earn easy, extra dollars in a pleasant way. Hundreds of men and women are making from $5 to $25 extra a week in their free hours by acting as subscription representatives for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. The coupon above will bring you the same offer they had. Send it along.

WORTHWHILE AMERICANS

(Continued from Page 23)

This is true equally of desirable and undesirable strains. Like always tends to produce like, and the same process which gives us families of high talent and social value also gives us families which are a curse to themselves and the community. Most readers are familiar with those melancholy studies of degenerate families like the notorious Jukes, which have a consistent record of mental defect, pauperism and crime. In fact, it is these studies of abnormal families which have claimed the larger share of public attention, because the reports were so sensational and alarming. In this article, however, I propose to deal with the brighter side of the story and to tell about the good strains in our population—the people who do not get into the police courts or the sensational newspaper headlines, but who, nevertheless, are the leaven of the present and the hope of the future.

The analysis of the worthwhile strains in our population is worked out along two general lines—the statistical and the genealogical. The statistical method takes groups of individuals distinguished in some way and discovers the percentage of family relationship among them. The genealogical method investigates families over a period of several generations, studying the character and activities of each individual member, noting the marriages made with other families, and finding out both the general characteristics of the stock and the types of individuals it tends to produce.

Studies of the Hall of Fame

A typical statistical study of superior strains in our population is that undertaken by the noted biologist Frederick Adams Woods to determine the degree of blood relationship among eminent Americans. Woods took two groups of distinguished Americans—a large group of thirty-five hundred individuals listed as eminent in the standard dictionaries of biography; and a small group of the forty-six very eminent Americans admitted to the Hall of Fame.

Now how were these eminent persons related to each other? If superiority did not run in families it is evident that their chance of relationship would be no greater than that of the rest of the population—which ratio Woods found to be statistically 1 in 500. As a matter of fact, however, American eminence was found to be very much a family matter, because the thirty-five hundred eminent Americans were found to be related to each other, not as 1 to 500, but as 1 to 5. Furthermore, by picking out the more eminent among the thirty-five hundred and forming a new group, this group was found to be related to each other as 1 to 3.

Most striking of all were the results obtained by considering the very superior group listed in the Hall of Fame. Here the ratio of relationship rose to 1 in 2, while if all their eminent relatives were counted in, they averaged more than one apiece. Thus, distinguished Americans are discovered to be from five hundred to a thousand times as much related to other distinguished persons as is the ordinary American. Or, to put it in another way, something like 1 per cent of the population of the United States is as likely to produce persons of great talent or genius as is all the rest of the population put together—the other 99 per cent.

Another group of statistical studies has been based on birthplace of eminent individuals. These studies show that talent-bearing strains in our population are unevenly distributed, some sections of the country possessing an unusually large proportion of talented stocks. The two oldest centers of talent in America are New England and Virginia. This is due to the fact that in colonial times the largest proportion of superior stocks settled in these regions. Furthermore, the migrations of the New England and Virginia stocks to other parts of the country can be clearly traced by the appearance of new centers of talent where these stocks have established themselves in considerable numbers. Such is the case in Oregon, in the early days virtually a New England colony, and such again is the case in certain sections of Kentucky, where many scions of the leading Virginia families took up their abode.

Turning now to the genealogical method—the study of specific families—we enter a field of even greater interest. The modern scientific family history is something very different from the old-fashioned genealogy, which was apt to concern itself with tracing descent from one or more distinguished ancestors and usually took account chiefly of male lines, with little regard for crossings with other families through intermarriage. Such genealogies had comparatively slight scientific value, because they were not primarily concerned with the laws of heredity—especially the law of assortative mating. Assortative mating, however, is the decisive factor in every family's destiny. We inherit just as much from our mothers as we do from our fathers. Furthermore, we inherit vastly more from our parents and grandparents than we do from our remoter ancestors. Therefore, no matter how well-endowed a family may be in well-marked traits, it takes only one or two intermarriages with very different stocks to blur or cancel out such traits and to produce quite different qualities. In every case where a family displays a sustained level of ability generation after generation, it is due to harmonious marriages with stocks which reënforce and enrich the ancestral qualities and keep them going in the same general direction. Almost every family shows lines where the old aptitudes fail and which become so divergent that in a few generations all idea of common relationship may be lost.

This is especially marked in matings between superior and degenerate stocks. A striking example is the well-known study of the Kallikaks. Kallikak is a scientific nickname coined from the Greek words for "good" and "bad," to conceal the identity of the family in question. The divergent lines of this Good-Bad Family began about one hundred and fifty years ago. During the Revolutionary War, one Martin Kallikak, a young soldier of a good New Jersey family, had an illicit affair with a feeble-minded servant girl, by whom he had a son. Some years later, Martin married a woman of good family, by whom he had several legitimate children.

The Kallikaks' Descendants

Now this is what happened: Martin's legitimate children by the woman of good stock all turned out well and founded one of the most distinguished families of New Jersey. In this family and its collateral branches, right down to the present day, we find nothing but good representative citizenship. There are doctors, lawyers, judges, educators, traders, landholders; in short, respectable citizens, men and women prominent in every phase of social life. They have scattered over the United States and are prominent in their communities wherever they have gone. There have been no feeble-minded among them, no immoral women, no illegitimate children. In sharp contrast to this branch of the family stands the "bad" branch—the descendants of the feeble-minded girl. Of these, 480 have been traced. Their record is: 143 clearly feeble-minded, 36 illegitimate, 33 grossly immoral (mostly prostitutes), 24 confirmed alcoholics, 3 epileptics, 82 died in infancy, 3 criminals, 8 kept houses of ill fame. Here we see two family lines, with the same paternal ancestor, living on the same soil and breathing the same air; yet the bar sinister has marked every generation of the one and has been unknown in the other.

At the opposite end of the scale are instances of talented individuals produced from intermarriages between stocks which had never previously shown special signs of superiority. Such instances do occur, and are due to a fortunate meeting of favorable traits converging in the talented individual through the parents. But they occur far less often than is usually imagined. Before science had investigated this field it used to be thought that great men often came from nothing. This, however, has been definitely disproved. Greatness never comes from nothing, if nothing means distinctly inferior or degenerate stocks. In almost every case scientific analysis shows that the ancestry of an eminent individual was at least somewhat above mediocrity. Abraham Lincoln is a good example of this. Lincoln was long supposed to have come from poor white trash of a very mediocre order. But careful investigation proves that this was emphatically not the case. Lincoln's career is as fully accounted for by his heredity as are the careers of most other

(Continued on Page 149)

Of Course It's a CROSLEY

Better-Costs Less Radio

"OH, boy! There's London! Last night I had Honolulu and the night before that Porto Rico. Here's where I get Rome. This Crosley sure does bring 'em in. There's nothing like a Crosley!"

That's what hundreds of men, women and boys found out during international test week in all parts of the United States. So enthusiastic are they that hundreds of voluntary letters have come to us telling of the clarity with which England and other foreign countries were brought in by every Crosley Model, even the little one-tube Crosley 50 at only $14.50.

Here is what a few of them say:

Mattoon, Ill. November 28, 1924.
"I want to thank you for the success of your one-tube Crosley 50. I can say it will reach not only from coast to coast but from continent to continent. Two of us listened to London, England; Aberdeen, Scotland; and Eiffel Tower, Paris, France."

Elkhart, Ind. December 3, 1924.
"Just a card to tell you of the wonderful success I had with my little Crosley 51 last week. I had Lyons, France; Berlin and also Rome and heard quite distinctly."

Boston, Mass. December 1, 1924.
"I cannot refrain from writing you of the reception received on one of your Model 52 sets. Following is a list of unusual stations heard from November 23 to November 30; Newcastle, Eng.; Glasgow, Scotland; Tuinicu, Cuba. If any set can beat this for reception I would like to see it."

Morocco, Ind. November 26, 1924.
"Thought you might be interested to know that last night I received Berlin, Germany and Aberdeen, Scotland on my Tirdyn on the loud speaker so you could hear it all over the room. Tirdyns are some machines."

(Name ...)

The above extracts from letters are not the exception but the rule when a Crosley is used.

The following extract from the Omaha Daily News of December 6th proves this: "Nearly one-third of the people reporting reception used three-tube sets.—A total of seventy reported reception on Crosley apparatus"—almost twice as many as any other make.

BEFORE YOU BUY—COMPARE
YOUR CHOICE WILL BE A CROSLEY

For Sale By Good Dealers Everywhere

Crosley Regenerative Receivers are Licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent 1,113,149
Prices West of the Rockies add 10%

Write for Complete Catalog

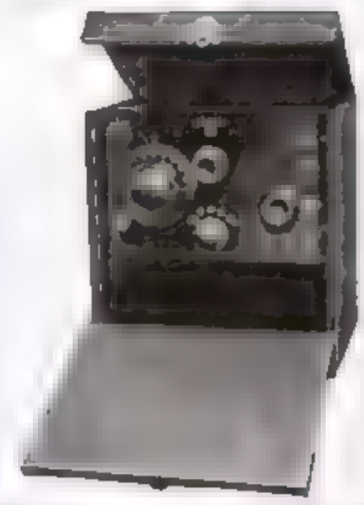
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION

Powel Crosley, Jr., President

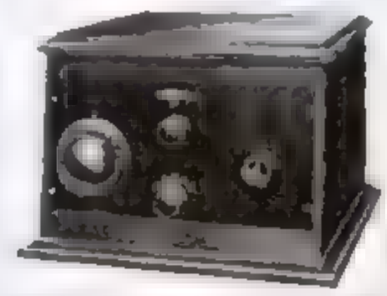
1313 Sassafras Street — Cincinnati, Ohio

Crosley Owns and Operates Broadcasting Station W L W

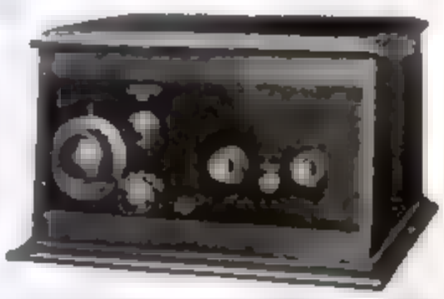
Crosley
Head Phones
Better—Cost Less
$3.75



Crosley New One Tube 50-P, $16.00
A new, compact portable radio with leatherette covered case. This is added to the other popular one tube Crosley Radios' the 50 at $14.50 and the 50 Portable in light oak cabinet at $18.00.
With tube and Crosley Phones, $23.75



Crosley Two Tube 51-S, $23.50
Similar to the regular 51 at $18.50 except that it has cabinet with sloping panel and space to house batteries.
With tubes and Crosley Phones, $35.25



Crosley Three Tube 52-S, $35.00
This is the Crosley 52 Model, price $30.00 in new cabinet with sloping panel and space for batteries.
With tubes and Crosley Phones, $50.75.

Crosley Trirdyn Regular, $50.00
With tubes and Crosley Phones, $65.75

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Mail This Coupon At Once

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Mail me, free of charge, your catalog of Crosley receivers and parts.

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[Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen]

GULBRANSEN
The *Registering* Piano

The Gulbransen is a Gilt-Edged Investment in Music

No month in the year more logical than this to invest in a Gulbransen Registering Piano!

No use you might make of so small a portion of your surplus funds that will pay you so rich a dividend in happiness. Or none that will keep on paying and repaying, in such ever-increasing measure, not only through the year at hand but all the years to come!

Good piano music for all—and, for all, the *personal pleasure of playing*. The Gulbransen is a possession in which every member of the family shares, equally, individually. To each it brings the gift of music without the tedious fingering of the keyboard, but with every opportunity for self-expression. With a Gulbransen in the house no longer are there any mere "listeners." Because *anyone* can play it with real musical *feeling* and *expression*, the entire household need not depend for its musical enjoyment upon perhaps the one person present who can play by hand.

Its tens of thousands of owners know the Gulbransen as a wise and well-considered investment. Gulbransen volume-production insures better materials, finer workmanship—a better instrument for the money than can be had in any other make. And Gulbransen owners know that their personal interests are safeguarded when they buy, because the Gulbransen is sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States—prices plainly branded in the back *at the factory*.

Nationally Priced

Gulbransen cash prices branded in the back
Also sold on convenient payment plan

FOUR MODELS—	*Community*	*Suburban*	*Country Seat*	*White House*
	$450	$530	$615	$700

Electric Reproducers
$770, $855, $[illegible]

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$1625

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Of the four styles of Gulbransen Registering Pianos the Suburban, $530, is the most generally favored model. Because it so completely meets the musical requirements, satisfies the tastes as to fine appearance, and fits the pocketbooks of more people than any other instrument of its type, the Suburban Gulbransen is actually and numerically the world's most popular piano. A particularly carefully made instrument. Good tone. Easy keyboard touch for hand-playing. Fine veneers. Excellent finish. Handsome. Easy to Play. Investigate the Suburban Model at your Gulbransen dealer's. Inspect it thoroughly. Test its musical quality. Put your feet on the pedals and play it.

"Easy to Play"

Send this Coupon

for Gulbransen Baby cut-out with 1925 calendar

☐ We have a piano ☐ We have no piano

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

To Gulbransen Owners: *The Gulbransen is too fine to neglect. Have it tuned at least twice a year*

(Continued from Page 146)

distinguished men. The Lincoln family was one of the best in America, and while Abraham's father was an eccentric person who never achieved material success, he was yet a man of considerable force of character, by no means the poor white trash which he is so often represented to have been. As for the Hanks family, to which Lincoln's mother belonged, it had maintained a high level of ability in every generation.

Lincoln's father illustrates another point which, though often disregarded, is of capital importance. This point is that the quality and potential value of a stock are not wholly to be judged by the number of famous individuals which it has produced. Many a family carries along for generations valuable traits which await only some fortunate marriage to blossom forth into recognized greatness. We should remember that fame involves a peculiar combination of qualities the lack of any one of which may prevent an individual from attaining it. A great man has to do more than simply exist. He must do noteworthy things before he is recognized, and many a man of splendid natural gifts has fallen short of achieving fame through some slight weakness of character or lack of driving force.

Here is where the scientific survey of our human resources is especially important. As time goes on we shall come more and more to recognize which are our worthwhile strains; and numerous families which, though never become famous, have consistent records of honorable achievements and social worth, will for the first time receive the public recognition that is their just due. Take the following instance of just such a family, recently investigated: The family settled in Massachusetts in colonial days, and for six generations it has displayed an unfailing spirit of self-sacrificing idealism and desire for community service. For more than two hundred years it has been the backbone of the community in which it was established. Generation after generation it has filled offices of public service and trust—usually local offices, poorly paid or unpaid, and conferring little prestige upon the holders. Thus the family has been prevented by its very character from achieving fame in the ordinary sense. Modest, unassuming, caring more for building up the community than for advancing its personal fortunes, it has never acquired wealth or high social distinction. Yet here is a family of great social value, which for more than two centuries has been an unfailing blessing to its community, and which, migrating to other parts of the country, has displayed the same qualities wherever it has established itself

There must be thousands of such families, scattered over the length and breadth of America, which, in one way or another, are doing America's work. Such stocks are the very backbone of the nation. It is high time that they were known and properly appreciated.

The Edwards Strain of Genius

Let us now consider some of our admittedly great families—stocks of recognized eminence from which have sprung individuals who have played so large a share in building up our national structure and in molding our national ideals. Perhaps the most remarkable showing is that made by the Edwards family of Massachusetts. Headed by Jonathan Edwards, a leading figure in early colonial days, his descendants had by the year 1900 come to number 1394 individuals, of whom 1295 were college graduates; 13 presidents of our leading colleges; 65 college professors, besides many principals of other important educational institutions; 60 physicians, many of whom were eminent; 100 and more clergymen, missionaries or theological professors; 75 officers in the Army or Navy; 60 prominent authors and writers, by whom 135 books of merit were written and published and 18 important periodicals edited; 100 and more lawyers, of whom one was among our most eminent professors of law; 30 judges; 80 held public office, of whom one was Vice President of the United States; 3 United States senators; several governors, members of Congress, framers of state constitutions, mayors of cities, members of the diplomatic service; many eminent in financial and industrial life. Migrating widely over the country, no less than thirty-three of our states have profited notably by the activities of this gifted, healthy, long-lived family. So far as is known, not a single member of the Edwards stock was ever convicted of crime.

The Edwards family seems possessed of unusually varied talents. Most of our leading stocks appear to be endowed with qualities of a more specialized nature. Let us consider various fields of accomplishment. One of the most characteristic American achievements is mechanical and inventive skill, displayed most abundantly by the New England Yankee stock. Here are two notable examples—the Fairbanks and Pomeroy families. James Fairbanks married Phoebe Paddock, whose two brothers were ironworkers. Erastus Fairbanks, their son, manufactured stoves and plows, while Thaddeus, his brother, invented the well-known platform scales. Erastus had two sons, one of whom possessed marked inventive ability. Henry, the son of Thaddeus, went into the ministry, but his love of invention caused him to abandon that profession and later drew him into manufacturing on the family lines. The Pomeroy family displays mechanical skill combined with executive ability—the power of doing things.

Eltweed Pomeroy, the founder of the family in this country, was a master craftsman who was so well recognized that the Province of Massachusetts granted him a thousand acres of land on condition of his establishing his business of gunsmith within the colony's bounds. In each of the seven generations that have succeeded him there has been at least one member of the family who has followed the same trade. In this family the power of doing things easily is frequently carried so far as to exclude the tendency to think about them. The typical Pomeroy is said not to be a good teacher, the reason being that they see through a process so quickly that they lose sight of the intermediate steps and are thus unable to explain them to others.

The Gifted Herreshoffs

Yet another leading instance of inheritance of mechanical ability and inventiveness is that of the Herreshoff family, famous as designers and builders of some of the world's swiftest sailing craft. The first representative of the stock in America was Charles Herreshoff, who though displaying inventive gifts lacked practical business ability. However, his wife came of a stock successful as foreign traders and shipowners. Their son founded the Herreshoff company and the family activity was carried on by his three sons, all experts in naval architecture.

In American finance we likewise have striking instances of hereditary endowment extending from generation to generation. The stories of our leading financial families are so well-known that they need not be detailed here.

In the allied fields of statesmanship and diplomacy the outstanding instance is that of the Adams family of Massachusetts. This is all the more notable because, along with its political talents, the family displays an aloof, unamiable temper not conducive to popularity. It is truly extraordinary the way this peculiar combination of traits persists through the generations. Samuel Adams, who played so important a part in our struggle for independence that he has been called the Father of the American Revolution, was a man of great political ability, but of an obstinate and inflexible disposition. His cousin, John Adams, second President of the United States, possessed remarkable political ability and a truly statesmanlike vision; yet his dour, aloof and irritable disposition made him unpopular and brought down upon him bitter personal hostilities. His wife, Abigail Smith, came of gifted stock, her literary tendencies showing in later generations. Their son, John Quincy Adams, had a public career similar to his father's. His ability in diplomacy was marked, but his unconciliatory temperament made him personally unpopular. In the next generation the leading representative of the family was Charles Francis Adams, who rendered such notable services as American minister to England during the critical years of the Civil War. His temperamental peculiarities were intensified in his son Henry Adams, the noted historian, whose well-known autobiography reveals in extreme form the temperamental peculiarities of the family.

The Beecher family is an excellent example of a stock imbued with idealism and

L&H ELECTRICS
An L&H Electrics Range takes all drudgery out of cooking. Put the food on and turn the switch—that's all you need do to get the most appetizing results. No work about it. Ask your dealer or send for catalog.
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L&H Electrics Heaters
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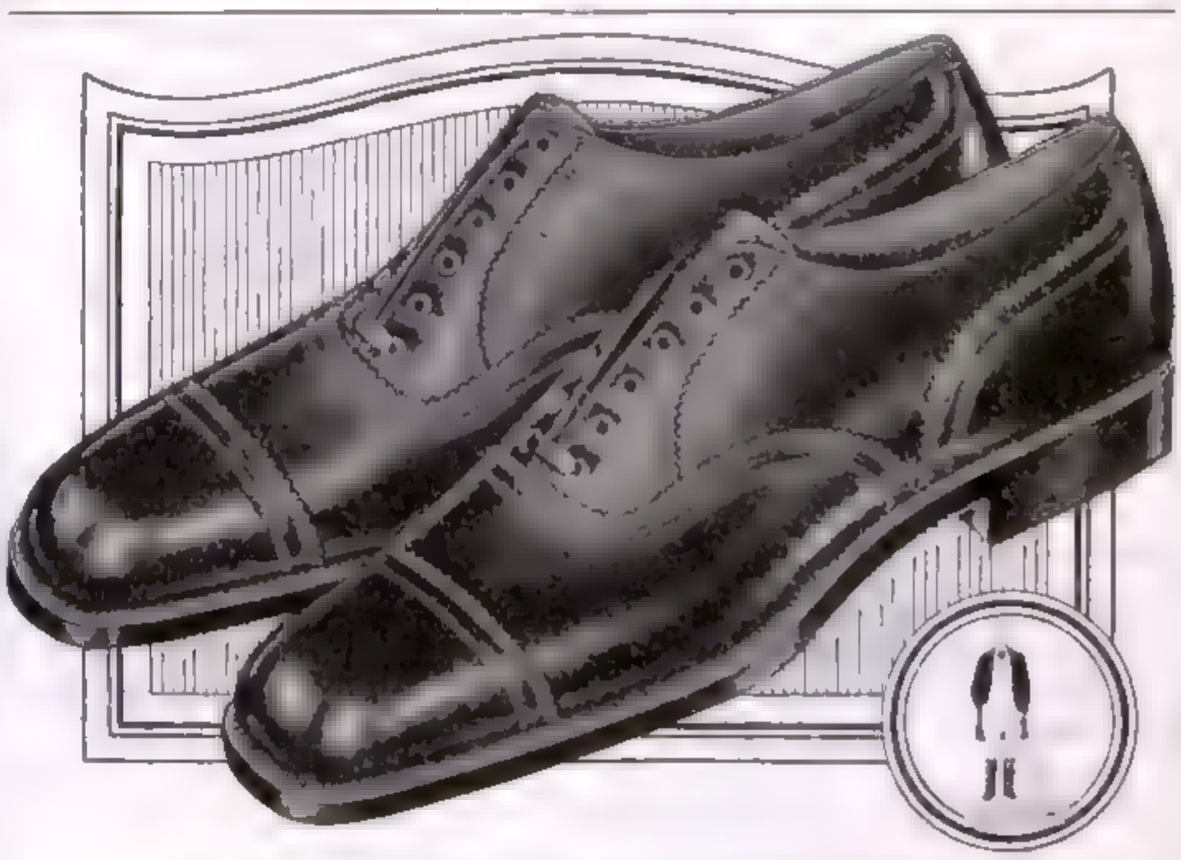

To wear a Crawford Shoe is to realize what shoe comfort and style really are. The Delmar, pictured above, is a new Crawford style, with smart *young* lines, for wear right now. Of best grade tan calfskin, with sturdy soles, flare heels, semi-soft toe and brass eyelets.

Crawford Shoes

FOR MEN

$8.00 *to* $10.00

CHARLES A. EATON COMPANY, BROCKTON, MASS.

MAKERS OF MEN'S FINE SHOES SINCE 1853

Why Don't *You* Test This Cash Offer Now?

In the upper corner, meet Mr Leo Adler of Oregon Mr Adler has made more than $100.00 extra in a single month.

Directly above is Mr Charles W Rickard of California who made $3.00 in his first two hours A glance at his and Mr Adler's photographs will suggest that it makes no difference what your age or where you live

Both Mr Adler and Mr. Rickard have been with us for years. Others of our workers have been making extra Curtis dollars for more than thirty years—and they began just as you are invited to begin now.

Week after week and year after year a big cash offer such as this has appeared in *The Post*. Thousands of able men and women have inquired about it and accepted it; they have literally made hundreds of thousands of dollars *extra, in their spare time.*

Why have *you* delayed? If you are an advertising "fan" and are reading this for curiosity's sake, that's one thing. But if you are like most of us—making enough money to live on, but not enough to live as well as we'd like to—well, right now would be a fine time to settle the question once for all: the question of whether or not you will be our local subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

$5.00, $25.00 a Week Extra

Don't get the impression for one minute that this is something for "the other fellow" rather than for you. *It is for you!* For it is easy, pleasant, dignified work; something which you can do just when it best suits your convenience; something you can do even though you have never had previous experience; something you can do right in your own locality.

Put it this way, if Messrs. Smith, Jones, Brown, Black and all the other folks can make $5.00, $25.00 a week extra, why can't you? The only answer is to try, to test our offer for yourself. Just remember:

You Need no Experience—no Capital

Scissors Here

The Curtis Publishing Company
377 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Please send me your offer. If it looks good I'll test it out. If it doesn't, there's no obligation.

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BLUE-BLACK, ROYAL BLUE, RED, PURPLE OR GREEN.
EAGLE INK COMPANY
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200 Sheets, 100 Envelopes
$1.00
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Solve Cross Word Puzzles
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Earn $75 per Week and up
Selling fine tailored-to-order all wool suits at $31.50 direct to wearer 100 styles—All One Price. Biggest values. Sell on sight Biggest commissions paid in advance. We deliver and collect. 6 x 9 swatch samples sent FREE. Write today
W. Z. GIBSON Inc., 161 W. Harrison St., Dept. A-565, Chicago

desire for social betterment, expressing itself especially through oratory and literature. This family displays a remarkable flowering of talent in a single generation, which is plainly the result of fortunate matings. David Beecher was a learned blacksmith, a man with a fondness for reading and discussion far above the average in his calling. He married a woman of vivacious temperament and of distinct intellectual tendencies. Lyman Beecher was a noted clergyman, who took a leading part in the theological controversies of the early nineteenth century.

His wife was a woman possessing both artistic and intellectual gifts of a high order. All Lyman's children were talented, three in notable degree, and in much the same general way. His sons all became clergymen, of whom Henry Ward Beecher, the great preacher and reformer, was the most famous. One of his daughters, Harriet Beecher Stowe, was the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, while another daughter, Catherine, though now forgotten, was in her day as noted as her sister Harriet, on account of her pioneer work for woman's higher education and her religious and philosophical writings.

Another noted stock with a wide range of hereditary gifts, enriched by fortunate marriages, is the Lawrence family of Massachusetts. Major Samuel Lawrence had five sons, all of whom displayed ability above the average, one a lawyer, the four others manufacturers, giving their names to the cities of Lawrence, Massachusetts, and Lawrence, Kansas, besides Lawrence University and the Lawrence Scientific School. Of these five gifted sons, two founded lines especially rich in eminent individuals. For the sake of brevity, we will follow one of these lines to the present day. Abbott Lawrence, besides conducting manufactures on a gigantic scale, rendered his country signal service as a diplomat. His wife brought into the family the blood of two other noted Massachusetts families—the Bigelows and the Prescotts. Their children were gifted, and one of their daughters, through her marriage with Augustus Lowell, mothered four children who are all well-known at the present day. These are Abbott Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard University; Percival Lowell—recently deceased—the famous astronomer; Amy Lowell, the poetess; and Elizabeth Lowell—Mrs. William Lowell Putnam—writer and active in welfare work. Thus the traits of this family, reënforced and enriched by marriages with equally gifted stocks, have given character for well over a century to local and national life in science, art, politics and a wide range of public activities.

The family histories just summarized are merely typical of many others. Alongside these New England stocks, other noted groups in other sections of the country have been playing leading rôles in the unfolding drama of American life. Such are Clintons, Livingstons and Roosevelts, of New York; the Fitzhughs, Lees and Randolphs, of Virginia; the Breckinridges, Porters and Prestons, of Kentucky; and many more besides. The value of such families to the nation is simply incalculable; it is not too much to say that they have been the greatest single factor in the upbuilding of America, both in its material and cultural achievements and in the forging of its ideals. And these talent-bearing strains still go on, bringing fresh gifts to America with every succeeding generation.

So ends our survey of America's human wealth. Brief and fragmentary though it has been, it seems enough to show that this nation possesses rich stores of human treasure, which can be counted on as sure assets to offset our unfortunately numerous human liabilities. As the fundamental importance of the human factor in national life becomes better understood, the full significance of these matters will become clearer, with corresponding effects on both public opinion and public policy. And this, in turn, will affect in happiest fashion the shaping of America's destiny.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Ingersoll Time

O TEMPORA!

By Ted Robinson

My grandsire was a wealthy wight,
He had a gold repeater;
It feigned to tell the time at night,
And yet it was a cheater!
With ringing tick, with tiny tock
With tinkling, lying laughter,
It used to say 'twas two o'clock
When it was quarter after!

(CHORUS)
He never saw a Radiolite, that lovely
little Lady o'Light,
Whose candid spark throughout the dark
would tell the truth exactly;
He never felt a pleasure like mine, he
never had a treasure like mine
Which clocks by night and watches
by light, so simple and compactly!

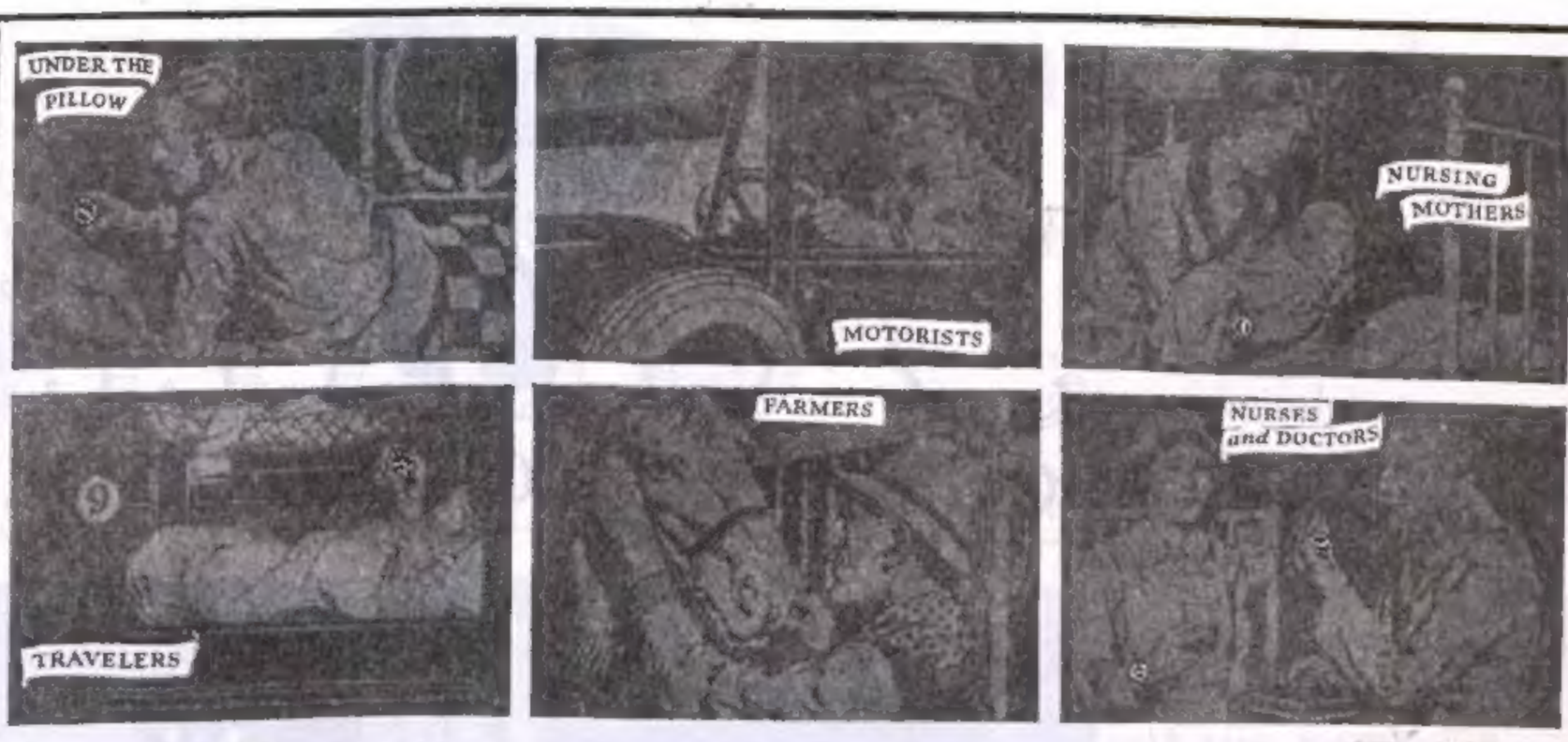
When I was young, down on the farm,
And labored like the dickens,
I used to have a tin Alarm
To wake me with the chickens.
I never had a watch at all,
A watch would cost like thunder—
For this was long ere Ingersoll
Produced his timely wonder—

(CHORUS)
But now I have a Radiolite, my lovely
little Lady o'Light.
My Two-in-One, my second-to-none,
the nights and days adorning.
By her my hours are reckoned at night,
she watches every second at night;
She tells me when to rise and then
goes with me in the morning.

A good many people say that a Radiolite is twice as useful as a plain dial watch. One thing sure, an Ingersoll Radiolite works twenty-four hours a day—and does it day-in and night-out.

WALT MASON SAYS:

Oh, sad and bitter was the night, when in the bed I'd loll, before I bought a Radiolite, that's made by Ingersoll. I always take three beeswax pills, each hour, by night and day, to check the fever and the chills, and drive the same away. And in the silent night I'd wake in darkness dense and thick, and say "It's surely time to take those pills that heal the sick." Then I would leave my downy bed that I might see the clock, and on the wall I'd bump my head, with sore and grievous knock, the hanging plant, all unawares, would bash me on the crown, and I'd fall over silly chairs and knock the pictures down. Night after night in rayless gloom, o'er furniture I'd climb, I broke my legs and wrecked the room, and had the blamedest time. But now I do not dread the night, for me it has no ills, I'm told by my good "Radiolite" just when to take my pills, I do not have to leave my couch, one glance suffices me, and morning finds me free from grouch, and full of pills and glee.



Does Your Watch Tell Time *in the Dark?*

INGERSOLL RADIOLITES do! And that makes a Radiolite an ideal under-the-pillow watch—especially during these winter months with their long nights and dark mornings.

Radiolites are a genuine comfort, almost a necessity, to motorists, travelers, night-watchmen, police officers, doctors, nurses, nursing mothers and farmers.

N. B. In addition to the three Ingersoll Radiolites pictured below, there is the MIDGET RADIOLITE, *for women, girls and small boys, at $4.25; and the thin model* ECLIPSE RADIOLITE, *at $4.00.*

Yankee Radiolite
The new Yankee with luminous dial. $2.75

Wrist Radiolite
For women, girls, boys, sportsmen, motorists, etc.
$4.50

Waterbury Radiolite
A *jeweled* watch. Stylish 12-Size. $6.50

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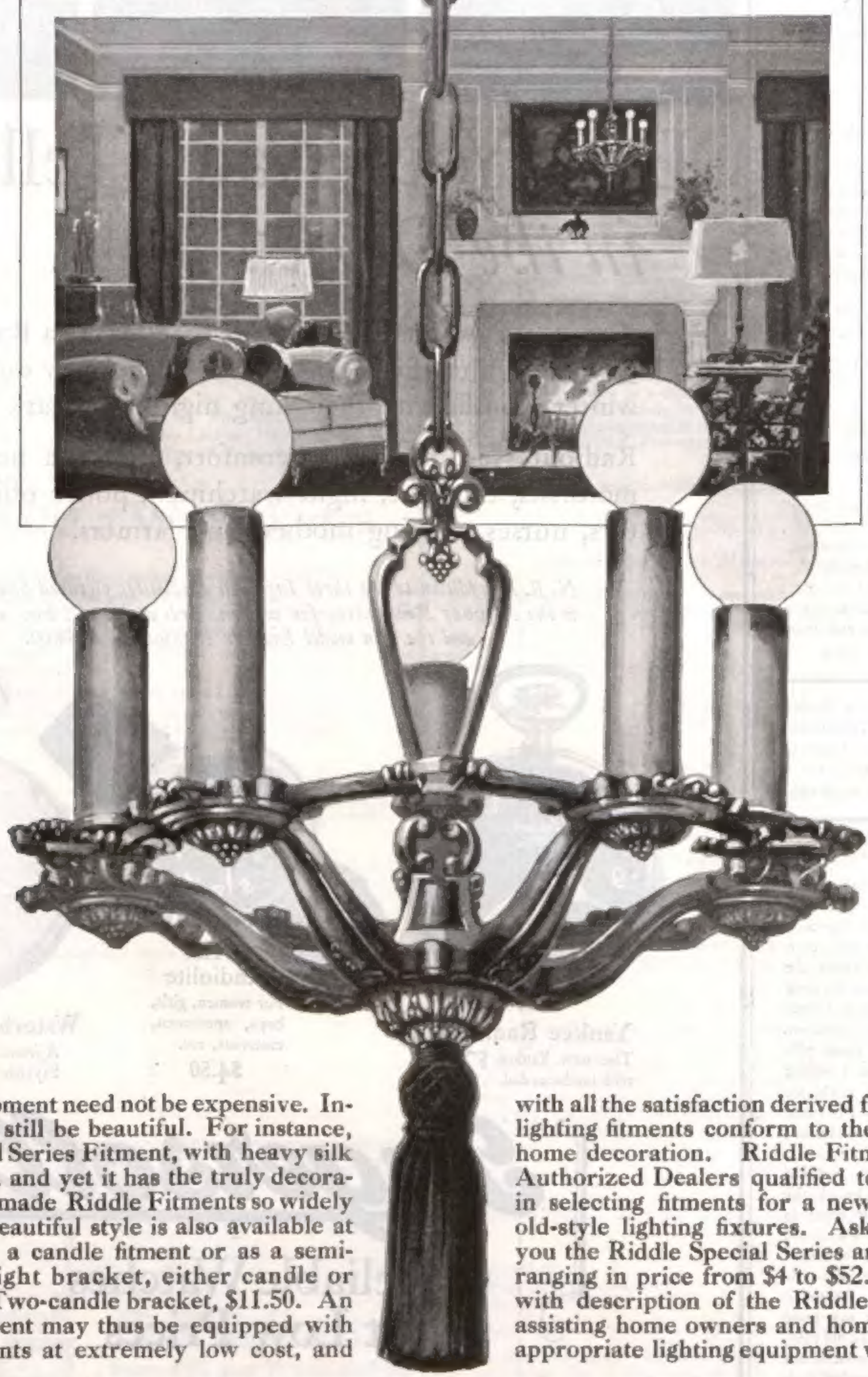
Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS



Beautiful lighting equipment need not be expensive. Inexpensive fitments can still be beautiful. For instance, this new Riddle Special Series Fitment, with heavy silk tassel, is priced $21.50, and yet it has the truly decorative qualities that have made Riddle Fitments so widely admired. The same beautiful style is also available at the same low price in a candle fitment or as a semi-ceiling piece. One-light bracket, either candle or inverted type, $8.50. Two-candle bracket, $11.50. An entire home or apartment may thus be equipped with genuine Riddle Fitments at extremely low cost, and with all the satisfaction derived from knowing that your lighting fitments conform to the present standards of home decoration. Riddle Fitments are sold only by Authorized Dealers qualified to advise you helpfully in selecting fitments for a new home or to replace old-style lighting fixtures. Ask your dealer to show you the Riddle Special Series and other Riddle styles, ranging in price from $4 to $52.50. Illustrated folder with description of the Riddle Planning Service for assisting home owners and home builders in selecting appropriate lighting equipment will be sent on request.

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Looks like tile but costs much less

Have you been wishing you could afford tiled walls for your kitchen, bathroom, lavatory or laundry?

You can have every advantage of tile—its gleaming, washable surface, its smooth and sanitary finish, its rock-like durability—at less than one-fourth the cost of tile.

All you have to do is use Sheetrock Tile Board.

Sheetrock Tile Board is Sheetrock with a special surface, lined off to look exactly like genuine tile, and capable of taking a hard enamel, in either pure white or a wide variety of tints.

Once enameled, it can be washed repeatedly and so kept spotlessly clean. It is ideal wainscoting material for home rooms, hospitals, dairies, doctors' and dentists' offices, barber shops, restaurants.

Sheetrock Tile Board is just as easy to work with as Sheetrock itself. It, too, comes all ready for use, in most economical dimensions; saws and nails like lumber; just nail it to the studs or put it on right over old walls. *Durable, solid, non-warping.*

Your dealer in lumber or builders' supplies sells Sheetrock Tile Board—the only *fireproof* tile board. Any quantity you may need. Write us for free folder describing its easy, economical and satisfactory use.

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SHEETROCK

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Safeguard to

Healthful Cleanliness

Hygienically clean, sanitary cooking utensils are of utmost importance in preparing wholesome food. Old Dutch makes them so and safeguards utensils with *healthful cleanliness.* Removing visible grease, burnt in stains and invisible impurities as well.

Avoid grit, acid and caustic preparations. Grit scratches the surface, making food more readily stick to the pan, therefore harder to clean. Scratches, too, are catchalls for impurities. Old Dutch doesn't scratch—it makes utensils super-clean, wholesome and sanitary.

Old Dutch efficiency is due to distinctive quality and character. To the eye a fine powder—under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped. They make complete contact with the surface, erasing *all* impurities. This extraordinary natural detergent makes Old Dutch Cleanser unequalled for economy, ease and quickness, and above all assures you *healthful cleanliness.* Goes further, lasts longer.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch.

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